N° 2720, Dec 18, '79

Literary Gossip.

The opening meeting of the Rabelais Club was held during the present week. The original members consist of Lord Houghton, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, M. Edmond About, Messrs. Walter Besant, Comyns Carr, John Collier, Duffield, Du Maurier, Thomas Hardy, Bret Harte, Henry Irving, Henry James, jun., Joseph Knight, C. G. Leland, Prof. E. H. Palmer, James Payn, F. Pollock, W. H. Pollock, Saintsbury, G. A. Sala, Louis Stevenson, Gordon Wigan, and a member of the Chinese Embassy. Future elections will assume the form of invitation, and there will be no species of candidature. Among the objects of the Club are the furtherance of the study of Rabelais, the formation of a Rabelaisian library, and the publication of works illustrative of Pantagruelism. It is proposed to form affiliated clubs in France and the United States.

"The Wit and Wisdom of the Dorset Novelist."—The second meeting of the half session of the Congregational Mutual Improvement Society was held on Monday evening, under the presidency of the Rev. W. Gooby, when a paper was read by Mr. T. M. Dron on "The Wit and Wisdom of the Dorset Novelist." The novelty and interest of the subject attracted a large audience, who followed the speaker with close attention, and frequently testified their appreciation of the novelist's power as it was exhibited in the illustrative passages quoted. In introducing the subject Mr. Dron characterized Mr. Hardy's position among writers of fiction as being in some respects unique, and he mentioned the peculiar characteristics of the Dorset novels, for which he predicted a reputation which would long survive the generation in which they had been produced. In illustration of the author's descriptive power he referred to scenes in "The Woodlanders," "The Trumpet Major," &c., and quoted among other passages the account of the house of Higgins the carpenter, which reminded them of the power of Dickens. As evidence of the novelist's poetic mind the speaker had collected from all the novels a number of strikingly beautiful similes, which he read. In further illustration of Mr. Hardy's genius a number of scenes were reproduced in which the novelist's characters were the dramatis personæ, among others being Joseph Poorgrass, Old Hannah, Coggan, Anthony Cripplestraw, Sammy Blore, Christopher Coney, Bussleford, &c. Mr. Hardy had been compared with Shakespeare, Scott, Swift, Dickens, and others, and the speaker thought it would not be inappropriate to liken him in some respects to Fielding, since his writings were full of pithy sayings in which, as in the author of "Tom Jones," they saw the author's wisdom, as it were, crystallized. Numerous as these passages were it was not possible to find two which, as expressions of the author's opinion on any subject, contradicted each other. They were arranged by the speaker to illustrate distinct subjects, such as the estimate of human life, the ladies, love, &c. At the close of Mr. Dron's paper, the delivery of which occupied an hour, the reader received high commendation from the Chairman, and a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Jameson and seconded by Mr. Cottman.

T.C.C. 23 Jan 90

I was at home I was in a better place."

Builder 1882

IDEAL DWELLING-HOUSES.

ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Hampden W. Pratt spoke of the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy as of peculiar interest to architects, seeing that before Mr. Hardy became a novelist he was an architect. Mr. Bell had very rightly insisted upon architects making it their first study to build comfortable houses, superadding to comfort artistic appearance as far as the means available would allow. To sacrifice comfort for appearance' sake was not a thing that would be done by any architect worthy of the name. Those who would pursue that course were quacks, not properly-qualified architects, and it was such men who brought disrepute on the whole profession.

~~worth the cost of the part.~~—We wish to introduce a novel to our readers: a "A Laodicean; or, the Castle of the Stancys," by Thos. Hardy; published by Sampson Low & Co. "What next," says Straitlace; "I do not look to my *Builder* for notices of novels." Very likely not. But there are novels *and* novels, and when we find one, as in this case, dealing with the life of an architect and written by an architect, it seems quite right that we should give it a word. The whole story grows out of a sketching tour, and is very interesting. It is agreeable to us to find Mr. Hardy speaking of the *Builder* as "the familiar periodical from which, in my days of pupilage, I gained so much that was of use to me in the profession I had then entered upon." Mr. Hardy, it will be remembered, is the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," in connexion with which he seems to have been used somewhat ungenerously by a contemporary dramatist.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, lives close to Dorchester, in the centre of that Western country of which he has made himself the historian and student. His house, which was built from his own designs, for the novelist began life as an architect, stands exactly over an old Roman graveyard. With cheerful practicality Mr. Hardy has turned the bones of the old legionaries to ornamental purposes, and the drive up to his front door is lined and studded with these funereal remains. Inside the house is a veritable museum of relics of our dead and gone conquerors. Mr. Hardy when writing has to be left severely alone. His study is approached by a winding staircase, and only the elect or the very acceptable are permitted to ascend to the airy chamber in which the novelist works. Mr. Hardy is a J.P. for Worcester, and is thus enabled to study the native from the vantage ground of the judgment seat.

ECHO - Feb 17 - 1892

Mr. Hardy this year attains his majority as an author. "Desperate Remedies," his first work, was published anonymously in 1871. The critics could not decide upon the sex of the writer. One leading literary journal said that, judging from "the acquaintance which he or she appears to possess with the mysteries of the female toilette," the author was a woman; but, on the other hand, some expressions in the book were "so remarkably coarse as to render it almost impossible that it should have come from the pen of an English lady." Since 1871 Mr. Hardy has given us 14 books.

Now that Victor Hugo is dead, some of the French critics are trying to determine, to their own satisfaction, who is the greatest of the surviving British novelists. Their opinions differ, of course; but several of them agree that THOMAS HARDY deserves the honor, although he is among the youngest of living writers of fiction, and one whose reputation has been very recently made. HARDY, a native of a village in Dorsetshire, is but 40 —he was born June 2, 1840—and was educated at divers schools without any thought of becoming an author. He was designed, indeed, by his father for architecture, and was articled at 16 in the country town to an architect of some local renown. He received at the same time careful instruction in the classics, and after serving his apprenticeship went to London, where he advocated the modern Gothic school, and added to his knowledge and experience under the well-known ARTHUR BLOMFIELD. His first attempt of a literary kind was in the direct line of his profession, being an essay on colored brick and terra-cotta architecture, which received (1865) the prize and medal of the Institute of Architects. He then decided to become an art critic, and fitted himself for the calling by further studies, though he published nothing, general literature appealing to him more and more. After hesitating several years between architecture and authorship, and steadily inclining to the latter, he put forward, when he was 31, his first novel. It was as much censured as praised, but he was, naturally, so influenced by the praise that he determined definitely upon his vocation. The year following he put forth a rural story, "Under the Greenwood Tree," and, within a twelvemonth, appeared "A Pair of Blue Eyes," both of them being well received. It was not, however, until he had produced, six years ago, "Far From the Madding Crowd" that his reputation became national or transatlantic. It was published, like its predecessors, anonymously, and was attributed to various authors, to George Eliot among others. Since then he has occupied a foremost place among English writers of fiction, though he has not equaled that effort by any subsequent work. HARDY is the reverse of a sensationalist. His scenes and characters are quiet, but closely and skilfully drawn. It is evident that he has observed carefully, and he is generally considered truthful to life and nature. Persons that like high-colored, sharply-contrasted melodramatic plots and situations do not enjoy HARDY, who is very dull to them. CHARLES READE ranks himself, as may be inferred, as the greatest of English novelists, and did so long before the death of THACKERAY, DICKENS, or George Eliot. He cannot understand, it is said, how HARDY has gained so much fame. It would be difficult for him to understand how anybody not named Charles Reade, should win any renown, supreme egotist that he is to the core of his being.

Après notre intéressant feuilleton, le CAPITAINE BOMPART, qui finit sous peu de jours, nous publierons un grand roman, d'un écrivain jouissant d'une notoriété considérable en Angleterre et en Amérique.

LA CHATELAINE*

PAR

THOMAS HARDY

est un drame rapide, serré, poignant, dont l'action ne languit pas un seul instant. M. Hardy est le chef reconnu de la jeune école anglaise, et sa CHATELAINE prouvera aux lecteurs du *Clairon* qu'il mérite sa grande réputation.

28.10.83

* Far from the Madding Crowd

MR. LOWELL ON ENGLAND.

A REPUDIATED INTERVIEW BY MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

A GREAT sensation was produced in America ten days ago by the appearance in the New York *World* of an interview with Mr. Lowell, extending over five columns, in which he was reported to have expressed himself with the utmost freedom upon people and manners in England, and even upon the secret history of some of his diplomatic experiences. The interview was signed by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the son of the great novelist, who has recently become the literary editor of the New York *World*, and it was therefore generally received with credence, though also with many severe expressions of public and editorial opinion upon the propriety and taste of Mr. Lowell's alleged utterances. The interview appeared on Sunday, and on the following Tuesday morning the following letter from Mr. Lowell was published in the *Boston Advertiser*:—

To the Editor of the *Advertiser*. Deerfoot Farm, Southboro', Mass.

Sir,—I beg for space enough in your columns to say that nobody could ever have been more surprised and grieved than I by Mr. Julian Hawthorne's breach of confidence in his report of my conversation with him, upon which you comment this morning. On such terms society would become impossible, and the *tempora fandi* would need to be qualified by quite another adjective than *mollia*. It never entered my head that the son of my old and honoured friend was "interviewing" me. If it had he would have found me dumb. I have always thought well of Voltaire's motto, *Bene vixit qui bene latuit*, and now that I am growing old it seems wiser to me than ever.

The worst of such offences against social morals is that explanation and correction are alike futile, even had one the time or the inclination for them, and if the public cared anything about the matter. I do not believe that Mr. Hawthorne wilfully misrepresented me; but whatever I may have said has become, after passing through the refracting medium of his memory, much more his than mine. I should, however, have held my peace, and submitted to this doubtless unintentional caricature of my opinions, were it not that in some cases, which pain me the more that other persons are concerned, the reporter has made me say precisely the reverse of what I really must have said, and of what is the truth. As an example of Mr. Hawthorne's prevailing inaccuracy in matters of less interest to me than those of which I have been speaking, I may instance what he makes me say of Mr. George Moore. The fact is that I have never read a line of this gentleman's writing. Speaking generally, I am at a loss to find any ground in my own mind for many of the opinions attributed to me, and must protest against their being received as in any way representative of my deliberate self. The old proverb, "Save me from my friends," must be stretched, it would seem, to take in their children also.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. R. LOWELL.

Many of the remarks attributed to Mr. Lowell by Mr. Julian Hawthorne are such as any one who is acquainted with Mr. Lowell would recognize instantly to be fabrications, and quite impossible for him to have made. We shall not, therefore, be guilty of the discourtesy, and do Mr. Lowell the disservice, of repeating them. The following passages, however, from the now famous interview may be said or read by any one with perfect propriety, and they will doubtless be read in England with much interest, subject, of course, to Mr. Lowell's general disclaimer above:—

ENGLISH LITERATURE—HARDY, MEREDITH, JAMES, MOORE!

Of English literature Mr. Lowell said: "I have not followed it. I had been told that Mr. Thomas Hardy was very good, and I took up one of his books—'Two on a Tower'—but I did not get on with it. Afterwards I met him; he is small and unassuming in appearance—does not look like the genius of tradition. George Meredith is a man of great learning and ability, and in literature he has virility—the sense of sex, which is rare. He published years ago a volume which, I think, is almost unknown now. It is called 'Modern Love,' and is a series of sonnets which tell a consecutive story. They impressed me very much, and I said to myself, 'This is a real story.' I learned later that they were based on fact. A woman has a lover, and in order to fortify her social position she deliberately marries an honest man who knows nothing of her intrigue. Of his novels the only one I have read is 'The Egoist.' When I first took it up I began at the beginning and could make nothing of it. Then I read a little at the end, but still was not attracted. At last I came upon a passage somewhere which interested me, and then I read on and soon read the whole book.

James has great virility. George Moore is one of the better kind of English novelists. His books were proscribed by Mudie, and Smith would not sell them on his railway bookstalls. That gave them a great sale."

BANQUET TO THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS. Oct 18 1884

On Saturday evening the Lord Mayor gave a banquet at the Mansion House in honour of the Incorporated Society of Authors, to meet whom a large party had been invited. The guests included Lord Houghton, Lord Crewe, Sir T. Scanlen, K.C.M.G., Mr. Justin M'Carthy, M.P., Alderman Sir W. M'Arthur, M.P., Sir T. Chambers, M.P., Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. E. Arnold, C.S.I., Mr. W. G. Wills,

The World. Dec 8. 1886.

At a meeting held in Dorchester, and presided over by the Bishop of Salisbury, on Thursday, various forms of memorial to the Rev. William Barnes, the Dorset Poet, were suggested and discussed.

The county folk, fully conscious of the reflected lustre of the poet's fame, mustered in force, and the clerics were largely represented at the meeting, their presence in such strength being in striking contrast to their scanty number—six or seven at most—at the gathering two months since beside the open grave in Came churchyard. Mr. Thomas Hardy was also on the platform, a silent spectator of a scene likely to be repeated some day—may it be far distant!—in honour of Dorset's not less famous younger son.

THE REV. WILLIAM BARNES, B.D.

Until within the last year or two there were few figures more familiar to the eye in the county town of Dorset on a market day than an aged clergyman, quaintly attired in caped cloak, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes, with a leather satchel slung over his shoulders, and a stout staff in his hand. He seemed usually to prefer the middle of the street to the pavement, and to be thinking of matters which had nothing to do with the scene before him. He plodded along with a broad, firm tread, notwithstanding the slight stoop occasioned by his years. Every Saturday morning he might have been seen thus trudging up the narrow South Street, his shoes coated with mud or dust according to the state of the roads between his rural home and Dorchester, and a little grey dog at his heels, till he reached the four cross ways in the centre of the town. Halting here, opposite the public clock, he would pull his old-fashioned watch from its deep fob, and set it with great precision to London time. This, the invariable first act of his market visit, having been completed to his satisfaction, he turned round and methodically proceeded about his other business.

This venerable and well-characterised man was William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet and philologer, by whose death last week at the ripe age of eighty-six the world has lost not only a lyric writer of a high order of genius, but probably the most interesting link between present and past forms of rural life that England

possessed. The date of his birth at the very beginning of the century is less explanatory of his almost unique position in this respect than the remoteness, even from contemporary provincial civilisation, of the pastoral recesses in which his earlier years were passed—places with whose now obsolete customs and beliefs his mind was naturally imbued. To give one instance of the former tardiness of events in that part of the country: it was a day almost within his remembrance when, amidst the great excitement and applause of the natives, who swept the street with brooms in honour of its arrival, a stage coach made its first entry into Sturminster Newton, the little market town nearest to the hamlet of Bagbere, the home of his parents. And there used to come to a little bridge, close to his father's door, till quite recently, a conjuror or "white wizard," who cured afflicted persons by means of the toad-bag—a small piece of linen having a limb from a living toad sewn up inside, to be worn round the sufferer's neck and next his skin, the twitching movements of which limb gave, so it was said, "a turn" to the blood of the wearer, and effected a radical change in his constitution.

Born so long ago as February 22nd, 1800 (1801 has been given, but I believe incorrectly), amid such surroundings, a thorough son of the soil, and endowed with great retentiveness and powers of observation, it is no wonder that Barnes became a complete repertory of forgotten manners, words, and sentiments, a store which he afterwards turned to such good use in his writings on ancient British and Anglo-Saxon speech, customs, and folk-lore; above all, in the systematic study of his native dialect, as a result of which he has shown the world that far from being, as popularly supposed, a corruption of correct English, it is a distinct branch of Teutonic speech, regular in declension and conjugation, and richer in many classes of words than any other tongue known to him. As an instance of the latter he used to mention the pronouns with particular pride, there being no fewer than four demonstratives to set against the current English two. He would also instance any natural object, such as a tree, and show that there were double the number of names for its different parts in the Dorset dialect to those available in the standard tongue.

It was a proud day for young William Barnes when, some time in the year 1814 or 1815, a local solicitor, the late Mr. Dashwood, entered the village school and inquired if there was a boy clever enough with his pen to come and copy deeds in his office in a clerkly hand. The only lad who at all approximated to such a high description was Barnes, and the scene of testing him with the long quill pen and paper, and his selection by the lawyer, must have been one to which Mulready alone could have done justice. The youth thus found himself at a solicitor's desk, and, what was more, in a position to help himself in some degree to the grammars and glossaries his soul desired, and by whose diligent perusal at odd hours through many laborious years he became familiar with an astonishing number of languages and dialects. A more notable instance of self-help has seldom been recorded, considering the date in the century, the young man's circumstances, and the remote place of his residence, for it appears that he still lived on at the hamlet, walking to and from the town — or rather townlet — every day. In later years academic scholars were sometimes found to remark upon the unsystematic character of his linguistic attainments, but it cannot be gainsaid that he was almost always ready with definite and often exclusive information on whatever slightly known form of human speech might occur to the mind of his questioner, from Persian to Welsh, from the contemporary vernaculars of India to the tongues of the ancient British tribes. Over and above these subjects, his mind was occupied after his removal to Dorchester, to judge from his letters to old local newspapers, with investigations of Roman remains, theories on the origin of Stonehenge, and kindred archæological matters; while among his other hobbies about this time was engraving on wood and on silver, crests and initials upon old pieces of plate in the neighbourhood still remaining to testify to his skill in the art.

Though Barnes's first practical step in life had brought him to the office of a solicitor, his instincts were towards tuition; and when, some years later, he had become well settled in the county town he opened a school. As schoolmaster he was fairly successful from the first, and as time went by and he obtained, as a ten years' man, his university degree and took orders, the school grew highly popular. It was during this period—from early in the forties onwards—that he wrote at intervals the first, second, and third series of those sweet rustic poems by which his name will be best remembered.

He used to tell an amusing story of his experience on relinquishing the school at Dorchester to retire to the country rectory of Winterbourne Came, in which he has ended his days. About the very week of his translation, so to call it, the name of one of his pupils appeared in the *Times* and other papers at the head of the Indian examination list, a wide proportion of marks separating it from the name following. The novelty of these lists lent a keen interest to them in those days, and the next morning Mr. Barnes was deluged with letters from all parts of the country requesting him at almost any price to take innumerable sons, and produce upon them the same successful effect. "I told them it took two to do it," he would say, adding, "Thus a popularity which I had never known during the working years of my life came at almost the first moment when it was no longer of use to me."

To many readers of these pages the charming idyls known as Barnes's 'Poems in the Dorset Dialect' are too familiar to need description or eulogy. Though locally distinguished on the title-page by the name of the county at large, the chief scenes of their inspiration lie more precisely in the limited district to the north and north-west of Dorsetshire, that is to say in the secluded Vale of Blackmore, whose margin formed the horizon of his boyhood, and was, as he himself sings in one of the poems, the end of the world to him then. This fertile and sheltered tract of country, where the fields are never brown and the springs never dry, is bounded on the south by the bold chalk ridge that embraces the prominences of Hambledon Hill, Bulbarrow, Nettlecombe Tont, Dogbury, and High-Stoy. The prospect northwards from each of these heights is one which rivals, and in many points surpasses, those much admired views of Surrey and Buckinghamshire from Richmond Hill and the terrace at Windsor Castle, while the portion of the landscape immediately beneath the spectator is the abiding-place of the people whose daily doings, sayings, and emotions have been crystallized in the poet's verse. Occasionally, it is true, we find among the men and women presented in Mr. Barnes's volumes some who are housed in hamlets lying nominally beyond the Vale, but to my mind these characters are in a great measure Blackmore people away from home, bearing with them still the well-marked traits which distinguish the Vale population from that of the neighbouring uplands. The same may be said of his backgrounds and scenery. Moreover, when, moved by the pervading instinct of the nineteenth century, he gives us whole poems of still life, unaffected and realistic as a Dutch picture, the slow green river Stour of the same valley, with its deep pools, whence the trout leaps to the may-fly undisturbed by anglers, is found to be the stream dearest to his memory and the inspirer of some of his happiest effusions.

Unlike Burns, Béranger, and other poets of the people, Mr. Barnes never assumed the high conventional style; and he entirely leaves alone ambition, pride, despair, defiance, and other of the grander passions which move mankind great and small. His rustics are, as a rule, happy people, and very seldom feel the sting of the rest of modern mankind—the disproportion between the desire for serenity and the power of obtaining it. One naturally thinks of Crabbe in this connexion; but though they touch at points, Crabbe goes much further than Barnes in questioning the justice of circumstance. Their pathos, after all, is the attribute upon which the poems must depend for their endurance; and the incidents which embody it are those of every-day cottage life, tinged throughout with that "light that never was," which the emotional art of the lyrist can project upon the commonest things. It is impossible to prophesy, but surely much English literature will be forgotten when 'Woak Hill' is still read for its intense pathos, 'Blackmore Maidens' for its blitheness, and 'In the Spring' for its Arcadian ecstasy.

Notwithstanding the wide appreciation of his verse both here and in America, so largely local were the poet's interests that it may be questioned if the enthusiasm which accompanied his own readings of his works in the town-halls of the shire was not more grateful to him than the admiration of a public he had never seen. The effect, indeed, of his recitations upon an audience well acquainted with the *nuances* of the dialect—impossible to impart to outsiders by any kind of translation—can hardly be imagined by readers of his lines acquainted only with English in its customary form. The poet's own mild smile at the boisterous merriment provoked by his droll delivery of such pieces as 'The Shy Man,' 'A Bit o' Sly Coorten,' and 'Dick and I' returns upon the memory as one of the most characteristic aspects of a man who was nothing if not genial; albeit that while the tyranny of his audience demanded these broadly humorous productions, his own preferences were for the finer and more pathetic poems, such as 'Wife a-lost,' 'Woak Hill,' and 'Jaäy a-past.'

To those who knew Mr. Barnes in his prime it may have been a matter for conjecture why a man of his energies should not at some point or other of his career have branched off from the quiet byways of his early manhood into the turmoils of the outer world, particularly as his tastes at that time were somewhat general and the direction of his labours was dictated in the main by his opportunities. The explanation seems to be that the poetic side of his nature, though not always dominant, was but faintly ruled by the practical at any time, that his place-attachment was strong almost to a fault, and that his cosmopolitan interests, though lively, were always subordinate to those local hobbies and solicitudes whence came alike his special powers and his limitations.

Few young people who have seen him only in latter years, since the pallor and stoop of old age overcame him, can realize the robust, upright form of his middle life, the ruddy cheek, and the bright quick eye. The last, indeed, dimmed but slightly, and even on his death-bed his zest for the subject of speech-form was strong as ever. In one of his latest conversations he became quite indignant at the word "bicycle." "Why didn't they call it 'wheel-saddle'?" he exclaimed.

Though not averse to social intercourse, his friendships extended over but a small area of society. But those who, like the present writer, knew him well and long, entertained for him a warm affection; while casual visitors from afar were speedily won to kindly regard by the simplicity of his character, his forbearance, and the charming spurts of youthful ardour which would burst out as rays even in his latest hours.

THOMAS HARDY.

Boston "Literary World"
Aug 1st 1878.

World Biographies.

Thomas Hardy. Mr. Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, was born in 1840, in a lonely old-fashioned house in Dorsetshire on the margin of a wood, in the rear of which stretched a heath for several miles. One is reminded of the spot by the opening scene in his latest story, *The Return of the Native*. In his seventeenth year he was articled as pupil to an architect, who had an extensive practice in ecclesiastical architecture, it being about the time when the passion for church "restoration" was in full vigor. Mr. Hardy came in for a good share of this work, and under color of restoring and renovating for a good cause was instrumental in obliterating many valuable records in stone of the history of quiet rural parishes, much to his regret in later years. His attention, however, during this period was not wholly devoted to architecture, literature receiving his attention to a considerable extent, and his higher education being looked after by an able classical scholar and Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. Mr. Hardy first took up his permanent residence in London in 1862. His knowledge of Gothic art became greatly advanced by the opportunity this change afforded him of designing under the direction of Mr. A. W. Bloomfield, the well-known architect, son of a late bishop of London; but his interest soon turned more particularly in the direction of pictures, and he made use of every opportunity which the International Exhibition of that year and public and private galleries afforded to extend his knowledge of the various schools of art, ancient and modern. During this very year Mr. Hardy wrote an essay on Architecture, which took the prize medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects; and some time later he was awarded the prize offered by the late Sir William Tite, M. P., for architectural design. These successes encouraged in him the purpose of becoming an art critic, and to fit himself for that office he undertook special studies; but his early taste for romantic literature having meanwhile revived, he sent a first attempt in fiction to a London magazine. It was at once accepted, and his career was determined; though his love of art has been by no means abandoned. Mr. Hardy's first complete novel was *Desperate Remedies* (1871), which in some quarters was applauded and in others loudly condemned. *Under the Greenwood Tree* followed in 1872, a story which, though well received on all sides, was some time in making its way into notice. Both of the foregoing were published anonymously. In 1873 appeared *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, which attracted a good deal of attention; and in 1874 *Far from the Madding Crowd*, the latter first running its course in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*. *The Hand of Ethelberta* succeeded this in the same periodical a few months later, and *The Return of the Native*, Mr. Hardy's sixth novel, is now reaching American readers through the pages of *Harper's Monthly*.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE

November 27, 1902

[illegible]

(forgetting that the poem spoke of its "empty shrine") and

[illegible]

Miss Lucy Baxter, of Dorchester, afterwards Mrs. S. T. Baxter, [illegible] figures as "Lucy Savile." [illegible] was remembered as an attractive girl of nineteen or twenty, living at the house of her father, William Baxter, the poet and publicist. At that time of her life she was of a sweet disposition, but provokingly shy, with [illegible] brown hair, a tripping walk, a face pretty rather than handsome, and extremely piquant in a mutual character, having a nose tip-tilted to that slight Puritanish degree which is indispensable to a maiden of such character. When she grew nervous she showed a momentary hesitation of speech, not reaching to a stammer, like that of an embarrassed child, which to myself and to many others was not the least of her attractive qualities. Her appearance, greenfulness, and manner gentleness, made her a typical "Lucy," from whom the numerous Lucys in the novels of that date seemed to be drawn.

After she was twenty-two or three I lost sight of her for twenty years, but while in London I heard of her marriage and departure for Florence, and also many of the books she published from time to time, which need not be enumerated here. I next met her at her father's rectory at Came, Dorset, in 1884 or 1885, she being then on one of her few visits to England—the last, I believe, that she ever paid to her native country. She was still girlish in manner, though by that date she had children in their teens.

During our stay in Florence in 1887 my wife and I saw her almost every day; and we made pilgrimages together to many spots of interest, she being, of course, as a long resident in Italy, an invaluable guide. Among these was the grave of Mrs. Browning, who, to Mrs. Baxter's regret, had died shortly before the latter's arrival in Florence. It was in Mrs. Baxter's company also that I stood in the Piazza dell'Annunziata and gazed at the statue of the Grand-Duke Ferdinand I., opposite the Palazzo Riccardi-Manelli, we having been led there by the famous lines:

"There's a Palace in Florence the world knows well,
And a statue watched it from the square,"

which open the story told in "The Statue and the Bust." In making this inspection an incident occurred which may be worth recalling. Having seen the statue we looked for the bust. And there it was, [illegible] a swinging waiter standing at a door hard by; and it had unfortunately been taken down from a particular spot in the palace-façade where he pointed out. We added handsome thanks, and I gave him a lira for his information. On the first Sunday after my return to London I met Browning, and he was interested to hear of the incident. "Just like Walter!" he added with a hearty laugh. "Why—I invented the Bust!" It is, of course, just possible, though not likely, that Browning's memory was in error, and that the friendly waiter did not lie. Curiously enough, Mrs. Baxter inclined to the opinion that there had been a bust, and that the waiter spoke the truth.

The view from her drawing-room in the Via Valfonda was a wide and beautiful one, and I hoped to revisit her there. But "to-morrow, and to-morrow"!—I never saw her again. However, we corresponded with her at not unfrequent intervals. She appeared to retain all that old energy for literary work that she had inherited from her father, and her long acquaintance with Italy and Italian art and literature enabled her to produce those carefully-pondered books bearing thereon, of which the titles are well known.

She was deeply interested in the Florentines and I can remember her saying that the nobility of the Italian character was not fully realized in England; adding—how naturally!—"particularly that of the men."

She died on November 10th last, at Villa Bianca, Via Settignanese, Florence, and was buried on the Wednesday following at the Cemetery of the Allori.

THOMAS HARDY.

Max Gate, Dorchester, Nov. 24th, 1902.

The above also appeared in the Times of the same date.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE. DECEMBER 23, 1899.

A CHRISTMAS GHOST-STORY.

South of the Line, inland from far Durban,
There lies—be he or not your countryman—
A fellow-mortal. Riddled are his bones,
But 'mid the breeze his puzzled phantom moans
Nightly to clear Canopus—fain to know
By whom, and when, the All-Earth-Gladdening Law
Of Peace, brought in by Some-One crucified,
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside?

THOMAS HARDY.

[*Not copyright.*]

JULY 4, 1889.] Pall Mall

THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS AT DINNER.

The company last night was of a distinguished and representative character. Lord Pembroke, himself the author of an exceedingly clever book of travel, and one of the most active members of the society, presided, and near him sat Lady Pembroke. Mr. Austin Dobson worthily represented Poetry. Lord Tennyson is the nominal President of the Society; but on this as on other occasions members have been compelled to murmur with Mr. Andrew Lang, "The Master's yonder in the Isle." Mr. George Meredith was unavoidably absent, so that Fiction was not represented by the greatest living master of the craft. Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Rider Haggard, however, were present, and, of course, Mr. Besant himself. Mr. Holman Hunt was there for Art, and among others who sat at the "high table" were Dr. Garnett, M. Esclangon, Mr. George Augustus Sala, M. Yriarte, Professor Mahaffy, the Rev. Professor Bonney, the Rev. Dr. Allon, the Rev. Professor Skeat, M. Blouet (Max O'Rell), the Rev. Dr. Abbott, and Lord Robert Montagu. Some two hundred members were present in all, and were seated at five tables, which were presided over by the Rev. C. H. Middleton Wake, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Stanley Little.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC WORLD.

(New York Paper.)

The individual methods in composition of the recognized literary leaders of this country (and many from abroad) have been interestingly presented through the symposium of letters so kindly contributed to the WORLD.

THOMAS HARDY'S LETTER.

Savile Club, London, W., April 6, 1889.

"In reply to your inquiry as to my method of transferring thoughts to paper, I beg to state that I write them in long-hand. I have occasionally dictated: but not to a shorthand writer. As you request any further particulars, I may add that several years ago I studied shorthand with a view to taking notes; but on examining several systems I found that the scientific systems were not sufficiently practicable, and the practicable systems not sufficiently scientific. The two systems which most attracted me were Taylor's and Pitman's. I found that Taylor's *un*improved—*i. e.*, as published by Taylor himself in the last century—was a good old system; but as improved by more recent stenographers it was completely ruined. It seemed to me, however, after examining some dozen popular forms, that the system which successfully grapples with the vowel difficulty has yet to be invented. I have never used a typewriter." THOMAS HARDY.

(Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," and other popular novels.)

Nov. 30. 1889

THE WEEKLY COMEDY.

A British "Theatre Libre."

DEAR SIRS,—As I have no practical acquaintance with the management of theatres, I fear that my opinion on how an English "free stage" is to be attempted will have very little value. Different people would, I suppose, attach different meanings to a "free stage." My impression of its objects and functions is simply that it should be a stage on which the plan of seeking to awaken interest by the traditionary formalisms that shape the ordinary modern play is superseded by aiming at a new interest, depending on startling convictions of fidelity to life. At the contemporary theatre we see life as it cannot be, though sometimes, perhaps, as it might advantageously be; we should then see life as it unfortunately turns out to be—as nearly, that is, as art, which is at bottom artifice, can and should convey such a spectacle.

Nowadays, persons who were devoted to the drama in their youth find as they approach middle age that they cannot by any possibility feel deeply interested in the regulation stage-presentation of life, their impressions usually being: First act—it may be so; second act—it surely is not so; third—it cannot be so; fourth—ridiculous to make it so; fifth—it will do for the children.

Moreover, the imagination should be appealed to rather than the bare eyesight. Could not something be done to weed away the intolerable masses of scenery and costume? A good many hundred people would travel a good many miles to see a play performed in the following manner:—The ordinary pit boarded over to make a stage, so that the theatre would approach in arrangement the form of an old Roman amphitheatre; the scenery being simply a painted canvas hung in place of the present curtain, the actors performing in front of it, and disappearing behind it when they go off the stage; a horizontal canvas for sky or ceiling; a few moveable articles of furniture, or trees in boxes, as the case may be indoors or out; the present stage being the green room. The costumes to be suggestive of the time and situation, and not exclusively suggestive of what they cost. Spectators would then, sitting to a great extent round the actors, see the *play* as it was seen in old times, but as they do not see it now for its accessories.—Yours faithfully,

Savile Club. THOMAS HARDY.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE.
DECEMBER 25, 1899.

There is a sad incongruity in to-day's festival of peace and goodwill. Many homes are in mourning for the dead, or in anxious solicitude for the living. The nation is at a tension of martial zeal.

It is well sometimes to put aside the refinements of moral philosophy, and remember the simple conditions of human nature, especially human nature reinforced by Creusot guns and Mauser rifles.

This is not the theme that any man would choose for reflections on Christmas Day, but we are not masters of our necessities. Mr. Thomas Hardy has pictured the soul of a dead soldier in Natal contemplating the battlefield, and wondering where is that peace on earth which is the Christian ideal of Christmastide. A fine conception, but we fear that soldier is Mr. Hardy's soldier, and not one of the Dublin Fusiliers who cried amidst the storm of bullets at Tugela, "Let us make a name for ourselves!"

"A Christmas Ghost Story."

THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—In your interesting leading article of this morning, on Christmas Day, you appear to demur to the character of the soldier's phantom in my few lines entitled "A Christmas Ghost Story" (printed in the "Westminster Gazette" for Dec. 23), as scarcely exhibiting the primary quality of, say, a Dublin Fusilier, which is assumed to be physical courage; the said phantom being plaintive, embittered, and sad at the prevalence of war during a nominal Æra of peace. But surely there is artistic propriety—and, if I may say so, moral and religious propriety—in making him, or it, feel thus, especially in a poem intended for Christmas Day. One's modern fancy of a disembodied spirit—unless intentionally humorous—is that of an entity which has passed into a tenuous, impartial, sexless, fitful form of existence, to which bodily courage is a contradiction in terms. Having no physical frame to defend or sacrifice, how can he show either courage or fear? His views are no longer local; nations are all one to him; his country is not bounded by seas, but is co-extensive with the globe itself, if it does not even include all the inhabited planets of the sky. He has put off the substance, and has put on, in part at any rate, the essence of the Universal.

If we go back to the ancient fancy on this subject, and look into the works of great imaginative writers, they seem to construct their soldier-shades much on the same principle—often with a stronger infusion of emotion, and less of sturdiness. The Homeric ghost of Patroclus was plaintively anxious about his funeral rites, and Virgil's military ghosts—though some of them certainly were cheerful, and eager for war news—were as a body tremulous and pensive. The prophet Samuel, a man of great will and energy when on earth, was "disquieted" and obviously apprehensive when he was raised by the Witch of Endor at the request of Saul. Moreover, the authors of these Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fantasies were ignorant of the teaching of Christmas Day, that which alone moved the humble Natal shade to speak at all.

To Christian times Dante makes the chief Farinata exhibit a fine scornfulness, but even his Cæsar, Hector, Æneas, Saladin, and heroes of that stamp, have, if I am not mistaken, an aspect neither sad nor joyful, and only reach the level of serenity Hamlet's father, impliedly martial in life, was not particularly brave as a spectre. In short, and speaking generally, these creatures of the imagination are uncertain, fleeting, and quivering, like winds, mists, gossamer-webs, and fallen autumn leaves; they are sad, pensive, and frequently feel more or less sorrow for the acts of their corporeal years.

Thus I venture to think that the phantom of a slain soldier, neither British nor Boer, but a composite, typical phantom, may consistently be made to regret on or about Christmas Eve (when even the beasts of the field kneel, according to a tradition of my childhood) the battles of his life and war in general, although he may have shouted in the admirable ardor and pride of his fighting time, as he is said to have done: "Let us make a name for ourselves!"—Your obedient servant,

Dec. 25. THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has written us quite a delightful letter about military ghosts at Christmas that we have not the heart to argue with him. He conceives the spirit of the dead soldier as at once possessed of all knowledge, and, therefore, superior to anything so fleeting as courage or fear. He ransacks literature for examples of this sublimation of the martial character after death, and incidentally mentions the ghost of Hamlet's father, who, we may remark, far from becoming indifferent to all earthly passions, showed the liveliest desire to punish his mortal enemy in life. But, as we have said, we cannot argue with a poet, especially a poet who has given us so many vivid impressions of the inscrutable forces of fate. Mr. Hardy's dead soldier is rightly admitted to the best company of Christmas ghosts, and we feel the pathetic beauty of the conception, whatever we may think of its metaphysics.

The chance which was denied to "Jude the Obscure"—that of going to the University—will now be open to others of his class. A number of Oxford University students have determined, in conjunction with several townsmen, to place the incomparable educational advantages of that centre at the disposal of young men of small means. They have counted the cost of living. They have found that a poor man who can afford £25 a year for board and lodging, and can pay in addition £9 a year for tuition fees, will be able to spend that year as a University student, on two conditions. One is that he shall supplement his one year of Oxford residence with three years of home reading on the University Extension principle; the other that he shall become a member of Ruskin Hall. An anonymous donor has come forward with a gift of 100 free bursaries, each of the value of £25, so relieving the poor student of outlay in the matter. The promoters aim at making "men," and expect the student not to leave his walk in life, but to return to it strengthened in mind, to carry on the ethics that John Ruskin taught—namely, to raise rather than to rise out of the mass of their fellow-workers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(1894)

THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. Hardy writes his novels in what he calls his "writing-box," at his country place in Dorchester, formerly part of an estate in Dorsetshire belonging to the Prince of Wales, but he frequently revises and corrects during the months he spends in London, where he has a different house every year. He usually writes with a map of the country or district in which the scenes are laid spread out before him, and invariably visits each spot before describing it. He has latterly been made a magistrate for Dorsetshire, an office which is held, we believe, by only one other English novelist, Mr. Rider Haggard. He is descended from one of the numerous branches of the Dorset Hardys, a family which formerly was of influence in and near the valley of the Froom or Frome. His maternal ancestors were for many centuries small landed proprietors in the northwest of the county, their holdings now being owned by the Earl of Ilchester. It may be remembered, that in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* he characteristically enumerates his own family amongst those which had undergone the vicissitudes of Tess's, *i. e.*, the Turbervilles, this being the actual name of the family which suggested the story.

Sun. Decem 10th 1898

THE WORLD.

FEB. 17, 1886.

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

No. CCCCXL. MR. THOMAS HARDY AT MAX GATE, DORCHESTER.

COUNTRY-FOLK who, shortly after sunrise, plod along the narrow lanes stretching to the east of Dorchester, have their eyes frequently attracted by a crimson spot high on a distant ridge of the landscape, and so intensely coloured in the early sunlight as almost to resemble a drop of blood. Though this optical effect is produced at points in hill and dale too remote for distinguishing details of the thing seen, there are few who do not know it to be the residence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, or, as they express it, "the man that makes up books about we." The house that is thus, from its position, almost the first object in the neighbourhood to catch the sun's morning rays, and the last to relinquish its evening glow, is approached from Dorchester by passing over Gallows Hill—a historic spot, whereon eighty of Jeffreys' victims suffered after the Bloody Assize—and thence along the old Wareham Road across an open down. From this side the building appears as an unpretending red-brick structure of moderate size, somewhat quaintly built, and standing in its own grounds, which are divided from the upland without by an enclosing wall. Behind the site a huge prehistoric barrow, crowned with a plantation, swells into the sky. The place is as lonely as it is elevated, and it is evident that from the narrow windows of a turret which rises at the salient angle an extensive view of the surrounding country may be obtained. Moulded brick string-courses, thick sash-bars, and other features seem to mark the architecture as a sort of compromise between the Jacobean and Georgian styles. The house is of recent erection, and was the design of its owner and occupant, who, before he definitively adopted the profession of letters, had served his articles with an architect, and, during the years of his residence in London, was considered a promising representative of the young Gothic school that flourished contemporaneously with the pre-Raphaelite movement in painting, and was led by Sir Gilbert Scott, Messrs. Street, Butterfield, Blomfield, and other well-known architects. At this incipient stage of his career Mr. Hardy was awarded the medal of the Royal Institute of Architects and other art-prizes for his various productions.

From the white entrance-gate in the wall a short drive, planted on the windward side with beech and sycamore, leads up to the house, arrivals being notified to the inmates by the voice of a glossy black setter, who comes into view from the stable at the back as far as his chain will allow him. Within, we find ourselves in a small square hall, floored with dark polished wood, and resembling rather a cosy sitting-room with a staircase in it than a hall as commonly understood. It is lighted by a window of leaded panes, through which may be seen Conygore Hill, Came Plantations, and the elevated sea-mark of Culliford Tree. The appointments here, as elsewhere, are distinguished by a simplicity truly in keeping with the character of the novelist: "Non ebur neque aureum .... renidet in domo lacunar." Confronting us is an ancient brass-faced case-clock, which strikes with a hesitating whizz simultaneously with a yet older and yet more hesitating one-handed specimen hard by; and over the door on either hand is a frieze-like arrangement of illustrations from Mr. Hardy's stories. Among the other objects on the wall we more particularly notice portraits of Teniers, Mozart, Balzac, and a fine engraving of George Sand in her prime, after the well-known painting by Charpentier. The broad, heavy-framed window of the dining-room is so high as to afford little exterior outlook in that direction, an arrangement which imparts considerable privacy to the apartment; from a lower window at the side, however, we have a full view of the immense ramparts of Maiden Castle, which, to quote from one of this writer's stories describing the place, "rises against the sky with a Titanic personality that compels the senses to regard it and consider." Although the spot is more than a mile distant, the sentence does not exaggerate the strange force with which the magnificent earthwork impresses its presence upon the occupants of this room. From the same window we discern, high on Blackdon, the monument to Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's captain, a circumstance which reminds us that the author is the third of the Thomas Hardys, born and resident in this immediate locality, whose names have become known to the outside world; the first in point of date being the Edwardian Thomas Hardy, probably ancestor of the rest, who founded the neighbouring Grammar School and many notable charities in the county and elsewhere.

The drawing-room discloses a window so arranged as to form a frame to the imposing tumulus before mentioned, known on ordnance maps as Conquer Barrow, probably a corruption of some earlier name. Immediately on looking round the room we observe that Mr. Hardy's collection of old china is of a very peculiar kind. In place of the regulation Nankin, crackled, and what not, we see groups of black urns and vases of various designs characteristic of Anglo-Roman work of the third or fourth century, vividly recalling the pots and pans in Mr. Alma Tadema's picture of the "Visit of Hadrian to the British Potteries." With some surprise we learn from our hostess that such urns as these abound in the earth beneath our feet, the specimens on the shelves having been dug up in excavating the foundations at the building of the house. Human skeletons were also discovered here, curiously interred in oval graves cut from the maiden chalk, each body lying on its right side, with the knees drawn up to the chest in a manner strongly suggestive of the chicken in the egg-shell. With these venerable pieces of crockery lie an iron blade, the head of a spear taken from the side of one of the same interred Roman warriors; and a gilt-bronze fibula—similar to those in the British Museum—which Mr. Hardy himself unfastened from the forehead of a skull discovered under his kitchen, proving that these clasps were used to sustain some sort of head-fillet, and not only the cloak or other garment, as usually supposed. Pieces of red Samian, fragments of iridescent glass, ornamental tiles, and other unmistakable tokens of Roman occupation are exhibited about the house. We further learn that the drive is fringed with many more skeletons of these Romano-British, with their urns and swords and spears still undisturbed, except in so far that several of the warriors were decapitated in making the road. We are fain to confess to some feeling of creepiness; but Mrs. Hardy assures us that one soon gets indifferent to such silent companions, fifteen centuries being too wide a gulf even for a ghost to flit over. The impression is of short duration, our attention being attracted by an original drawing of Mr. du Maurier's illustrating an incident in *A Laodicean*, and containing an excellent portrait of the artist himself. Here are also several water-colour sketches by Mrs. Hardy, representing actual spots that are described under fictitious names in her husband's stories, notably Mr. Penny's shop and the Tranter's home in *The Greenwood Tree*, and Weatherbury farmhouse in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. From the large front window we get occasional glimpses, beyond the paddock where the Romans of the Empire lie, of carriers' tilted wagons with divers modifications of Tranter Dewy bearing the reins, of passing flocks of sheep with their shepherds and their dogs, reminding us of Gabriel Oak and his four-footed assistant George, a facsimile of Norcombe Down rising behind them.

Mr. Hardy's writing-room is up-stairs, and to reach the door we pass under a small archway at the end of the landing. Behind the arch is a slyly-contrived passage and steep staircase, closed by a sliding-door. This species of adit affords, if necessary, a way of escape to one who is not a society man, when he is likely to be invaded from the front stairs. In the shadow of the arch hangs a drawing of weird and sombre effect—apparently a procession of Acherontic ghosts, pallidly emerging from black fog, but really the life-size profiles of various members of Mr. Hardy's family, portrayed by himself on the principle of the silhouette reversed, and somewhat suggestive of the groups of family portraits by Ambrogio Borgognone in the National Gallery. We enter the writing-room—a long apartment, solidly furnished, without a single article in it that is not required for use, our author's indifference to *things*, as such, showing strongly here—and there rises from a writing-table to meet us a somewhat fair-complexioned man, a trifle below the middle height, of slight build, with a pleasant thoughtful face, exceptionally broad at the temples, and fringed by a beard trimmed after the Elizabethan manner; a man readily sociable and genial, but one whose mien conveys the impression that the world in his eyes has rather more of the tragedy than the comedy about it, and that he is disposed to rate life, and what it can give, at no very extravagant value. Mr. Hardy has been revising the proof-sheets of his *Graphic* story, "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and as we seat ourselves in Gabriel Oak's chair—a high-backed,

The World.
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1886.

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No. CCCCXL. Mr. Thomas Hardy, at Max Gate, Dorchester.

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No. CCCCXL. Mr. Thomas Hardy, at Max Gate, Dorchester.

Country folk who, shortly after sunrise, plod along the narrow lanes stretching to the east of Dorchester, have their eyes frequently attracted by a crimson spot high on a distant ridge of the landscape, and so intensely coloured in the early sunlight as almost to resemble a drop of blood. Though this optical effect is produced at points in hill and dale too remote for distinguishing details of the thing seen, there are few who do not know it to be the residence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, or, as they express it, "the man that makes up books about we." The house that is thus, from its position, almost the first object in the neighbourhood to catch the sun's morning rays, and the last to relinquish its evening glow, is approached from Dorchester by passing over Gallows Hill—a historic spot, whereon eighty of Jeffreys' victims suffered after the Bloody Assize—and thence along the old Wareham-road across an open down. From this side the building appears as an unpretending red-brick structure of moderate size, somewhat quaintly built, and standing in its own grounds, which are divided from the upland without by an enclosing wall. Behind the site a huge pre-historic barrow, crowned with a plantation, swells into the sky. The place is as lonely as it is elevated; and it is evident that from the narrow windows of a turret which rises at the salient angle an extensive view of the surrounding country may be obtained. Moulded brick string-courses, thick sash-bars and other features seem to mark the architecture as a sort of compromise between the Jacobean and Georgian styles. The house is of recent erection, and was the design of its owner and occupant, who, before he definitively adopted the profession of letters, had served his articles with an architect, and, during the years of his residence in London, was considered a promising representative of the young Gothic school that flourished contemporaneously with the pre-Raphaelite movement in painting, and was led by Sir Gilbert Scott, Messrs. Street, Butterfield, Blomfield, and other well known architects. At this incipient stage of his career Mr. Hardy was awarded the medal of the Royal Institute of Architects and other art-prizes for his various productions.

From the white entrance-gate in the wall a short drive, planted on the windward side with beech and sycamore, leads up to the house, arrivals being notified to the inmates by the voice of a glossy black setter, who comes into view from the stable at the back as far as his chain will allow him. Within, we find ourselves in a small square hall, floored with dark polished wood, and resembling rather a cosy sitting-room with a staircase in it than a hall as commonly understood. It is lighted by a window of leaded panes, through which may be seen Conygore Hill, Came Plantations, and the elevated sea-mark of Culliford Tree. The appointments here, as elsewhere, are distinguished by a simplicity truly in keeping with the character of the novelist: "Non ebur neque aureum .... renidet in domo lacunar." Confronting us is an ancient brass-faced case-clock, which strikes with a hesitating whizz simultaneously with a yet older and yet more hesitating one-handed specimen hard by; and over the door on either hand is a frieze-like arrangement of illustrations from Mr. Hardy's stories. Among the other objects on the wall we more particularly notice portraits of Teniers, Mozart, Balzac, and a fine engraving of George Sand in her prime, after the well-known painting by Charpentier. The broad, heavy-framed window of the dining-room is so high as to afford little exterior outlook in that direction, an arrangement which imparts considerable privacy to the apartment; from a lower window at the side, however, we have a full view of the immense ramparts of Maiden Castle, which, to quote from one of this writer's stories describing the place, "rises against the sky with a Titanic personality that compels the senses to regard it and consider." Although the spot is more than a mile distant, the sentence does not exaggerate the strange force with which the magnificent earthwork impresses its presence upon the occupants of this room. From the same window we discern, high on Blackdon, the monument to Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's captain, a circumstance which reminds us that the author is the third of the Thomas Hardys, born and resident in this immediate locality, whose names have become known to the outside world; the first in point of date being the Edwardian Thomas Hardy, probably ancestor of the rest, who founded the neighbouring Grammar School and many notable charities in the county and elsewhere.

The drawing-room discloses a window so arranged as to form a frame to the imposing tumulus before mentioned, known on ordnance maps as Conquer Barrow, probably a corruption of some earlier name. Immediately on looking round the room we observe that Mr. Hardy's collection of old china is of a very peculiar kind. In place of the regulation Nankin, crackled, and what not, we see groups of black urns and vases of various designs characteristic of Anglo-Roman work of the third or fourth century, vividly recalling the pots and pans in Mr. Alma Tadema's picture of the "Visit of Hadrian to the British Potteries." With some surprise we learn from our hostess that such urns as these abound in the earth beneath our feet, the specimens on the shelves having been dug up in excavating the foundations at the building of the house. Human skeletons were also discovered here, curiously interred in oval graves cut from the maiden chalk, each body lying on its right side, with the knees drawn up to the chest in a manner strongly suggestive of the chicken in the egg-shell. With these venerable pieces of crockery lie an iron blade, the head of a spear taken from the side of one of the same interred Roman warriors, and a gilt-bronze fibula—similar to those in the British Museum—which Mr. Hardy himself unfastened from the forehead of a skull discovered under his kitchen, proving that these clasps were used to sustain some sort of head-fillet, and not only the cloak or other garment, as usually supposed. Pieces of red Samian, fragments of iridescent glass, ornamental tiles, and other unmistakable tokens of Roman occupation are exhibited about the house. We further learn that the drive is fringed with many more skeletons of these Romano-British, with their urns and swords and spears still undisturbed, except in so far that several of the warriors were decapitated in making the road. We are fain to confess to some feeling of creepiness; but Mrs. Hardy assures us that one soon gets indifferent to such silent companions, fifteen centuries being too wide a gulf even for a ghost to flit over. The impression is of short duration, our attention being attracted by an original drawing of Mr. du Maurier's illustrating an incident in *A Laodicean*, and containing an excellent portrait of the artist himself. Here are also several water-colour sketches by Mrs. Hardy, representing actual spots that are described under fictitious names in her husband's stories, notably Mr. Penny's shop and the Tranter's home in *The Greenwood Tree*; and Weatherbury farmhouse in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. From the large front window we get occasional glimpses, beyond the paddock where the Romans of the

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CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

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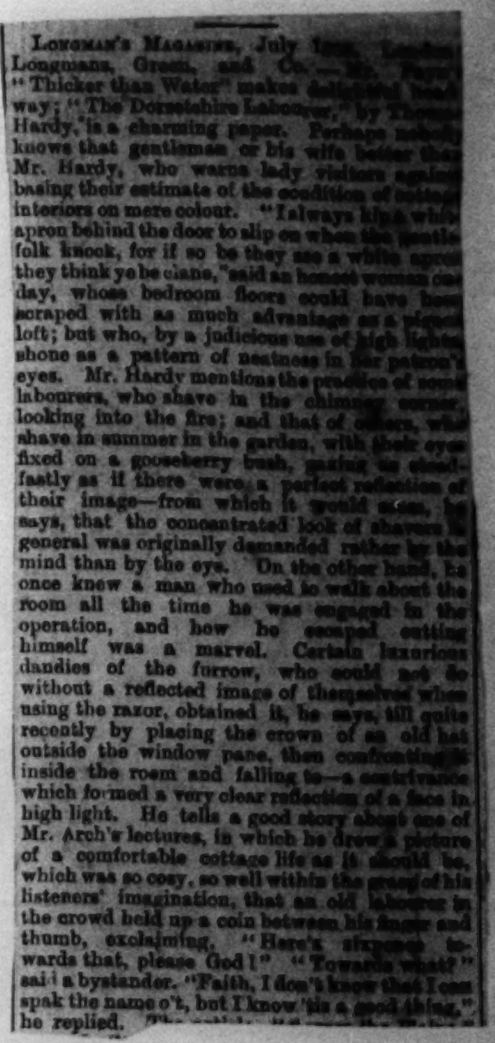
willow-seated article of furniture seen in many of the Dorset cottages, and known, locally, as a "shepherd's chair"—we listen to as much of this writer's experiences of authorship, and descriptions of his methods of work, as he is disposed to tell us. When he has a story in hand, he begins writing immediately after breakfast, and remains indoors until he has finished for the day, even a very little time spent in the open air before beginning proving fatal to any work till after nightfall. When not dictating, a practice he indulges in occasionally, but not frequently, he prefers working alone, holding, moreover, with his friend Mr. Aubrey de Vere, that not only a solitary room, but an impregnable house, would be the most desirable place for complete literary performance. Many chapters of his stories have been printed without revision, precisely as written down in the first heat of conception; on the other hand, great portions—perhaps a majority of his pages—represent a second writing. Speaking as to the principles he observes in the art of fiction, Mr. Hardy rather humorously expresses his wonder whether his literary principles will go the way of his architectural canons. When he was in a state of pupillage in that art, he was taught, and firmly believed, that, as there was one true God, there was one true style of architecture—the style of the thirteenth-century Gothic; that all other styles were flat, stale, and unprofitable; in a word, wrong. "Now, where has thirteenth-century architecture gone?" asks Mr. Hardy. "We have danced adoringly down the vista of 'wrong' styles since then. So with fiction: to-day's meat is to-morrow's poison. Nevertheless, I have a view or two of my own, which I hope may not prove erroneous." In politics, he remarks that his principles are "those of Bob Sawyer, a kind of plaid." In the main, his books are written with an eye rather to a masculine than to a feminine audience, and to middle-age women rather than to girls in their teens. The older he gets, the more abundant do materials seem to become, cropping up in every daily incident. His sense of flagging is limited to the clerical labour that would be necessary to work all his conceptions out. In common with most novelists, Mr. Hardy sometimes receives extraordinary letters from strangers, concerning the characters and scenes of his books. For instance, a worthy tradesman writes from the other end of England, that he is both surprised and annoyed to find that a relative of his, who served in the Army during the great war with Bonaparte, should have been introduced under his real name, but cruelly misrepresented in character, in the pages of *The Trumpet Major*. Another sends a formidable letter, extending to several quarto pages, to prove that his relative has received the same unfair treatment in another novel. It is hardly necessary to say, that in these and other cases the coincidences, though remarkable, are purely accidental, Mr. Hardy having never, in the whole of his experience, made use of a surname appertaining to a known real character. Not unfrequently, too, come letters from ladies, charging him with holding a rather low estimate of womankind in general, and with failing to appreciate the excellences of the sex.

To the shelves of miscellaneously interesting literature which are ranged in other parts of the room, one corner furnishes an exception of a most prosaic kind. Here are notices that refer to the granting of licenses and affairs of police, together with Stone's *Justice of the Peace*; Mr. Hardy being an acting magistrate in the neighbouring town, where, according to his own account, he plays the part of Justice Silence with great assiduity, though admitting that the duties of the office keep him in touch with some sterner facts of existence that are apt to be lost sight of in the dream-world of books. This slight dissonance in its appointments notwithstanding, the room is an inspiring place for imaginative work by reason of its wide outlook upon an ancient country full of historic suggestions. The "Wessex" that we see around is the arena of Mr. Hardy's actors, just as Paris, with its environs, was of the characters of Honoré de Balzac, and Midlothian was of the characters of Scott. From the front window of this workroom we look upon the "Overcombe Down," which was the scene of much of the action in *The Trumpet Major*; from the side window we discern in the far distance dark outlying portions of "Egdon Heath"—including the summit upon which Eustacia stood—the *locale* of *The Return of the Native*; and from the further end of the room we see the "Yalbury Wood" of *The Greenwood Tree*, bits of Bathsheba Everdene's farm, and, away to the left, some of the scenes of his current story.

Across the intervening fields, in a south-easterly [illegible] Max Gate, at the foot of Loscombe Hill, nestles among its [illegible] thatched rectory-house, which has long been the [illegible] Hardy's friend and nearest neighbour, William Barnes, the [illegible] Poet. While we stand discussing with the novelist the [illegible] nature of the peasantry in *Poems in the Dorset Dialect*, we [illegible] low-lying about Maiden Castle, huge masses of cloud, now [illegible] with the splendour of sunset, anon livid with the tones of [illegible] ing night and tempest. In a few minutes, the white [illegible] innumerable sea-gulls, hastening inland from the not far-distant English Channel, rise above the ridge of hills in that direction, another intimation of imminent rough weather. So we take leave and pass down the hidden line of headless soldiers of the Empire, whose shadowy forms come mingling in our mind-sight with the familiar shapes of Bathsheba shouldering reed-sheaves, and Gabriel Oak thatching ricks, like those in the field before us, amid the fury of such a storm as seems now to threaten the country-side.



Longman's Magazine, July 1892. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. [illegible] Payne's "Thicker than Water" makes [illegible] way; "The Dorsetshire Labourer," by Thomas Hardy, is a charming paper. Perhaps nobody knows that gentleman or his wife better than Mr. Hardy, who warns lady visitors against basing their estimate of the condition of cottage interiors on mere colour. "I always kip a white apron behind the door to slip on when the genteel folk knock, for if so be they see a white apron they think ye be clane," said an honest woman one day, whose bedroom floors could have been scraped with as much advantage as a pigeon's loft; but who, by a judicious use of high lights, shone as a pattern of neatness in her patron's eyes. Mr. Hardy mentions the practice of some labourers, who shave in the chimney corner, looking into the fire; and that of others, who shave in summer in the garden, with their eyes fixed on a gooseberry bush, gazing as steadfastly as if there were a perfect reflection of their image—from which it would seem, he says, that the concentrated look of shavers in general was originally demanded rather by the mind than by the eye. On the other hand, I once knew a man who used to walk about the room all the time he was engaged in the operation, and how he escaped cutting himself was a marvel. Certain luxurious dandies of the furrow, who could not do without a reflected image of themselves when using the razor, obtained it, he says, till quite recently by placing the crown of an old hat outside the window pane, then confronting it inside the room and falling to—a contrivance which formed a very clear reflection of a face in high light. He tells a good story about one of Mr. Arch's lectures, in which he drew a picture of a comfortable cottage life as it should be, which was so cosy, so well within the grasp of his listeners' imagination, that an old labourer in the crowd held up a coin between his finger and thumb, exclaiming, "Here's sixpence towards that, please God!" "Towards what?" said a bystander. "Faith, I don't know that I can spak the name o't, but I know 'tis a good thing," he replied.

Authors and their Works.

THOMAS HARDY.

MR. HARDY, as every one who reads his stories might surmise, is a Dorsetshire man. His family is said to have been founded in the reign of Elizabeth; Nelson's Captain Hardy was a member of it. "Kiss me, Hardy," said the hero, when he felt the chill of death: we all know the pathetic story. The novelist was born in a little village called Pocklington, about a mile and a half from Dorchester, in June, 1840. He began life as an architect in Dorchester, the Casterbridge of his novels. He soon showed genius in that line, but his interests were divided. He was for a time deeply interested in religious subjects, and contemplated a clerical career. At this period he wrote verses—religious verses mostly—and literature also claimed him intermittently. He went on with classical studies, and made himself a good scholar. By-and-by he came to London, where he worked at architecture, and studied English literature and modern languages at King's College. It was now that he took the medal and prize of the Institute of British Architects for an essay on "Coloured Bricks and Terra Cotta," and an article of his, entitled "How I Built myself a House," went into the April issue of *Chambers' Journal* in 1865.

But Mr. Hardy was getting tired of architecture; his bent was clearly towards literature, and when Mr. Meredith and Mr. John Morley, as the result of seeing a "wild sort of manuscript" of his, recommended him to take up fiction, he at once followed their advice. His first novel was "Desperate Remedies," published in 1871, when he was past thirty. It missed a popular success, but was recognised by the discerning few. In the following year came "Under the Greenwood Tree," one of the most perfect things in English fiction; then we had "A Pair of Blue Eyes," and after that came the work which secured Mr. Hardy his position in literature. Mr. Frederick Greenwood was then editing the *Cornhill*. Attracted by "Greenwood," he picked up "Under the Greenwood Tree" at a bookstall, and was so impressed by its power, that he engaged the author to write a serial for him. That turned out to be "Far from the Madding Crowd," and the thing was done. Mr. Hardy's reputation steadily made way, and he devoted himself entirely to literature. London could never have been very congenial to him, and he returned to his native Dorset, living in Wimborne, Weymouth, and now at Dorchester, where he has built himself a house at last from his own designs. Max Gate, as he calls the house, stands on a prehistoric burrow, whence Mr. Hardy can study at will the landmarks of Carne Plantation or Conygore Hill, Blackdon, with its monument to his ancestor, Sir Thomas Hardy, and the historic ramparts of Maiden Castle. A pilgrimage through Wessex convinces many travellers of Mr. Hardy's truth in describing the people, customs, and scenery of this unique and attractive countryside.

Down here in Dorsetshire they speak of Mr. Hardy as "him what puts we in books." And so he does to the very life. Not in the works of any other writer will you find the rural Englishman, and especially the Dorsetshire rustic, better painted than in Mr. Hardy's novels. "Under the Greenwood Tree" is really a rustic classic which deserves to be read and re-read many times. One of the drawbacks of the modern multiplication of novels is the growing habit of readers to throw aside a brilliant book when once read as a thing to be forgotten. If "Under the Greenwood Tree" were an eighteenth century idyl, it would hold a place of honour beside the "Vicar of Wakefield." But the next century will right all this, no doubt. Some people think that Mr. Hardy's villagers have no real existence in fact. That may or may not be; what is certain is that there are no villagers like them in fiction. Let us have just one extract:—

"There's this to be said for the Church, a man can belong to the Church and abide in his cheerful old inn, and never trouble or worry his mind about doctrines at all. But to be a meetinger, you must go to chapel in all winds and weathers, and make yourself as frantic as a skit. . . . Chapel folk be more hand-in-glove with them above than we," responds another, and the first says, "Yes. We know very well that if anybody goes to heaven, they will. They've worked hard for it, and they deserve to have it, such as 'tis. I'm not such a fool as to pretend that we who stick to the Church have the same chance as they. . . . But I hate a fellow who'll change his old ancient doctrines for the sake of getting to heaven." And he tells how kind the parson was to him in his troubles, and ends, "No, I'll stick to my side, and if we be in the wrong, so be it; I'll fall with the fallen!"

Mr. Hardy used to be known as the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd"; now-a-days it is usual to speak of him as the author of "Tess," Tess being of course another of the women who "did." In "Tess" Mr. Hardy is at his highest so far as the genius of the book is concerned. But in it he carries to its furthest extreme his power of tormenting his readers. The ending of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" is intensely sad; so is that of "Two on a Tower." The "Laodicean" is on the more ordinary lines of the modern, and indeed of the more ancient novel. The hero undergoes all sorts of unmerited misfortunes, but he is made happy at last. "The Trumpet Major" is very tantalising; the result is for a long while in suspense, but it finally turns out that which the reader does not want it to be. In "Tess," however, Mr. Hardy is positively barbarous. He says in his title that in it the story of "a pure woman" will be "faithfully represented." And he keeps his word. Tess is the innocent victim of circumstances—innocent if we consider her as driven mad by the folly and wickedness of others when the final tragedy is wrought. The men of the story are horrible creatures. We are informed in the preface that the story is told "as representing on the whole a true sequence of things"; the too genteel reader is spoken of as one "who cannot endure to have it said what everybody thinks and feels." If this means that the too genteel reader will sympathise with Angel in casting off his wife because of her early misfortune, the author is right in condemning him. The intelligent reader's complaint arises out of sympathy with Tess. The case is not one of lovely woman's stooping to folly. Angel acknowledges that Tess is more sinned against than sinning. The acknowledgment does not go far enough—Tess has not sinned at all. "For as when a man riseth against his neighbour and slayeth him, even so is this matter." The hanging of poor Tess is too dreadful to think of. The novelists of modern days have been as one man in determining to leave the gallows out of their stories. Even the worst villains are permitted to poison themselves before the hour of doom. Mr. Hardy refuses to have Boldwood hanged in "Far from the Madding Crowd." George Eliot, too, permits Hetty in "Adam Bede" to be respited at the last moment, and she is a little hussy, not for a moment to be compared with Tess. But what a genius Mr. Hardy must be to give his "airy nothings" such reality that we resent unkindness done to them as though it were perpetrated on flesh and blood! With regard to most fictitious heroes and heroines, their creators might roast them at slow fires for all that we should care.

Men of genius, says a writer, may be divided, so far as manners go, into the Tennyson class and the Browning class. In deliberate boorish rudeness Tennyson could beat the world when he tried, and he seems to have tried pretty often. Browning, on the other hand, was invariably kind and courteous to the humblest. The only complaint any one could make of Mr. Hardy is that he does not know how great a man he is. He takes much too severely the attacks of small critics. In general company he is very silent. Where there are fewer, and he is quite at ease, he is a most animated and brilliant talker. As might be expected, he has decided opinions. Whatever he may think of his own critics, he has very small respect for the critics of other people, and takes a decidedly independent view of contemporary literature. He is a very hard worker, who finds it difficult to take a holiday, but he is often to be met in London at the house of his relative, Lady Jeune, and in other places.

Magazine of Music.

JULY, 1895.

Those who know the French peasantry will not be particularly surprised at the news that the gatewoman at the railway crossing near Rennes had never heard of Dreyfus. And, of course, the story can be matched in this country. At the time of the Duke of Wellington's death a parson sauntering into his garden after breakfast, newspaper in hand, mentioned the news to his elderly gardener, who replied, "Lor, zur, and 'oo was 'e?"

Again, the story runs that Mr. Kipling, while on a visit to Mr. Hardy, went to see a house which the author of "Life's Little Ironies" thought would suit him, and that when Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant, "I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Rudyard Kipling." "Is that so?" she replied, "I never heard the name before." Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady, and remarked, "Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here to-day is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author." "Oh, indeed," was her reply, "I don't know his name."

Daily Chronicle - July 1899

[Reprinted from the *Dorset County Chronicle and Somersetshire Gazette* of Thursday, August 16th, 1883.]

The late Mr. T. W. H. Tolbort, B.C.S.

There has just silently passed away in this town a remarkable man, whose presence here, except for the brief notice in your obituary column of last week, would probably have been unknown to the majority of the inhabitants, notwithstanding that he was a native of Dorchester, and but a few years ago familiar to every townsman. I refer to Mr. Tolbort, of the Bengal Civil Service, Deputy Commissioner of Umballa. His career has been in many respects so noteworthy that I trust the few facts of his life which I here hastily put on paper as an inadequate tribute to his memory will be acceptable to your readers.

Thomas William Hooper Tolbort was born at Dorchester in 1841, and received his general education at the Rev. W. Barnes' school in South-street. It was proposed that he should be brought up to the business of a chemist and druggist, and he was accordingly apprenticed with his uncle, Mr. Froud, who then occupied the shop which is now kept by his successor, Mr. Evans. But the easy circumstances of young Tolbort's situation left him much spare time, which he devoted entirely to study. I distinctly remember—for I knew him well both at this period and afterwards—his marvellous passion for the acquisition of languages, and how he was to be discovered poring over grammars at all hours and seasons—often to the injury of his health. About this date he became intimate with a man whose insight and kindly counsel gave direction to the energies of more than one Dorchester youth—I mean the late Mr. Horace Moule, of Queen's College, Cambridge. By his advice Tolbort was led to present himself as a candidate at the Oxford Middle-class Examination, where he took a first place among nine hundred candidates. Stimulated by this success he turned his thoughts to India and the Indian Civil Service, and with a view to enlarging his opportunities for study took up his residence in London in the autumn of 1861. In 1862 I frequently met him there, where he was still following his old course, and, when he did not come to me, I used to find him either at his rooms or at an Institute in Edward-street, scribbling translations into and from dead and living languages. One day Mr. Moule, who had also come up to town, brought me the news of Tolbort's success in the Indian Examination, and produced a copy of the *Times*, where our friend's name stood at the head of the list, followed by 200 of lower rank. The next year he came out first in the second Indian examination, and in due course proceeded to Calcutta, where, two months after his arrival, he passed the examination in native languages and obtained his commission.

The greater part of his life in India was spent in the Punjaub, and the later place of his residence there was at Umballa. In 1875 he married Clare, daughter of the late Sir H. Cunliffe, Bart., of Acton Park, Denbighshire, and enjoyed a period of happy domestic life, diversified by extensive travel, devoting his leisure to various linguistic productions, among which were the transliteration into the Roman character of a Persian translation of Robinson Crusoe, and a similarly Romanised edition of the Arabian Nights in the Urdú language. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1877. Four years after his marriage—viz., in 1879, Mrs. Tolbort died of typhoid fever at Kasuli; and from this date other shadows began gradually to steal over him, though he did not, or would not for a long time, perceive their true significance. Symptoms of consumption, which he seemed to regard only as passing ailments, appeared in him at longer or shorter intervals, till in 1881 or 1882 it was deemed advisable that he should winter in Algiers. Having a two years' leave of absence he passed a part of last summer in Dorchester, when his haggard look was observed by his nearest relative with alarm and apprehension. To Dorchester he again returned about three weeks ago, shattered in health, but still full of plans for the future. A sudden accession of his dreadful cough broke down his fragile frame completely, and in five days after his arrival he was dead. Even on the last day that sanguine mood which so often prevails in those who are the victims of this malady permitted him to entertain only a slight suspicion that his death-warrant had come; and there is on this account intense pathos in the words which now lie before me—the last he ever wrote—directions jotted down in pencil (for he could not speak) in a hand remarkably firm and flowing for one in his dying condition. The words are "I daresay I shall get over this all right, but in case anything should happen to me before my book is printed I would ask you to get it published for me. . . . The papers are all on the table in the next room—a big heap of them. . . ." The omitted sentences are merely details as to the terms to be made with his publisher, and the book referred to is the MS. of a work entitled "The Portuguese in India," which will, I trust, shortly see the light.

In addition to this work the hobby of Tolbort's late years was the scheme for using Roman type for printing the vernaculars of India and other Oriental tongues, so as to obviate the almost insurmountable difficulty and expense of printing them in native character—a difficulty to which, he contended, was largely due the present inferiority of the Muhammadan world to the Christian. "Is it not remarkable," he asks in the preface to "Rabinsan Kruso," "that the decided superiority of the Christian world should only have become manifest during the last four centuries—in other words, since the invention of the printing press?"

[illegible] for the quickening of Oriental progress by transferring Western characters into the [illegible] Roman must be left to other hands. His work has been stopped—too soon. Yet there may be a slight satisfaction in the thought that, without antecedent intention, he lies buried, not far away in an Indian soil, but beside his mother at the most beautiful spot in the Dorchester Cemetery, within view of the hills and woods that his childhood knew well.

Although Tolbort was, in a certain sense, a supreme product of the great modern apparatus, competitive examination, he was by no means a mere thing of its manufacture. Long before his mind turned to Indian competition he had conceived the idea of becoming a sort of universalist in knowledge; and, in addition to competitive studies that resulted in a power to speak and write in nine tongues, he gave considerable attention to such subjects as photography, shorthand, chemistry, and what not. But his genius, as far as it showed itself, was receptive rather than productive, though there is reason to suppose that had his life been longer spared he would have given to the world in his maturer years much valuable original work.

THOMAS HARDY.

Dorchester, August 14th, 1883.

BRITISH WRITERS ON FRENCH AUTHORS.

SOME INTERESTING OPINIONS.

The "Morning Post" to-day publishes some interesting opinions of French authors by British writers which the Paris correspondent of that paper has collected.

WHAT THE AUTHOR OF TESS SAYS.

Mr. Thomas Hardy expresses himself as follows:—"Your question is a difficult one to answer in a brief letter owing to the manysidedness of that genius, the variety of lights given out by the innumerable facets into which French genius has shaped itself. My reading in your literature, moreover, has not been extensive. But I should say that the fewest names it would be possible to include in the list of these immortals are those of Rabelais, Descartes, Corneille, Pascal, Molière, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, J. J. Rousseau, Béranger, Victor Hugo, Auguste Comte, George Sand, and H. de Balzac. I should also like to add Gautier and Dumas, father and son. Not one of those typical writers could have been born of another nation, and not one of them can be regarded as the echo of a predecessor. And why not also add Villon, Racine, La Fontaine, Madame de Sévigné, Bossuet, Le Sage, Chateaubriand, De Musset, and Baudelaire? Each is characteristic. But one might go too far, and I send my selection for what it may be worth."

St. James's Gazette. Feb 11th. 1899

It is somewhat interesting to learn that the founders, or rather those who are interested in the founding of the new Labour College—"Ruskin Hall"—at Oxford, are, some of them, inspired not by the works of the author of *The Stones of Venice*, but by Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. Mr. Hardy is, indeed, said to be taking a close but unofficial interest in the project. That the admission of "working-men graduates" will result satisfactorily is not exactly proved by the novel in question. True, Jude did not succeed in gaining his goal; but his author seemed to prove to his own satisfaction that it was a mistaken ambition, and one which led to the moral downfall of the inspired pig-slaughterer. The Practical can have little honest sympathy with the scheme, since the history of such endeavours repeats itself inevitably.

The Court Journal. Jan 21st 1899

THE SPEAKER.
September 13, 1890.]

CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL. June 25th 1892.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

VIII.—Thomas Hardy.

WHERE amateurs of the novel are gathered together it is common to hear George Meredith and Thomas Hardy spoken of in the same breath. This arises from no great similarity of style in their common work, but, doubtless, from the fact that each holds somewhat the same relation towards his immediate rivals. Neither has the great novel-reading public with him, each enlists the bulk of his readers from the class of adult male persons, and each is the peculiar favourite, in his own generation, of the literary and critical minority. Mr. Meredith is beginning to be seen clearly, in the twilight of approaching posterity; Mr. Hardy is still vaguely one of "our young writers"—a young writer of fifty—and his position is less widely perceived as yet. It is probably by no means less firmly assured. Neither the one novelist nor the other depends for his ultimate niche in literature upon the success with which he has "killed the girls and thrilled the boys" of his own time. Each stands or falls entirely according to the success with which he may have cultivated the highest branches of serious imaginative fiction.

Mr. Hardy became suddenly famous in the middle of the month of January, 1874. The *Cornhill*, then under the genial direction of Mr. Leslie Stephen, began to publish a new novel, which was anonymous, and which bore the curious title of "Far from the Madding Crowd." The *Spectator*, with an odd mixture of acumen and blindness, announced, as a discovery, that this unsigned novel was a new work by George Eliot, whose name was then one to conjure by. All the world discussed the matter, and everybody voted that this promised to be a great book, by whomsoever written. It proved to be the fourth novel of a Dorsetshire architect, some thirty-four years of age, whose previous books few people had noticed. As the story in the *Cornhill* progressed, it captivated all classes of society, and before it was closed, the name of Mr. Hardy was ranked with those of the first living English novelists.

That Mr. Hardy's talent has its limitations is obvious; in these few words it has not been necessary to dwell on that fact. A place in the first rank of the world's novelists is hardly to be claimed for him—at least, at present. But he is one of the very few living English writers who can be measured with the great masters without sinking into insignificance; and if his strongly defined, consistent, charming gift is not to be designated genius, we may as well resign that word as obsolete and not suited to our degenerate age.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN AT HOME.

MR. THOMAS HARDY AT MAX GATE, DORCHESTER.

The author of "Far From the Madding Crowd" does not exactly live in a village as many of the admirers of this book may suppose. But to a Londoner's eye the old-fashioned town, which the novelist has made widely known under the name of Casterbridge, is little more than an overgrown village, and the house Mr. Hardy has built for himself is on the verge of the open country, some distance beyond the last Dorchester lamp post. Of this circumstance the representative of the Saturday Journal would have become painfully aware but for the trusty guidance of a young native, who, in reply to an inquiry for Max Gate, promptly volunteered to conduct him thither. As far as could be seen in the darkness the house was of modest dimensions with a pretty porch and large gardens.

"I purchased the land from the Duchy of Cornwall," Mr. Hardy was explaining at the dinner table five minutes later, "about five or six years ago. There was much difficulty in finding a suitable house when I returned hither, and I was obliged to build. But I was resolved, you see, not to ruin myself in building a great house as so many other literary men have done," added the novelist.

"And yet you have a very nice one," I replied, looking round the cosy dining room and thinking of the square, softly lit hall.

"Well, everything is not as I would have it. I think I shall have to enlarge it. It is difficult to say exactly how a house should be until one has lived in it."

"Although one is an architect oneself?"

"Yes; I was studying architecture for some time on going to London when I was about twenty-one and until I was twenty-seven. Originally, you know, I was inclined for the Church, but somehow I abandoned that. My first public literary production was an essay on Coloured Brick Architecture which gained the medal of the Institute of British Architects. Then I wrote a sketch which was printed—the essay was read, but not printed—in *Chambers' Journal* called "How I Built Myself a House."

"And then you drifted into literature?"

"I suppose the impressions which all unconsciously I had been gathering of rural life during my youth in Dorsetshire recurred to me, and the theme—in fiction—seemed to have absolute freshness. So in my leisure—which was considerable—I began to write 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' but after writing it about half, laid it aside to write 'Desperate Remedies.' This novel was a success soon after its publication, but under my contract with the publisher I made nothing out of it. However, it encouraged me to go on with 'Under the Greenwood Tree.' I finished it as I began it, which I now regret, because I think much more could have been made of the story. The incident of the choir, for instance, was quite a true one. It actually occurred at a village not very far from here. I can scarcely remember such choirs myself, but it is not so very long since they were very general in the villages. Some time ago a friend who had read the novel asked me if such a choir could still be found, as to hear it he would willingly make a journey from London. I went about in search of one, and in one village did hear two old fellows playing a clarionet and a 'cello, but playing them so badly that it was probably only a makeshift."

"There is some reason, I should think, to regret the disappearance of these old choirs."

"Yes, it is almost a pity, I think, that they have been entirely superseded by the harmonium and the organ. To many an old worthy the loss of his occupation in the church must have been a sad blow. It gave them an interest in the services and share in the work of the church. I should think that, with better education in the villages and the diffusion of musical taste, the old choirs might well be revived. The old custom described in 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' of going round the parish on Christmas Eve, still survives to some extent, but it has ceased to be the important function it used to be."

Mr. Hardy is, of course, a Dorsetshire man by birth and breeding. He belongs to a large lineage in the county, of which a Hardy in Elizabeth's reign was the founder and the Hardy of Nelson's friendship was a member. At one time the owners of many broad acres, the Dorset Hardys of later generations have been landless, as Mr. Hardy smilingly says. But the novelist is much more of a town bird than many of his readers may think. On reaching man's estate he spent five or six years in London. From 1870 to 1872 he was again in London, and after spending six years mostly in his native county he returned to reside for another three years in the metropolis. Until five or six years ago he lived at Tooting, but even Tooting after a time proved too near the "madding crowd."

So far from enjoying perpetual exile, however, Mr. Hardy has an interval in London after six months of the country, and every season he and Mrs. Hardy reside for a time in a West-End flat. And in truth there is nothing "truly rural" about Mr. Hardy's features. There is a town paleness about them not at all suggestive of long rambles by field and hedgerow. With broad, white forehead, eyes that seem slightly weary, and dark moustache to accentuate these features, Mr. Hardy might well pass for a Londoner in the prime of life toiling with heart and brain. But probably he gives one this impression because of his recent attack of influenza which was exceptionally virulent in Dorchester.

In the portrait by a local artist which hangs over an old carved sofa, Mr. Hardy looks much more robust.

"Yes; sometimes I am described as the novelist of the agricultural labourer," said Mr. Hardy, in answer to questions. "That is not inclusive, I think. It is not true of 'A Laodicean,' 'Two on a Tower,' 'Desperate Remedies,' and the volume of short stories I published last year called 'A Group of Noble Dames.' And in my books of rural life I have endeavoured to describe the village community generally."

"But your point of view has been so different from other novelists—and they are numerous enough—who have laid their scenes in the country."

"Yes, I have endeavoured to write from the point of view of the village people themselves instead of from that of the Hall or the Parsonage. I chose them because there appeared to be so much more dramatic interest in their lives. Their passions are franker, for one thing. And I have lately been attracted by an interesting feature in the Dorsetshire peasantry, and that is that many of them are descended from the squires of olden times. It was suggested by hearsay, and inquiry into the records, etc., has fully confirmed the probability. A special case of this sort led me to write my last book—'Tess

of the D'Urbervilles.' Tess had a real existence, a fact which makes rather amusing some of the indignant letters that, with others of a very complimentary character, I have received about her."

As "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has been so widely discussed, it is most interesting to learn that the novel is largely made up of fact, and that nearly every external scene in the book has an actual existence. The romantic old manor house, in which the bride makes her confession on the evening of the marriage, is about ten miles from Max Gate. Woolbridge House is its actual name, thinly disguised under the pseudonym Wellbridge. All that is now left of the building stands by the river brink, and is approached from the railway station over a fine Elizabethan bridge of five arches.

The architecture, generally, is a good specimen of the date of Charles II. and earlier, and the present kitchen, once apparently the hall, is lighted by a large mullioned and transomed window of the late Gothic period. The ceiling of the sitting room opposite) in which Tess is supposed to have made her confession) is ornamented with wreaths of fruit and flowers. Upstairs you find the most interesting features in the house, the portraits of two ladies of the once powerful family described in the novel, traditionally known as "Miss Julia" and "Miss Frances," masculine-looking women with aquiline features.

"Most of your characters are taken from life, I believe, Mr. Hardy?"

"A good many of them certainly. And I always like to have a real place in my mind for every scene in a novel. Before writing about it I generally go and see each place; no, one can't do with a picture of it. Local colour is of such importance. It is amusing, by the way, how differently people regard you for putting their houses in your books. I have had ladies at dinner ask me to describe their house in my next story, while others whose houses I have used for literary purposes are rather waspish with me for doing so." And Mr. Hardy ran through a list of mansions and interesting spots in the neighbourhood which he has described in his books. Mrs. Hardy had just entered these places in a little book side by side with the names under which they figured in her husband's fiction. In the drawing room Mr. Hardy showed me the originals—by Herkomer, du Maurier, and Alfred Parsons—of some of the illustrations to his novels. Professor Herkomer's picture of Tess and her harvesting companions was a kindly Christmas present. Before drawing their illustrations many artists have paid Max Gate a visit, and the novelist has taken them to the places he has had in his mind's eye.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

MAX GATE, DORCHESTER.

Talking of art I learned that in years gone by, Mr. Hardy himself had been fond of water-colour sketching. With poetry, too, Mr. Hardy has, of course, the warmest sympathy. For two years in his London student period he told the writer he read nothing but poetry, Shelley being the favourite. He made and carried out such a resolution on the theory that in poetry was to be found the essence of all literature; and in relating the circumstance he laughed, of course, at the crude way in which he put the theory into fashion.

"Do you agree with Mr. Walter Besant regarding the neglect of literary men by the State?" I asked Mr. Hardy, after an accidental reference to the Society of Authors, of whose council he is a member.

"I agree with him in principle," he replied, "but it is to be remembered that some of the greatest poets and others are actuated by the spirit of revolt. As you say, originality necessarily implies antagonism to conventionality, and I am not at all sure that the honours would include all the right men—the Swinburnes and William Morrises, say. With whom could you vest the selection?"

Thinking of my dark walk through strange lanes to my hotel I hastened my departure. But Mr. Hardy, with characteristic kindness, insisted upon escorting me half way. We lingered a few minutes in the garden while the novelist pointed out the old Druidical

altar on the lawn—where its whiteness could be seen even in the darkness of the night—which had been dug up during the excavations before the foundations of Max Gate had been laid. The district abounds in remains of Roman and even Ancient Britain. Many have been the novelist's "finds," and with a mixture of humour and gravity he described his feelings on picking up some coin of the time of Constantine. We bade each other "good-night" at the four cross roads, where, Mr. Hardy stated, one batch of the victims of Judge Jeffreys were hanged after Sedgemoor. Among the rebels were several of his maternal folk, and he has more than one traditional story to tell of this stirring time in the annals of Wessex.

LETTERS TO LIVING AUTHORS.

(Wit & Wisdom - 1889.)

To Mr. Thomas Hardy.

23rd Sept., 1889.

Dear Sir,

I think it would be safe to say that you are the most distinctively modern of our living novelists of note. Mr. Besant may, occasionally, seem to deal more directly with the perplexing problems of the day; Mr. Meredith may appear, to some, to be more emphatically the intellectual child of the age; but of certain broad aspects which are as characteristically nineteenth-century as they are characteristically English, you are, I think, beyond rivalry as a delineator. The fashion now obtaining among the better known of contemporary writers of fiction is to travel back in search of the romantic and the picturesque, as if those elements were entirely absent from latter-day life, instead of being necessarily as perennial as human nature itself, because they are part of it. The best work of Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Stevenson belongs almost exclusively to the past; even Mr. Besant, notwithstanding his watchful and sympathetic interest in the welfare of the poor, and his sturdy endeavours to be realistic, likes, at times, to disentangle himself from the present, and return to what are gratuitously taken to have been freer and more spacious days. Perhaps there really was more freedom in the world during the rule of darkness than in this era of light; though, if such were the case, the people were singularly blind to their advantages, and grievously given to grumbling; for we do not read the autobiography of any foregoing generation that was satisfied with itself. The habit is always to exaggerate the good things of the past, and depreciate the good things of the present. In retrospection, our imaginations are only too apt to "transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia." "Ah! beautiful young eyes," exclaims the poet, "brimming with love and hope, wholly vanished now in that other world we call the Past, or peering doubtfully through the pensive gloaming of memory, your light impoverishes these cheaper days." So it ever is. So is it, especially, with the novelist who desires to give to his work something of that glamour of unreality, which is thought by some to be the final touch of perfection in all things artistic. A character seen in dim twilight, and supposed to be sporting a wig, knee breeches, and silver buckles; with, perhaps, a sword, which usually proves more a hindrance than a help, would seem to be so much more impressive than one encountered in the prosaic glare of the sun, clad in convenient, if commonplace, clothes, wearing his natural hair, and unencumbered and unimpeded by any weapon more unmanageable than a penknife. So, I say, some novelists would seem to think. Happily, you are not of the number. Your work, in texture and spirit, is

distinctly of to-day, an unmistakable product of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

But here I must guard against a false implication. The school, which is supposed to represent the culture and taste of the day, is pre-eminently realistic; or, perhaps, more correctly, tediously photographic. It gives the warts and wrinkles, the angle of the hat, and the cut of the coat, the black eyes and the abrasions, the bloated countenance, and the leaky shoes, with great care and fidelity. Nor does it generally fail with a subtle and refined art, peculiar to itself, to give something of the malodorous atmosphere in which its materials mature. But the soul is let as severely alone as if it did not exist. And in truth, for the thorough-going realist, it does not exist. You cannot handle, weigh, and measure it as you would a pound of flesh. It has no solidity; there is nothing tangible and carnal about it; it does not appeal to what someone has called the practical senses, and so it is ignored. Now you are realistic, but you are something more. With an eye for the outward appearance of things as unerring as that of Zola himself, you are kept wholesome and high by that fine idealism which is the distinguishing characteristic of George Sand; and of which every writer, who is not merely a reporter, must have at least a little. Perhaps no living writer can give more genuinely realistic touches than are to be found in abundance in all your books. In the first sentence of "Far from the Madding Crowd," to take an easy example, when we are told that, "When Farmer Oak smiled, the corners of his mouth spread till they were within an unimportant distance of his ears, his eyes were reduced to mere chinks, and diverging wrinkles appeared round them, extending upon his countenance like the rays of a rudimentary sketch of the rising sun," we have a more lively conception of Mr. Oak's facial characteristics than most novelists could give by pages of description. On the other hand the development of the character is ideal throughout, and Farmer Oak does not turn out the clothes-horse, or spiritual caricature, he whould certainly prove in the hands of the realists, whose rigid square-and-rule method of treating life would almost lead one to infer that there was no such thing as destiny, and that passion had happily been banished. The Greek conception of Fate was much more pleasant, indeed, much more rational, than the paltry modern doctrines about "volition." There is something in the Greek theory which appeals irresistibly to primitive man, if he only had the courage to confess it; the volitional doctrine is a mere feeder and inflater of vanity, and could hardly become popular on any other grounds. Your work has really much of the Greek spirit in it, and is, therefore, unique in the present era. It is realistic, yet distinguished from the productions of the realistic school by a strong element of romance; it is romantic, yet differs from the writings of the school of pure romance, by an intense and overwhelming reality. This is to say much, because it implies a combination of the best features of the two schools. I do not think the statement that such a combination is seen in your books would be either rash or exaggerated. Your best work does seem to me at once ideal and realistic in the best sense. It deals with present-day life, as if there were something perennial in it—that is, that those elements of romance which some profess an inability to discover, save in the remote past, are really as much present now as ever they were—while it does not disdain those apparently prosaic features which the romancists so studiously ignore, but which are so essential to any picture of humanity that has any approximation to completeness. In my estimation, the great defect of our latter-day fiction is the lack of catholicity and breadth. Hard and fast lines are drawn between realism and romance, as if in their essence they were irreconcilably opposed to each other, instead of being mutually dependent. They are both in life, and until the world and human nature change, they are likely to remain in it. Why, then, should they not go hand in hand in books? Yet we have two distinct sets of novelists: one loudly declaring that romance is chaff, and sedulously eschewing it; the other that realism is mud, and cannot be touched without contamination. Is it that our writers lack comprehensiveness? that their vision is not large and strong enough to take in the whole scope of life, as the great ones of past generations took it in? I can hardly think so. I am of opinion that perversity and slavish fear of inconsistency are at the bottom of most of the evils that affect us in fiction of to-day. In this versatile age men (and, perhaps, more especially women) write criticisms as well as novels. It seems almost compulsory on them to start with some inelastic theory of life; a theory that cannot be altered or stretched to embrace the new conditions of the new times. And any theory, once propounded, binds a critic hand and foot for life, unless he be a person of quite phenomenal honesty and courage. One cannot believe that many of the doctrines one sees upheld by some worthy writers, with so much ingenious sophistry, represent actual beliefs. One can imagine a writer saying to himself something like this: "I have said so and so on such and such an occasion. I think differently now, but I am committed: there is my past deliverance, and honour is honour. I must be true to myself, I must stick to my word; at all hazards I must be consistent, what I said once I must say now, and to the end of the chapter—heigh-ho." To be consistent in the eyes of the world, a man must practise in his old age what he has preached in his youth, and at moments when, perhaps, he was not quite sober or responsible. In most cases servile consistency is only dastardly cowardice. Only a few choice souls in each generation have the courage to be nobly inconsistent; and, paradoxical as it may seem, it is precisely this inconsistency that we are in such pressing need of to-day. One is often forced to turn one's back on a friend; why should not a man turn his back on himself when he is conscious of error? We find Scott perpetually disregarding his own dicta; we find Byron doing the same; and it is more than probable that had Shakespeare condescended to give us a systematized theory of life he would have been at variance with himself, ignoring creatively what he had asserted critically.

You are fortunate in never having hampered yourself with theories. You have laid down no hard and fast rules for yourself, saying "thus and thus will I do, and thus and thus will I not do." You take what you want without fear of offending any pet prejudice, or falsifying any blatant oracle, and the consequence is that you draw life as it really exists, with all its sad realism and its fascinating romance. There are some things in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," for example, to take one instance out of many, so realistic, that even the culture of Boston has signified its approval of them; yet the atmosphere of the book is essentially romantic. Henchard is a romantic character; in some parts his

career is pre-eminently romantic; but we follow him through realities which might be paralleled and verified in a hundred towns like Casterbridge, on any day of the week. One thing only disturbs the harmony and general congruity of the book—I refer to Henchard's sale of his wife. That incident, I confess, seems to me to verge rather too closely on the improbable, if not on the farcical or absurd. It would almost appear as if, at the outset, you had mistaken the scope and quality of your material, and intended the book to be something different from what it is—something half whimsical, perhaps—and that you only recognised your opportunity when you were well on with your story. The conduct of Henchard's wife, too, is rather —I was going to write disappointing, but surprising would be the better word. I suppose there are women who would tramp round the country, if not quite willingly, at least quite meekly, to be offered for sale at every public-house that is passed, and who would go off quietly with casual sailors as their new lords and masters; but it has never been my fortune to come into contact with them. Considering the frailty and natural curiosity of man, it is, on the whole, just as well that such doves are rare, for one might be tempted to invest—hence domestic complications, and public expense through the necessity of increasing the judicial force in the Divorce Court. But, while taking exception to the sale of the wife, it must be admitted that, in the midst of the incongruity, there is a reality that reminds one of Henry Fielding, or, perhaps, more forcibly of Jonathan Swift, and almost convinces one that it is right and proper for men to dispose of wives who prove an encumbrance, and altogether natural that wives should be obedient and submissive in such transactions. In "Gulliver," once get over the absurdity of the Flying Island, and all seems as natural as need be; in like manner, when one is past the sale of the wife in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" there is nothing in it to disturb credulity. In other respects the book is, like all your books, masterly. Michael Henchard is a splendid character, one of the best you have ever drawn. Even in his degradation he is noble. He is a creature of impulses, but of generous impulses, so that often when he is doing that for which the law would punish him, the reader's sympathies are entirely with him. Had he been less magnanimous one feels that he would have been more successful (not as an artistic creation but as a man of business), but the interest would not then be half so keen. His treatment of Donald Farfrae is almost heroic. Not the loss of his business, not the blasting of his dearest ambitions, not insults and aggravations could make Henchard anything else than generous. Even when he and Farfrae have quarrelled outright, and have met to dispose of each other for ever, Henchard's better nature does not sink out of sight.

"'You may be the one to cool first,' said Henchard grimly (standing ready for the deadly grapple). 'Now this is the case. Here we be in this four square loft to finish out that little wrestle you began this morning. There's the door, forty feet above ground. One of us two puts the other out by that door—the master stays inside. If he likes he may go down afterwards and give the alarm that the other has fallen out by accident, or he may tell the truth—that's his business. As the strongest man I've tied one arm, to take no advantage of ye. D'ye understand? Then here's at ye.'"

Henchard begins with the intention of killing Farfrae, and he could have done it—there is no doubt about that —and he ends by handing him his life and reproaching himself for his disgraceful behaviour. Farfrae is hardly so good a creation. He is more conventional, more bookish, the result of reading rather than observation and inspiration. You do not know the Scotsman as well as you know the rural Englishman. Even Donald's speeches are rather strange to one who knows much of the country and people lying beyond the Tweed. One might, for instance, inquire what Presbyterian cream is, and how it could be as *warreming* to the stomach as Casterbridge ale? and a summer *jarreny* to Edinboro', would, doubtless, be a very pleasant novelty. But even Farfrae is much above the average.

Indeed, I think it would be quite impossible for you to touch a character, however lightly, without imparting to it something of the vitality which genius alone can give. Let there be no mincing of words. It may be a heresy, after all that has been said and written, to assert that such a thing as genius exists at all, and that you are as great a master of character as any novelist whom this country has produced, scarcely excepting even Scott, or Fielding, or Thackeray. It may be a heresy, I say, to state as much, but then one must be heretical occasionally, in order to be truthful. All your books that I have ever read are "masterly in minute characterization and delicious in humour." I have spoken at some length of Henchard, and called him one of your best creations, but he is not by a long way your only good one. Gabriel Oak, and a score or two others, might be named in the same sentence. And for general power it appears to me that you are unmatched among contemporary novelists. Such a book as "The Woodlanders" is enough to make one feel proud of one's generation, and while it is always hard to predict what will live and what will not, I think it might surely be prophesied that that book will be known long after your generation. So, also, one would be inclined to say, will "Far from the Madding Crowd," though not without a touch of melodrama here and there that is hardly in your better style; while, if fidelity and idealism count for anything, "Under the Greenwood Tree" is as sure of life as anything that has been done in our day.

I understand you are no favourite with the young lady who patronises the circulating libraries. She is in the habit of making marginal notes in your books which are sometimes more entertaining than complimentary. Precisely why the fair one quarrels with you is, of course, among the mysteries of the world, but it is vaguely understood she considers herself slandered in your female characters, so she calls you "that horrid man Hardy," a description which I suppose, to the feminine mind, expresses the height of disgust. What would she have? Mr. Lang, in upholding Thackeray in the face of detraction on the score of his female characters, says that people should really find fault with nature, and not with the novelist who copies nature. You might make a similar reply to your feminine critics. So long as Bathshebas are tolerably common in life, why should they not have their portraits painted? Your women are not conventional. They are not of the flaccid, pink and white type; but neither, so far as I can remember, are they inherently wicked. Let us have living creations—that is the great want in fiction —and that you give us in your women as well as in your men. Let us be thankful.

For power in describing scenery and natural objects generally, I hardly know your superior among novelists since Scott. Nay, I think that, in some respects, you are above the master himself. If he had the freer hand, you have, perhaps, the truer. Everywhere you are just as poetic as he, and generally far more minute—without being in the least tedious. There are as choice bits of description in your books as are to be met with in all fiction—I had almost said in all literature. In reading you, one often witnesses a whole world bursting into bloom. We feel the fragrance in our nostrils, and all but see the circulation of the sap in those woods you so much delight to describe. We have writers who are more fastidious about having nature always in holiday attire, but none who paints her more truthfully or feelingly as she is ordinarily, nor is there anything in the least sentimental in your love of nature. Rousseau has not infected you with his weakness, and you have not copied the lackadaisical whinings of so many of his disciples. In a word, in describing nature, as in all else you do, you are strong, and not only strong but delightful.

Yours truly,

RODERICK RANDOM.

THE WRITERS' CLUB.

D. Graphic — 19 May 1894

Following the precedent of the two other leading clubs for women, the Pioneers and the Universities, the Writers' have abandoned their modest little top floor in Fleet Street for more extensive quarters in Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, which Princess Christian as president of the club, inaugurated yesterday afternoon. The new premises are upon the sub-ground floor, and include a drawing-room, library and writing-room, simply but tastefully furnished, while tea and light refreshments can always be served to the members. Yesterday afternoon a large company, besides the members of the club, were present, among them being Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Thomas Hardy, with both of whom Princess Christian conversed at some length, the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, Mr. H. A. Jones, Mrs. "Sarah Grand," Mrs. Lynn Linton, Miss Lowe (the *Queen*) Mrs. Haweis, Mrs. Ernest Hart, Miss Annie S. Swan, Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. I. Zangwill, Mrs. Jopling, Mr. Henry Blackburn, and Mrs. Linnæus Banks.

From The Times about 189–
(a remote cousin of T. H. through his great-grandmother.)

The death is announced of Surgeon-Major George Borlase Childs, late of the 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, and for more than 40 years surgeon-in-chief to the City Police force. Deceased was also consulting surgeon to the Great Northern Railway, and examining medical officer for the Cape Mounted Rifles. Mr. Childs was born at Liskeard in 1816. He was educated for the medical profession, and after passing through Westminster Hospital, became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1838 and a Fellow in 1846. He took a deep interest in the affairs of the Royal Dramatic College, for which he acted as surgeon for many years. He also composed several pieces, which were performed by leading actors at the Crystal Palace for the benefit of the college. He retired a few years ago from his appointment in the City Police force. Mr. Childs was the author of "Injuries received in Warfare," "A New Treatment for Lateral Curvature of the Spine," and other works; and he also compiled several special reports in connexion with the health and efficiency of the City Police force. Times? about 189–.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

‡ A quotation from one of Hardy's books. Never spoken by him.

JANUARY 2, 1892.

"HODGE" AS I KNOW HIM.

A TALK WITH MR. THOMAS HARDY.

THE ridge of a noble down, dark-outlined against a pale green sky; a small red house standing in its own grounds close to the ancient town of Casterbridge—I mean Dorchester; a little drawing-room, the windows of which are flaming in the rays of the dying sun and in which are seated two persons, Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, the exponent, the exploiter, I might say, of the agricultural labourer, and myself, a quondam country parson—the representative, on this occasion, of the *Pall Mall Budget*. Two people, therefore, very fairly capable of discussing Hodge and his peculiarities, though Mr. Hardy repeatedly assured me that he was himself no authority whatsoever on the subject:—

"And now, Mr. Hardy," said I, "how do you explain the deadly dulness of village life?"—"In these parts," he replied, "to the fact that the 'liviers'—people who held small copyholds for generations—are dying out. These people were not labourers, but small mechanics, little shopkeepers who were the centre of village life. Nowadays people are all weekly tenants of the landlord, who take no interest in the place, who are not self-centred in any possible respect. Great credit is due to the parson, who, in my opinion, does much to keep up interest in these quiet villages. It would be a thousand pities that such men, educated, sympathetic, original-minded as many of them are, should be banished by looming difficulties of dogma, and the villages given over to the narrow-mindedness and lack of charity of some lower class of teacher."

"How, then, do you explain the great dislike that exists in the rural breast for the parson?"—"I think he is so disliked, where he is disliked, more on account of his friendship with the squire and the powers that be; because he teaches a theology which they cannot square with the facts of life. The Liberationist Society are on the wrong tack; let them liberate the parson from his theology, not the parish from the parson."

"But do you not think, Mr. Hardy, that on the whole the condition of the labourer is improving?"—"Emphatically, the young labourer is as happy as any man—the happiest in the community, indeed. It is complained that they are improvident, but, as a man once cynically remarked to me, 'What is the good of our saving; we should never save as much as the parish would allow us?' The labouring classes are being raised by education to a marvellous extent.

"It is a curious fact, however," continued Mr. Hardy, "that the work men are not so able-bodied as they were before education was as general as it now is. At present education is inclined to make them discontented; they are in a transition stage."

"Do you believe in them as a coming force in politics?"—"They must be, by force of numbers, quantity rather than quality, I fear, at present. With most of them it is a matter of groping in the dark, of feeling rather than principle. They meet with a man they can trust on one subject, and they understand him; they will trust him in all things, delivering over their political consciences into his keeping. They are getting much more worldly-wise, hereabouts at all events. They migrate every year, go from village to village, revelling in the change of scene and companionship. This opens their minds and understandings. Their women are singularly chaste—chaste, that is, in the sense that they are not wantonly inclined. As a rule, they do not drink to excess either. Their great dissipation here consists in the Saturday night's jaunt to the county or market town.

"These village councils of which they talk will be grand engines in the way of restoring the centrality of the old English village life. The men already talk of them with interest. It will be a great point gained, too, if the squires and landholders will let people have little freeholds. It would be greatly to the interest of the squirearchy. They would gain many allies. A man would give anything for half an acre. 'No,' says my Lord the Squire. He makes an enemy, while by a kindly concession he would have gained a life-friend and adherent. The Tory squire is, as a rule, much more advanced than the plutocrat. The penny local newspaper has an enormous circulation among them, but they don't read the political portion: no, it is the serial story that attracts them, and the Births, Deaths, and Marriages column."

"Then the typical 'Hodge,' in your estimation, is non-existent, Mr. Hardy?"—"Certainly I have never met him. At close quarters no 'Hodge' is to be seen, it is a delusion. Rustic ideas, the modes, the surroundings, appear retrogressive and unmeaning at first. After a time, if you live amongst them, variety takes the place of monotony. The people begin to differentiate themselves as in a chemical process. The labourer is disintegrated into a number of varied fellow-creatures, beings of many minds, infinite in difference: some happy, many serene, a few depressed, one here and there bright even to genius; some stupid, others wanton, others austere; some mutely Miltonic, some potentially Cromwellian. The men strong, heroic souls; the girls dainty heroines.

One charming village girl the other day when I was complimenting her upon her good looks said, 'Ah, but you don't think me so nice as Tess,' mentioning one of my characters. I replied, 'But she isn't real; you are.' 'What?' she cried, 'oh, I thought she lived in that house over the hill there.' She was much relieved that Tess was no practical rival.

"They are full of character, which is not to be found in the strained, calculating, unromantic middle classes; and for many reasons this is so. They are the representatives of antiquity. Many of these labourers about here bear corrupted Norman names; many are the descendants of the squires of the last century, and their faces even now strongly resemble the portraits in the old manor-houses. Many are, must be, the descendants of the Romans who lived here in great pomp and state for four hundred years. I have seen faces here that are the duplicates of those fine faces I saw at Fiesole, where also I picked up Roman coins the counterpart of those we find here so often. They even use Latin words here which have survived everything. As to my characters, Bathsheba Everdene and the Sergeant really lived, Shepherd Oak I knew well, and the Noble Dames are mostly drawn from life. The labourer as a rule is, as I depict him, rather fetishistic. Susan Nonsuch, in 'The Return of the Native,' still exists. In some parts the girls go out on Midsummer's Eve as they did in the 'Woodlanders,' in the hope of meeting him who will be their future husband. They are wonderfully good at description if you know their words, but it takes a lifetime to understand them, accent and turns of phrases mean so much with them. I have written now many years. My first attempt was a wild sort of manuscript, which fell into the hands of John Morley and George Meredith, who both strongly recommended me to take up fiction."

Few people know their "Hodge" better than the chronicler of Wessex, and the interview which he was kind enough to accord to one of our representatives a few days ago will be read with particular interest just now. Two or three points we may here note as worthy of special attention. Mr. Hardy, it will be seen, does not agree with Lord Salisbury that, so far as interesting the villagers is concerned, a Parish Circus would be more to the point than a Parish Council. He is rather of Mr. Goschen's opinion—the Mr. Goschen, that is, of twenty years ago—that Parish Councils would be "grand engines for restoring the centrality of the old English village life." "The men already talk of them with interest," he adds. In another matter Mr. Hardy agrees with the late Mr. Forster: the Established parson is on the whole a centre, he thinks, of light and leading. The liberation which Mr. Hardy advocates is liberation from a narrow theology—the liberation, in fact, of the Church Reform Union rather than that of the Liberation Society. Finally, what Mr. Hardy says about the effect of education in the rural districts and about the literary tastes which are beginning to develop is well worthy of attention, not only by politicians but by publishers.

MR. HARDY was well advised when he decided to flourish in the latter half of the present century. The spirit of the time—a spirit of sadness and dissatisfaction—has touched the literature of the time. Now repellent and now attractive, it is nowhere more winning than where it blends with Mr. Hardy's brilliancy and warm humanity. He does not preach his sadness, because he does not happen to be a prig; but its presence lends his works a quiet charm—not distressing you but calling out your fullest and deepest sympathies. The monotonous whine of the sentimentalist is inaudible in his work: yet is there is something of melancholy in well-nigh every page. Sometimes it is but subtly suggested in the sketch of some lonely place; sometimes it sounds at first like the grumbling of a rustic; sometimes it is transmuted into a bitter aphorism. But, whether disguised or openly revealed by its influence on the story, it is always there. The man's genius is lucent and vigorous, but he chooses to surround himself with a sombre atmosphere. 'Tis in such an atmosphere that lies his Egdon Waste: he is in real sympathy with the dark and desolate place. There is the same suggestion of melancholy in most of his scenery; it hovers now over some 'ancient and decaying plantation of beeches,' and now on that lonely tower where the two lovers met and gazed together at the stars; it lingers through that night in the valley between Endlestone Crags and the shore; it drifts over the roofs of a remote hamlet in the blue smoke from its wood fires. Mr. Hardy's rustics are humourous people, and yet he looks on the rustic life very much as Millet did—Millet to whom it was 'true humanity and great poetry.' The pathos of aching limbs and prostrating work is so true that it can live through its quaintest expression. Realism cannot kill it; it does not need to be made picturesque. 'Words don't know what shipwreck I suffer in this back o' mine,' says the old milkman to the hostler; 'I've tended horses fifty year,' says the hostler, 'that other folks might straddle 'em.' When the rustic mind meets one of the more distressing problems of life it makes a homely aphorism and leaves it. 'Where the pigs be many the wash runs thin,' dismisses the whole question of surplus population. There is no criticism there—only a statement of fact. These are but a few instances of the melancholy which seems to mark Mr. Hardy's scenery, his view of rustic life, and the aphorisms to be found in his pages. To trace at length its influence upon the plots of his novels were to dwell too long on what is only one characteristic of his work. His personages scheme and fail, or success is only a more poignant form of failure. Henchard keeps his vow, and it profits him nothing: he wins but that he may more fully understand the bitterness of loss. All through *The Mayor of Casterbridge* you mark 'the ironical sequence of things.' *Two on a Tower* deals with almost every way by which two lovers—two nearly happy people—may be separated and kept from perfect happiness. *The Hand of Ethelberta* is the story of a failure and a success: the heroine, the butler's daughter, never fails more terribly than when she succeeds in marrying her peer, nor ever succeeds better than when she fails to escape from him. So too in the better known work—in *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *The Return of the Native*, and notably in the concluding chapters of *A Pair of Blue Eyes*—you cannot but share in the play of 'heartless circumstance.' 'Tis not that none of Mr. Hardy's books ends happily, but that in all of them his attention seems to be fixed on the whimsical cruelty of fate. He does not whine at it, and he sometimes laughs at it; but the one thing he will not do is to join the majority of living novelists in their attempt to disguise it. He sins sometimes in matters of art, but never with the majority.

It is in the delineation of character that he shows the most originality and the rarest artistic quality. His minors are not allowed to be lay-figures nor even conventional types. They may be but three lines long, but the three lines are alive. His more elaborate and more finished sketches can sometimes challenge criticism. It is easy enough to invest a consistent character with certain fixed attributes. But to paint with vivid truth the variable individuality whose qualities are swayed by every subtle influence of sex and time and circumstance is not easy, although Mr. Hardy seems to do it with such ease. The man Henchard is good enough to make you forgive his author all the structural defects of the story in which he moves. Of Mr. Hardy's rustics it has been objected that their dialogue is too witty to be true. But all conversation must be conventionalised before it can stand the glare of the printed page; for art is not nature but nature in quintessence. One or two of his rustics, though, are certainly over-coloured; his restive humour has got a little beyond his control; they are too farcical to suit the rest of the piece. But in their conversation, for the most part, no more than due allowance is made for the needs of the footlights. And who would spare them if he could? It is delightful to watch their gigantic meaning struggling to get out through a small vocabulary and kicking the grammar and dictionary to splinters in the process. They are full of force and shrewdness and simplicity. 'One Sunday I can well mind: a bass-viol day that time, and Yeobright had brought his own. 'Twas the Hundred and Thirty-Third to "Lydia"; and when they 'd come to "Ran down his beard and o'er his robes its costly moisture shed," neighbour Yeobright, who had just warmed to his work, drove his bow into them strings that glorious grand that he e'en a'most sawed the bass-viol into two pieces. Every winder in church rattled as if 'twere a thunderstorm. Old Passon Gibbons lifted his hands in his great, holy surplice as natural as if he 'd been in human clothes, and seemed to say to hisself: "O for such a man in our parish!"' And Mother Cuxsom when she talks of Henchard's dead wife—how telling and direct her simplicity! 'And all her shining keys will be took from her, and her cupboards opened; and things a' didn't wish seen, anybody will see; and her little wishes and ways will all be as nothing!' That has been lived right through, and is then said once and for ever. Mr. Hardy's view of women is somewhat cynical; also it is full of tenderness. He does them neither more nor less than justice. He paints their inconstancy and vanity, and he leaves them lovable. The secret of them is that you are never allowed to forget that, being women, they are thoroughly animal. They are living, warm-blooded, passionate; and conventional restrictions cannot always hold them. They are the women of romance; and perhaps you are privileged to enjoy a deeper intimacy with them than with the heroines of any other equally decorous novelist.

Mr. Hardy had not nearly so long to wait as the only other living English novelist who can fairly be compared to him. He owes this advantage over Mr. Meredith to the greater lucidity and directness of his style, and possibly to greater geniality and more varied power of analysis. Will it endure? A careful comparison of his work to that which has stood the test appears to justify a certain affirmative. If not, one is sorry for posterity. Perhaps the most popular novel that could be written now must have its hero hypnotised in a volcano by an agnostic in order to secure the secret of hidden treasure. But there

is a difference between such popularity and the serene appreciation accorded to the work that is truly art. The one passes and the other remains; and the foundations on which Mr. Hardy's popularity is erected seem to be entirely stable.

THE FACILITY OF LIFE

IT has in all times been a part of our creed to think sadly upon our human estate, which is the gift of God, and to consider ourselves no better than bondmen till we be free of our carnal husk. The growing voice of ages has proclaimed this wretched investiture of flesh to be a continuous evil, so that with the cloud of witnesses we have come to take it for a common axiom of life. Yet upon the facts this would seem a foolish assumption, and may indeed be rebutted as an error of the supersensitive. Perhaps it is the Christian faith that has most favoured the error; yet such as Socrates had the same thought, and we should rather regard it as succeeding naturally to a sympathetic contemplation of human suffering. So long have our philosophers impressed upon us that we live at war, in a plenitude of sorrows and losses, distraught with the horrors of our environment, agape upon the sudden breaches in our immediate ranks, that almost any one of us may now, upon provocation, fall to tears at the moral of it. And yet were it only true that man had this agony of life for a constant purview, poor Nature had long since fallen in the wretched neighbourhood; there had been no duty more sacred, as no prospect more inviting, than the release of the frail tenant from the frailer clay. Philosopher and theologian have held life to be nothing but a toilsome pilgrimage to some peaceful bourne—it may be Paradise, or haply oblivion. The balance (they have both declared) is against us here; but (quoth the one) it shall be readjusted upon the dissolution of our mortal frame; while the other has looked oftener to a restitution in the conclusion of death. Must we, then, confess to this grotesque subservience to a shadowy faith, or to a grim patience? Surely, were the balance ever against us, the soul had determined its own miseries upon the first appreciation of the horrid iniquity. We are surely to say that there be all but none to whom this existence hath sincerely seemed intolerable; nay, that there be few that have not judged it, at the worst, a pleasing tragi-comedy with an impertinent ending. Yet should you go by their open professions this were not so. How glibly falls from the tongue the deprecation of a thing so shameful and unworthy! It is possible to take no pride in life, if we be rightly minded. At each turn we hold up our hands and lengthen our faces upon the knowledge that we are still in travail. We shake our heads upon a calamity, remarking how truly sorrow is our portion. But withal this profession is, as it were, a mere habit of the outward features, as you may grimace at the conception of a pain you have not felt. In the life 'tis but an hypothesis, a supposition of our fathers which it is seemly to acknowledge upon decent occasions.

Were a proof of this assertion needed you would find it in the very fact of life; for that cannot be odious which all use with such affection. We cannot doubt that, were this vain repetition true, humanity had effaced itself, for it is clear man has never lacked spirit for a desperate act. But perhaps, you will say, 'tis not from fear of death the race is withheld from this obliteration, but rather by the hope of a fortune that never befalls. This hope, you may urge, and not a real preponderance of happiness, keeps us from the desire of that final equilibrium. An this were so, is not hope also an integral part of the human equipment, to be reckoned in the general sum of our substantial pleasures? Being of our carnal endowment, this too must go into the scales against evil. And in the higher natures, I doubt not, so subtle a property must raise a formidable barrier 'twixt life and death; though, unhappily, it is also so ethereal that upon a change it may dissolve and leave clear a sudden access. But it is not hope inspires the most of us with content; it is rather the immediate and manifest delights of living. And how many there be if we rightly divine them! The whole journey is to the last full of opportunities of happiness for mind and body, though some so fatuously ignore them. It is here, in truth, while we thrust our hideous ancestry from our rarer minds, we yet derive from it our greatest blessing; for 'tis only so far as we are of common clay with the brute that we can forget and enjoy. The brute proceeds upon his grosser pleasures with a blind complacency from which our finer natures, an ineffectual compromise 'twixt God and him, shrink and wince. It is to such as he, nevertheless, we owe our desire of life. For to forget and to enjoy—these are the capacities that serve us best, and these are of the brute's prerogative. To those of human kind that have these fulfilled life can be naught but an ample satisfaction; to him that hath his just share of them life is this tolerable affair I have said. The joys of living may, indeed, be of no great proportions, but they are ever-recurrent, small, unexpected, immediate, grateful. You would account them meagre and unsatisfying did you regard them as a philosopher; yet by their continuous passage they yield a sense of repletion. You will gather a score of them ere you rise; they will pursue you all day if you have eyes for them; they are incessant and multitudinous. The flesh wherewith you are clothed will exult in them, if you but suffer it; the mind will passively absorb them. They are in your delicate senses, in your gentle meditations, in your books, in the air, everywhere. Is the wind soft, it is a charm; be it chill, how brightly burns the fire; does it snow, you may admire a white world! You must snatch these delights from the hour, neither remembering evil nor forecasting; you must train your mind to the habit; your senses must be alert; you must laugh; you must be content; you must forget. There is always magic in the air if you will forget.

It is this forgetfulness which is, after all, the foundation of our pleasures, for in memory is the weightier part of our misfortunes. Of a truth in the course of our journey many pains befall, and there are times of gross evil, when sorrow, as a toad, squats in our doorway, and the scales kick the balance with a rush. In such an hour we come to look upon life as the dreary passage of our commonplaces; there is neither present gain nor future hope. But how soon this mood passes! from our base ancestry we have the divine gift of forgetfulness. In a little we are upon our way again; a lessening memory at our backs, growing ruddy and merry, laughing, deriding, scoffing, enjoying, taking the blandishments of the moment with a heart of the lightest. And thus do we trip along the road, with a lapse here and there (in a trice forgotten), until we are come to the verge; and lo, how short has been the journey which once stretched out so far! how pleasant the way we have feared at times would prove so dreary! How they all fade, sorrows and pains and memories! and upon the verge how finite they seem against the eternal! Life is very facile to animals; it is facile also to the supreme animal.

THE GUELPH PORTRAITS

THE Tudor Exhibition of last year revealed the achievement of Holbein and his pupils. We saw how the least distinguished of the school handled his material

(Vanity Fair)

MEN OF THE DAY.—No. DXL.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

HE was quietly enough ushered into Wessex precisely two-and-fifty years ago, Thursday last being his birthday; and in Wessex he was quietly taught the rudiments of architecture until he was seventeen years old, when he took to the Classics and Theology. Having thus become something of a Church Architect, he came to London at the age of one-and-twenty, and with the assistance of Sir Arthur Blomfield he managed to destroy many Gothic piles in a mistaken zeal for "restoring" them. The Theology that was in him waxed keener as he worked, and he would have gone into the Church had not circumstances over which, happily, he had no control prevented him until he reached the transition period of his life. Having written an essay which won him a medal from the Institute of British Architects, he fancied himself filled with the divine afflatus, wrote a great deal of unpublished rhyme, and sternly refused for the space of two years to read even the best prose. But his good Genius compelling him, he at last perpetrated a work of fiction under the style of "Desperate Remedies," which, being as much damned as praised, may have determined him to the novel; for only a year later he put forth a beautiful pastoral, "Under the Greenwood Tree." He thus became a confirmed novelist, and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "Far from the Madding Crowd" having made him famous, he quickly wrote himself into the front rank of novelists. But, because he is a true artist, success has not spoiled him, for he has never written when he had nothing to write about; so that his last novel, which is the beautifully-told story of "Tess," is to those who have the gift of comparison the best thing that he has done.

He holds that fiction should embody developments of life in which people silently believe, rather than those in which people pretend to believe; and he has kept to this view from one end to the other of his shelf-full of novels. Twenty-one years back, his first real work showed his tendency to give natural scope to the passions; and this tendency, which developed in "Two on a Tower" and "A Group of Noble Dames," has matured in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Yet, though he has enjoyed the distinction of being much misquoted in *The Saturday Review*, and of being fallen upon by *The Quarterly* Reviewer (without any instance adduced from his work in support of the Reviewer's onslaught) there is nothing prurient in him; and though the honest critic may charge un-moral treatment against him he cannot point to any immoral line that he has produced. And very nearly all that he has written is Literature.

He is a member of the Athenæum and of the Savile Clubs; and he has a queer little house in Wessex, where he does most of his writing. He is full of knowledge of the West Countryman and his ways; and he is a far greater man than he looks.

JEHU JUNIOR.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's literary career is, as most people do not know, favoured with one of the prettiest romances possible. His turning-point is found neither in a fine criticism nor in a circle of worshippers—but at a railway bookstall.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.
(From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury St., S.W.)

So fine a writer and the master of such an exquisite style would, of course, have made his name anyhow and under any circumstances; but the immediate episode which led to his fame is almost as seemingly impossible as a modern detective story. But here are the facts.

The author of "Tess" was born in Dorsetshire. His father wished him to be an architect, and he was not unwilling, although he felt, and was helped to the feeling by many literary sketches he made as a youth, that he could build for himself a monument more lasting than bricks. Nevertheless, he did not abandon his career for any wild editorial chase, and at the age of twenty-one he came to town to study under Sir Arthur Bloomfield, A.R.A. During the next few years he applied himself to French and German largely, and also to the understanding of designs; but when he was thirty-one, the extraordinary literary talent he possessed became uncontrollable—and he wrote a novel. It was called "Desperate Remedies"—and the public, not believing in desperate remedies, would not condescend to try it.

This comparative failure in no way damped his ardour. During the following year, he wrote a book entitled, "Under the Greenwood Tree." It seems to have had a measure of success, though it was unnoticed by the inner ring who make fame—not always by the canons of talent—and ultimately, it came to be a "remainder" and was sold at a large reduction for cash on bookstalls and by booksellers who deal in this class of wares.

At this time, Mr. Frederick Greenwood was editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He has always been a man who loved to peer into trays full of forgotten antiquities. One day, looking over the cheap stuff on a bookstall, he was attracted by the title—"Under the Greenwood Tree." Here was his own name at any rate, Greenwood—"Greenwood Tree." He acted upon the impulse, bought the novel—and his quick eye told him at once that he had come upon genius. The result was that Mr. Hardy himself came under the Greenwood tree of patronage. He received a commission to write a novel for the *Cornhill*, and he wrote "Far from the Madding Crowd," one of the finest books this generation or any generation has read.

(*This Series commenced in No.* 573.)

THOMAS HARDY.

A NEW novel from Thomas Hardy is as eagerly awaited as one from George Eliot used to be, though with a more popular expectation than was awakened by this most thoughtful woman after she had left the field of common life so humorously and tragically represented in *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*—novels nearer in kind to Mr. Hardy's than are found elsewhere in English fiction.

The first chapters of Mr. Hardy's new novel are already before the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. In this first instalment the story is entitled "The Simpletons"; hereafter it will appear under the caption of "Hearts Insurgent." Each title is significant of the author's main purpose, which is, as it always has been, to deal with simple hearts in the common conditions of human life—their aspirations in conflict with their passions, and their passions breaking and broken against the barriers of circumstance. In this new novel the interest is concentrated, more even than in *The Return of the Native* or *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, upon a masculine character and career; and, as in the latter of the novels just mentioned, the matrimonial entanglement is exacerbating.

A peculiar interest in this story is due to the fact that it is the immediate successor of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, a novel which deeply affected the hearts of its readers, because it was the tragedy of a human life, hopelessly entangled in the web which nature, society, and unhappy circumstances had combined to weave about a woman, to whom no efficient help (none that she could see or avail of) ever came for her release. Apart from the heart-breaking sorrow of the tale, as touching an individual life so unhappily situated and relentlessly conducted to its awful issues, this novel suggested important questions as to the proper province of art in its ethical relations, and as to the philosophy conveyed in so severe a view of what Mr. Hardy himself calls "the grimness of the general human situation."

No one could adduce from the novel a passage tending to corrupt good morals, since in the most emotional situations the author was singularly reticent, and he never wrote a sentence in any of his novels which panders to vicious tastes or inclinations. He introduced no mystical or preternatural elements to confuse or disguise the simple facts presented. No sensuous veil covered the frankness and directness of an appeal such as Prometheus made in the great tragedy of Æschylus.

The questions raised naturally led to a serious consideration of Mr. Hardy's previous novels—especially those of a tragic character—with reference to his general attitude toward subjects of the deepest human interest and solicitude.

To this consideration we shall presently revert, after a brief and necessarily inadequate view of the general scope and character of Mr. Hardy's fiction. The impressiveness of his work and its dramatic strength, the noble simplicity and classic reserve of his manner, and the living truth of every scene and every character in his stories have given him a unique position—all the more so because the motives of his novels have never been drawn from the world of books or closely associated with topics suggested by culture. His novels are not those of the study; their lines run in the free fields of nature, in an out-of-door atmosphere, and with that ready turn and flexion characteristic of all natural movements. He has never sought to illuminate any critical period of human history, as George Eliot did in *Romola*, or to treat some very complex strain of social life, as she did in *Middlemarch*. None of his works depends for its interest upon any "burning" question of the day. The motives which inspired *Felix Holt*, *Adam Locke*, *Daniel Deronda*, or *Robert Elsmere* have never distracted him from his purpose—the portrayal of human life in simple conditions and lying next the bosom of Mother Earth. He has held as insistently to native and naïve humanity as Balzac did to his representation of the Human Comedy in more developed conditions—urban and provincial. His work challenges the profoundest criticism, and we are not surprised by the fact that a man of Mr. Lionel Johnson's scholarly attainments should have thought fit to devote an entire book to *The Art of Thomas Hardy*.

The scene or field of Mr. Hardy's novels is usually, as is now pretty well known, the five or six counties in the southwest of England that cover the district anciently called "The Kingdom of Wessex." It was in 1874, in his novel *Far from the Madding Crowd*, that Mr. Hardy first adopted the old word as the imaginary modern name of a region having the same boundaries as the ancient kingdom. Until he thus used it the word "Wessex" had never borne any other meaning than the historical one. A "Wessex" rustic, a "Wessex" town, had simply meant a peasant or a town existing at the time of the Heptarchy. Mr. Hardy began to speak of Wessex railways, Wessex newspapers, Wessex ladies and gentlemen of Victorian experiences, and so on, giving to the counties included a unity they did not have prior to the appearance of his novels. The fitness of this new application of an old word was at once recognized, and it has since been taken up and appropriated by other writers to this modern use without scruple or acknowledgment.

It may be well to say, since the scenes of Mr. Hardy's new novel shift considerably up and down this region, that "North Wessex" is the name the author has applied to Berkshire, "South Wessex" to Dorsetshire, "Mid Wessex" to Wiltshire, "Upper Wessex" to Hampshire, "Lower Wessex" to Devonshire, and "Nether Wessex" to Somersetshire. In "Christminster" will be recognized a renowned university city, and in "Shaston" a quaint hill town.

Mr. Hardy writes his novels in what he calls his "writing-box," at his country place in Dorchester, formerly part of an estate in Dorsetshire belonging to the Prince of Wales, but he frequently revises and corrects during the months he spends in London, where he has a different house every year. He usually writes with a map of the country or district in which the scenes are laid spread out before him, and invariably visits each spot before describing it. He has latterly been made a magistrate for Dorsetshire, an office which is held, we believe, by only one other English novelist, Mr. Rider Haggard. He is descended from one of the numerous branches of the Dorset Hardys, a family which formerly was of influence in and near the valley of the Froom or Frome. His maternal ancestors were for many centuries small landed proprietors in the northwest of the county, their holdings now being owned by the Earl of Ilchester. It may be remembered that in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* he characteristically enumerates his own family amongst those which had undergone the vicissitudes of Tess's, *i. e.*, the Turbervilles, this being the actual name of the family which suggested the story.

Mr. Hardy is a genuine realist in art. He does not bring a general truth to the facts of nature or humanity, seeking in them its illustration and confirmation: the truth he impresses upon our minds and hearts is one born of the reality itself as he sees it, and if it becomes a general truth it does so by a natural genesis. He comes to his work with a mind richly stored for the illustration of new-found vital truths, and with a profound sympathy—that of the man as well as of the artist. If his heart had not so readily leaned toward nature and comparatively native human impressions, he would not have chosen a field so wholly rustic for his work. It was a natural selection, and considering the worthy results of his genius, and how fitly joined is every fibre of his imagination to his material—as if Wessex had waited for him and he for Wessex—it almost seems like a predestination. We mark the distinctive note from the beginning of his writing: only tentative in *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, it sounds full and strong in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and thrills through every sentence of *The Woodlanders*.

We have always to keep in mind, in reading Mr. Hardy's novels, that he is portraying the characters of men and women who still feel themselves to be the children of the earth rather than of the sky, having much of the old pagan (we might almost say the Titanic) sense of earthly motherhood and of the might of the underworld. Some of these characters—like Winterborne and Marty South—are unconsciously reticent, patient, and strong with Nature's own kind of restraint; others as truly express Nature in her tempestuous moods, her forces borne on to excess, impatient of restraint. Left to themselves, such people have neither the unnatural virtues or vices of civilization; but Mr. Hardy does not find his Wessex thus inviolate: his people have in them strains of British, Roman, and Norman blood, and he has, excepting in some short tales, confined himself to the treatment of contemporaneous types, bringing into the foreground characters to a greater or less extent affected by disturbing influences. Mr. Hardy is keenly alive to these influences, and especially to the corrosive action of modern thought—to "the disillusiveness of the centuries" displacing early ideals. "What the Greek only suspected we know well; what Æschylus imagined, our nursery children feel.... We have uncovered the defects of natural laws and see the quandary that man is in by their operation." It is through this unrest of "souls unreconciled to life" that he gives to his work so rich

and varied a perspective, in which the deep glooms of overmastering solicitude contrast with innocent rustic revels and merrymakings. The prevailing mood of this work is unavoidably serious, but no one since Shakespeare has so faithfully presented the speech of the rustic clown and the potently inert wit of the wiseacre.

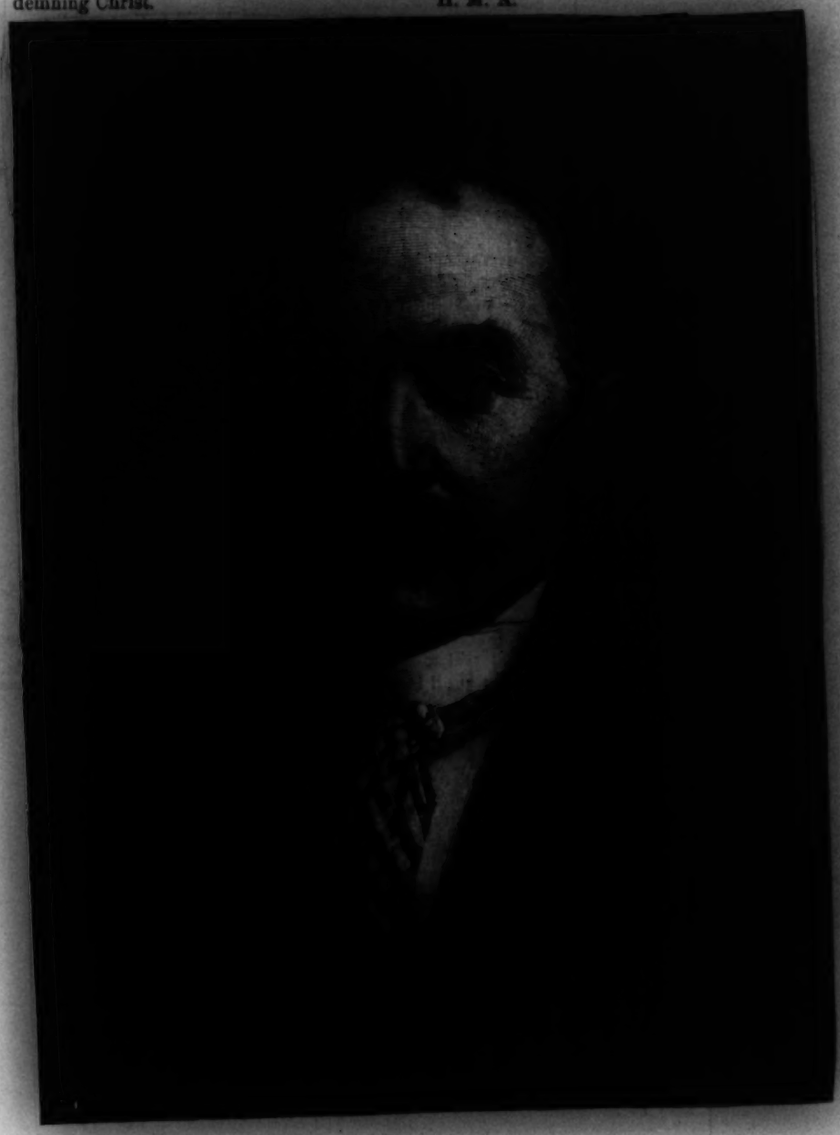
In considering Mr. Hardy's moral attitude one must keep within the limits of the special field he has chosen for his work, and the only requirement we can make is for the whole truth of Wessex life as it is lived. The artist is only indirectly a philosopher or a preacher. He does not attempt to justify the ways of God to men, or to show how the ways of men may be finally reconciled to those of God: he attempts nothing beyond the concrete synthesis visible to him. He may, indeed, admit into his view so much of heaven's light and so much of Christian grace as it will bear—as Shakespeare did in *The Merchant of Venice*—but no more. We fail to see how Mr. Hardy could, without violence and confusion, have endowed his characters with qualities and given them experiences wholly out of keeping with their impulses and their environment and opportunity, or how he could have conducted his dramatic movements to issues not indicated in the natural sequence of things. Lady Macbeth might (in some other sequence) have been converted; Shylock might have yielded to the first appeal of Portia to his mercy rather than to her final decree of absolute justice; and King Lear (himself an old King of Wessex) might have lived out his last days in the society of his faithful daughter, and Cordelia (as in Tate's mangled version of the play) might have escaped hanging—but where then would have been the truth or significance of these mighty dramas? So with Tess. The cup of happiness she must not drink. As Dowden says of Lear: "He is grandly passive—played upon by the manifold forces of nature and society. And though he is in part delivered from his imperious self-will, and learns at last what true love is, and that it exists in the world, Lear passes away from our sight not in any mood of resignation, or faith, or illuminated peace, but in a piteous agony of yearning for that love which he has found only to lose forever." There is a singular parallel to this tragedy in the fate of Tess. Though, like Lear, she is "more sinned against than sinning," she has this destiny, growing out of her relations to nature and society, that to the last she must be stretched upon the "rack of this tough world," and through the stress come into an abnormal state, though not the extreme of madness, in which she commits a brutal crime. From Stonehenge, and a glimpse of the happiness that might have been hers, she is brought to the scaffold. Even the final paragraph of the novel, "'Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) had ended his sport with Tess," repeats, as Mr. Hardy has himself pointed out, Gloster's comment:

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport."

But putting the comparison aside, what is it the objecting moralist would have? What more effective sermon—if one calls for a sermon—could Mr. Hardy have preached than this: showing that in the world-old dilemma of the human heart, on the one side driven by Nature, through passions which she urges on to excess, lest she should fail of her ends, and on the other side scourged by the conventions of a social order, and by a conscience assentient to that order, for the excess itself—the full obedience to nature becoming a moral transgression, no resolution of the apparent discord is possible from either side, from Nature or from the moral law? This demonstration might not satisfy the moralist who insists upon the possibility of an ethical resolution, and flounders, like Mr. Huxley, in his Romanes lecture, trying to find it; but it is in perfect accord with Christianity, which finds a reconcilement of the conflict in the principle of regeneration—transcending Nature in her renewal, and the law in its fulfilment, wherein it dies.

It is true that Mr. Hardy does not illustrate this resolution, but he attempts no other. He presents the problem in all its difficulty, relentlessly emphasizing the harshness of the contradictory elements. It is a true statement of the problem in living terms. The optimistic poet leaps easily from the stress of pain and travail to an ideal fruition, but in lives not open to the light illuminating his vision the stress must be borne to the bitter end. Mr. Hardy does not love to dwell upon the morose aspects of life, but he never abates the sorrow of a wretched plight. He passes no inflexible judgments upon Nature or society. Nature is both kind and cruel, and "that cold accretion of mankind called the world" is in its units "unformidable, and even pitiable." In some of his comments there is a "note of revolt" against conventional judgments that condemn the frail because society must fortify itself against the frailty, but he would not relax the force of laws framed merely on social expedients because Nature is unconscious of such laws. Convention is the sign of human concord, and if civilization be a revolt against Nature, as Rousseau falsely thought, it is one in whose cause we have pledged "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Nevertheless, it has its evils, as Nature, to our partial vision, has hers—the harshness of its very justice—and if its grim outward necessities, based on human weakness, were accepted by us as essential in the heart of things, human or divine, the issues of life would be wholly hopeless. If this is the lesson of Mr. Hardy's novels, it is also that of the gospel. If to Tess, in the crisis of her career, there had come some better help than was offered by her agnostic and recreant lover, Angel Clare, her story would have had a very different termination. As it was, she was deprived of the consolations of an uncondemning Nature, but not brought to a real knowledge of the uncondemning Christ.

H. M. A.



THOMAS HARDY.

November. 1894.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

VARIÉTÉS

[illegible] en Angleterre

THOMAS HARDY

[illegible] Wessex, cette petite royauté qui se trouve [illegible] de l'Angleterre, entre le canal de Bristol [illegible] Manche. Il est doux et pluvieux en [illegible] d'une chaleur tempérée par les embruns [illegible] été, torride, ravagé et sauvage, en [illegible] décembre, semé des reliques du passé : [illegible] de géants, tumulus, voies romaines ; on [illegible] y nomme Casterbridge et son roi M. [illegible] Hardy. Pour ceux qui sont familiers [illegible] la géographie d'Angleterre, je dirai que [illegible] Casterbridge, ailleurs que dans les romans, se [illegible] Dorchester et que le royaume de Wessex comprend tout le comté de Dorset, avec des parties importantes du Somerset, du Wiltshire, du Berks, du Devon et du Hampshire. Il est limité, en grande partie, à l'Ouest, par la forêt de Dartmoor, et, à l'Est, par la Nouvelle Forêt, cet ancien domaine de la couronne d'Angleterre, tout planté de vieux chênes sur une étendue de 140 milles carrés, à la porte de Southampton.

Le 2 juin 1840, M. Thomas Hardy naquit dans ce pays dont sa plume devait immortaliser tant de bourgades ignorées. Le jeune homme se destina d'abord à l'architecture, vint à Londres et, pendant de longues années, dressa des plans, établit des coupes et des élévations. Il n'écrivit presque rien avant 1871 et seulement en 1874 le grand succès de *Far from the Madding Crowd* (*Loin de la foule enragée*) le mit hors de pair. Aujourd'hui, M. Hardy a publié vingt volumes qui se dédoubleraient bien en quarante de nos éditions Lemerre ou Charpentier. Dans cette œuvre considérable, voici ses enfants préférés : *Petites ironies de la vie*, un volume de Nouvelles qui sont presque toutes des chefs-d'œuvre, publié en 1804 : *The Woodlanders* (1887) ; *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891) ; *Jude l'Obscur* (1896), qui a scandalisé si fort Mrs Grundy et Saint Stiggins ; *Far from the Madding Crowd* et les *Wessex Poems* (1898-1899).

Lorsque je le vis, M. Hardy tenait une lettre à la main : « Courrier d'Amérique », me dit-il. « Beaucoup de journalistes des États-Unis, qui n'ont jamais lu une ligne de moi, mais connaissent mon nom, me supposent Yankee. Ils m'écrivent chez mon éditeur à New-York pour demander des interviews, et, tenez, voici des timbres pour la réponse ! » Il parle avec une bonhomie amusée, un grand calme que coupe de temps en temps un geste nerveux ; la physionomie a quelque chose de félin : tête ronde, moustaches de chat, œil perçant, presque dur. On a bien l'impression d'un homme ferme, qui a suivi droit son chemin littéraire sans se préoccuper des conseils ou des effarouchements d'une certaine critique puritaine. « Vous pourrez réfuter », disait M. Hardy, « l'opinion suivant laquelle j'aurais changé ma manière et trop imité dans mes derniers ouvrages le réalisme de M. Zola. D'abord je ne connais presque pas d'ouvrages de l'école réaliste française ; puis voici un argument : en 1871, j'ai publié mon premier roman *Desperate Remedies* et l'on retrouverait aisément le numéro du *Spectator* où l'auteur fut critiqué pour sa grossièreté et son inconvenance. » M. Hardy prononce les mots : *coarseness and impropriety* avec la plus parfaite indifférence.

Certes, l'auteur des *Contes du Wessex* n'a pas eu l'intention d'écrire des berquinades, de mettre sous nos yeux des pastorales à la manière de *Daphnis et Chloé*, de nous montrer Damon jouant du chalumeau à Phyllis au milieu des troupeaux ; littérature charmante, mais factice, qui fut en France et en Angleterre la seule et pâle manifestation du sentiment de la nature au dix-huitième siècle. Vous n'y rencontrerez pas davantage le brio de la narration ou la parade d'humour comme dans *Shirley* de Charlotte Brontë, ou *Silas Marner* de George Eliot. En revanche, le réalisme poétique, c'est-à-dire le choix du détail, s'y trouve avec la même perfection que dans Maupassant. Thomas Hardy a dépeint les vrais paysans du sol « *racy of the soil* », fermiers, métayers, bûcherons, voituriers ; il les fait parler le langage de la vallée de Blackmoor ; il nous a dit ce qui se trouvait derrière le silence des malins, la taciturnité des stupides et comment les coups de la fortune et les détails du travail ont formé les caractères. Les joliesses sont toujours observées. Ecoutez Winterborne et Marty South qui plantent des sapins dans la lande de Little Hintock. « Comme ils gémissent dès que nous les avons mis debout », dit Marty, « quand ils sont couchés par terre, ils ne disent rien ». Elle dressa un des jeunes sapins dans son trou et le doigt levé fit signe d'écouter. Aussitôt un murmure argentin sortit des rameaux pour ne cesser ni jour ni nuit jusqu'à l'heure où l'arbre grandi serait jeté à terre, longtemps sans doute après que les deux planteurs seraient couchés dans la tombe. » Et tous les paysages décrits ont des contours familiers où la vie quotidienne des personnages se poétise : « A ces heures non humaines Test et Clare pouvaient s'approcher tout près des oiseaux aquatiques. Les hérons avec un bruit d'ailes audacieuses, claquant comme des portes et des volets qui s'ouvrent, sortaient des branches d'un petit bois sur le flanc de la prairie ; ceux qui étaient déjà plantés dans l'eau osaient rester immobiles, tandis que le jeune couple passait devant eux ; d'un mouvement uniforme et tranquille ils tournaient horizontalement leurs têtes comme des poupées mues par un ressort. Les légers brouillards d'été flottaient çà et là sur les prairies en écharpes laineuses, unies, qui ne semblaient pas plus épaisses que des courtepointes. Sur l'herbe humide et grise paraissaient les places où les vaches s'étaient couchées pendant la nuit, petits îlots d'herbage sec et vert sombre dans la mer de rosée. De chaque îlot partait un sentier sinueux, dessiné par la vache en s'éloignant pour paître ; ils la trouvaient au bout de cette trace ; et quand elle les reconnaissait, elle lançait de ses naseaux un souffle bruyant, qui formait une vapeur plus dense au milieu du brouillard. »

Imbu de cette sincérité dans l'art, M. Hardy n'a pas cherché des dénouements heureux. Il donne la conclusion naturelle de ses histoires suivant sa propre expérience de la vie. Le maire de Casterbridge meurt dans la solitude et la pauvreté ; le repentir de Millborne cause sa perte ; Marty South terminera sa vie auprès d'une tombe ; Tess, née pour devenir une bonne ménagère, meurt entre les mains du bourreau. Ces catastrophes peuvent effaroucher le public anglais qui, pendant plus d'un siècle, a obligé tous ses auteurs dramatiques à lui présenter un bonheur parfait au cinquième acte, et n'a pas encore pardonné le suicide de Paula Tanqueray. Et c'est ce qu'il a appelé à tort le pessimisme de *Wessex Novels*.

THE ATHENÆUM

Nov. 4, '93

Literary Gossip.

Mr. Thomas Hardy and the Hon. Mrs. Henniker are collaborating in the writing of a short story entitled 'The Spectre of the Real,' which will probably be printed in a periodical.

"The Novel Review" March 1892

Mr. Thomas Hardy is very severe on young lady novelists. We refer readers to his book, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, in which he reveals so much of himself and of his early life.

PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR
Jan. 2. 1892

Replying to the request of the editor of an American journal for some words of New Year's greeting to the women of the great Republic, Mr. Thomas Hardy writes: 'American women seem to be more earnest of purpose than those of European countries. I have been told that this opinion arises from my having met only the best American womankind. Be that as it may, such is my impression, and I am glad to record it upon this occasion of sending a New Year line to the women of your country.'

THE CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: THE CAR O

BY OUR SPE

THE GENIUS OF THOMAS HARDY.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

One day, many years ago, as I was about to start from a railway station for a country visit, I lingered about the bookstall there with a roving eye for some cheap and entertaining volume wherewith to lighten the journey. A hundred tomes in red and yellow competed violently for my two pieces of silver, which, however, remained unmoved by their advances. Some of the books I had read before, and wished not to read again; others were renowned as uncompanionable to persons of quiet taste; the physiognomy of others inspired no desire for further acquaintance; and I was about to turn empty away when I spied in a corner another red-and-yellow book with the letters of my name on the cover. The title of the book was "Under the Greenwood Tree," and, marking that, the undying egotism that lurks in all of us up to the second best wriggled to the surface and said, with the voice of the Worm that speaks of "lucky numbers" in the gamester's breast, "Try that."

The book was carried off; but was no sooner opened than a fear arose that a blank had been drawn. For, to all appearance—possibly misleading, however—my gay bargain was of the refuse order; that is to say, it looked like one of those unhappy tales which, being failures at one vol., 10s. 6d., or two vols., 21s., are stripped of their respectable cloth bindings, hustled into paper covers, and sold on the bookstalls cheap. It was certainly a story that I for one had never heard of, nor on subsequent inquiry could I find anybody who had; but—pleasure of pleasures—dipping into Chapter I. was like overing a stile into new, unknown, enchanted ground, and all further proceeding where nothing could be foreseen, and any surprise of enhancement or disappointment might await the next step, was delight to the end.

At this time—it was early in the seventies—part of my business was to produce the *Cornhill Magazine* every month; which magazine was then at the head of its profession, with a great reputation—the radiance of Thackeray's genius still shining on it—and a sale of many tens of thousands. But, though it was left to me to choose all the rest of the matter for this distinguished miscellany, its proprietor determined the choice of the novels that were printed in it, as, I believe, is customary with such productions—for two very sufficient reasons: the copyright of good novels costs a great deal of money, and the return for that money is very much a question of the story's market value when republished in separate form. It happened, too, that at this time eminent hands in novel-writing expected, and were paid, extraordinary sums for their work, or what seemed so then. Putting writers of George Eliot's popularity aside, Charles Reade asked, and obtained, £4000 for the English copyright of a tale that ran through the *Cornhill*, and Wilkie Collins had a great deal more for a very inferior concoction: to me, indeed, so detestable that after a while I declined the extremely small responsibility for it involved in reading the proof-sheets. Well, from this bundle of a two-shilling book, made up of "remainders," apparently (perhaps I was mistaken as to that particular, but I don't think so), one fact shone luminously. Here was true genius in no meagre development, and here the obvious makings of another eminent hand. Strongly impressed with that opinion, I no sooner got back to town again than I invaded my proprietor's mind—horse, foot, and artillery—with persuasions to send for Mr. Hardy, author of "Under a Greenwood Tree," and straightway commission him to write a novel for the *Cornhill*. It was an open mind, well disposed to handsome adventure; and, as it happened, we were at seekings just then for a new story that should be truly good, and yet should not cost seven thousand pounds exactly—a sum that has been ventured before now, with the melancholy result of alienating thousands of readers in no time. Mr. Hardy was sent for, and the outcome was the publication in Thackeray's magazine of that beautiful, strong, endearing piece of work, "Far from the Madding Crowd." It was produced without flourish, had not a breath of prestige to recommend it, and immediately set its author where he now stands—that is to say, in the foremost rank of British novelists, where, in an honourable place of distinction from the rest, he will remain when many another grand favourite has been removed.

Mr. Hardy has written half-a-dozen novels and more since then, and one of them sank almost as soon as it was launched. Strangely enough, this was the novel that appeared in the *Cornhill* immediately after "Far from the Madding Crowd." "The Hand of Ethelberta" had every chance that the predisposition of popular favour could help it with; but the story was forbidding in conception, poorly endowed with any good quality, and dropped out of consideration almost at once. And where it dropped, there it lies, overlaid by a succession of books from the same hand, all of which are marked in various degrees with the abounding genius displayed in "Far from the Madding Crowd," though one of them does recall the particular demerit of "The Hand of Ethelberta." To give an adequate account of their author's genius, every one of these novels would have to be cited; for though the little dross in them is always the same wherever it appears, its excellences and delights shine in many forms. All come into the description of country life and rural scenes; but they are various enough to offer fresh illustration of Mr. Hardy's gifts in every book he writes. Here, however, there is no entering on such breadths of illustration. Whole pages would be needed for

MR. HARDY'S HOUSE AT DORCHESTER.

that, and now there is hardly room to express satisfaction that the promise of thirty years since has been so handsomely fulfilled.

The publication of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" sent me back at once to the glories of the book of Bathsheba and Serjeant Troy (a common experience, I fancy), and then to the story in red and yellow, which was as enchanting to me in a literary sort of way as the first sight of its own Fancy Day was to its own Dick Dewy. A good part of the reason why so many books disappoint us on a second reading, years after the first, is that meanwhile they have been clothed with the soft, enhancing light through which we view lovers lost and pleasures past. But, once more going through the great Bathsheba book, and straight on to the "rural painting in the Dutch School," as Mr. Hardy called "Under the Greenwood Tree," I found no disappointment lurking between the gaudy old covers. There is a blindness of literary affection, but there is also a keen and jealous sensitiveness to small faults.

Photo by Wheeler, Weymouth.

DORCHESTER,

The "Casterbridge" of Mr. Hardy's Novel "The Mayor of Casterbridge."

"But for these! but for these!" we cry, and sadly think what easy work the avoidance of every blemish would have been. Some blemish there is in "Under the Greenwood Tree," as there is not in the Medician Venus and one or two other works. Here and there this charming little book has the stroke too much which is hardly ever absent from Dutch painting by novel-writers; but within its narrow scope it exhibits in unfading colours some of its author's greatest qualities, which are also among the greatest that can be employed in the business of his choice. In this early piece of work we have the easy closeness of narration which distinguishes all his later stories—a merit which is seen to most advantage in the rhymes of the old ballad-makers; but close as the narrative is, it moves with the freedom of the water-brooks, and has the same unstudied kind of music—broken, unappealing, low of tone. The language in which it is cast abounds in telling touches ten words long, comparable for illumination with the better bits of the best didactic, best descriptive poesy. Taken by themselves, they speak of the careful choice and setting of words which poets and epigrammatists are proud to acknowledge; but, flung without preparation or consequence into a stream of familiar verbiage, in which neither art nor effort appears, they look as accidental and unwrought as the gleaming pebbles in the water-brooks aforesaid, or the wild flowers on the banks of the same. This is a characteristic which is never in abeyance, or very rarely indeed. In the flats and transition spaces of Mr. Hardy's histories a seemingly negligent appropriation of language is never an ineffective choice, and there, too, you may pick up phrases of the best workmanship, but without a tool-mark on them anywhere. And so it is, neither more nor less, with passages of description which no modern English writer (unless it be Mr. Ruskin) has excelled, and in scenes of intensest force and tragedy.

Were I asked what is the explanation of that, I should say that it probably resides in the peculiarity of Mr. Hardy's genius, which is that it brings an eye of equal discernment to things that seem of the smallest significance and things that present an obvious burden of meaning to whosoever descries them. That is to say, an eye lensed like a microscope, though also lensed like yours and mine. To illustrate my meaning: after looking through a Conington magnifier at a spray of mignonette in full bloom, and seeing the shining silver lilies that nestle in the mossy green (it is not silver, though, that they seem to be made of, but dew-drops with a permanent infusion of morning light), fancy to yourself, image to yourself, an individual gifted with ability to see the humblest flower in that completeness whenever he has a mind to do so, and it is easy to understand the accustomed use of that faculty and the habit of evening the observation of little things and great. Mr. Dickens had the same enlarging power of perception (keen observation it is usually called), though it did not apply justly to all things or all sorts of men; and in his later days, when he gave himself to effort, he often fell into the great temptation of his gift, and emulously matched the enlarging eye by the exaggerating hand. Mr. Hardy falls into the same temptation sometimes, though more rarely, and not to the same extent; and then we have the touch too much in his "rural painting in the Dutch School." It is a proof, perhaps, that he has not yet come to the turning point of conscious effort; perhaps, that these touches in excess are no more frequent in his later work than in "Under the Greenwood Tree," a book unsurpassed in its own range, which was designedly limited, and altogether exclusive of the strong dramatic forces employed in "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874) and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1891). The Mrs. Dewy of the first-named tale is a more subtle and yet a more substantial rendering of a type of character even than the famous Mrs. Poyser; if less striking, less exaggerated; if not so amusing, more informing; if slighter, never tiresome. Her husband, the Tranter, and his old father "William" are comparable with the finest cameo-cutting; and Fancy Day should have convinced the readers of the story at once that a novel-writer of the male sex had arisen who knew how to portray young women. The searching and minute employment of imagination upon any trifle is as manifest as its display in the grander works of a later time, and equally testifies (though not, of course, in so striking a way) to another constant quality of Mr. Hardy's genius. For, together with the microscopic perception of which we have spoken, he is evidently blessed with a sensitive memory for whatever impressions it conveys to him, however slight, and for the similitudes that seem always ready to start up and accompany those impressions to their appointed place in his memory's keeping. And then, what follows! What follows is that the possession of these qualities fills his mind with a broad and intense vision of whatever he is writing about—vision that calls out every detail accidentally pertaining to the story and the various scenes in which it is cast. I compare this gift with a dream I once had, in which an immense stretch of most lovely landscape lay before me, miles and miles beyond what any waking eye could compass, which yet yielded its smallest details to my sight up to the remotest hedgerow. To see this comprehensive intensity of vision at work it is not necessary to turn to the more impressive scenes in Mr. Hardy's novels, such as Tess's journey to the potato farm, her labours there, and the wonderful bit in which the threshing machine figures. It is visible more or less in every page; indeed, Mr. Hardy's intensity of vision is almost too busy, too curious and restless, to be always served by the descriptive pen, which is why some people find fault in him. But it is the faculty that marks the truly great novelist, abounding most in men like Balzac, for one example of a very few.

But I am outrunning my allotted space, and must needs pull up, with much more to say about the genius of Thomas Hardy.

La même franchise littéraire a montré dans ces romans la passion toute crue avec ses droits vis-à-vis du code moral. Sans doute, nous avions déjà vu des passions violentes dans Scott ou Thackeray, mais conçues d'une manière plus conventionnelle et courbant le tête devant les lois sociales. Or, il y a entre Knillworth et Tess d'Urberville ou Jude l'obscure, la même différence qu'entre Philiberte et Mme Caverlet. Sans doute, M. Hardy n'a pas voulu bâtir des théories sociales comme George Sand ou les écrivains scandinaves; mais, par la force des choses, il a remué les questions toujours jeunes des droits de l'individu et de la société, des droits de la passion et de la morale. Celle-ci est d'ailleurs vengée non avec le pédantisme d'un moraliste anglican, mais par la simple logique des faits; car la passion, éternellement tragique, jamais assouvie, se blessant à tous les angles des circonstances de la vie, devient son propre châtiment. Fitzpiers, Grace Melbury, Mrs Charmond, Boldwood, tous payent plus ou moins complètement la terrible dette.

Parmi ses personnages ceux qui abordent la vie et supportent leur destin avec le plus de sérénité et de grandeur d'âme, les Winterborne, les Marty South, les Henchard, ont été choisis chez des natures puissantes et rustiques, disciplinées par les nécessités de la vie, nullement par une éducation vertueuse. Autour de ces sublimes figures se meuvent plus nombreux les héros d'argile comme le docteur Fitzpiers, Clare le philosophe et de curieuses figures de femmes Elfride, Grace, Eustacia. Victimes de l'ironie de la vie, ces personnages montrent plus complètement leur stabilité de caractère, une des marques de la composition de M. Hardy. Giles Winterborne est un paysan, petit propriétaire, d'un naturel honnête et doué de ces habitudes du respect devenues rares même à la campagne. Il aime Grace Melbury, la fille du plus gros marchand de bois du pays; les deux jeunes gens sont fiancés dès l'enfance. Malheureusement, Grace, comme la Blanchette de M. Brieux, a reçu à la ville une éducation soignée et elle s'éprend du médecin du village, Fitzpiers. Winterborne, qui, entre temps, perd sa fortune, supporte sa disgrâce avec la plus noble douleur. Bientôt Grace découvre le caractère volage de son mari, dont il donne la preuve au bout de quelques mois en abandonnant son foyer pour suivre Mrs Felice Charmond, une grande dame, veuve du seigneur du pays. Devant ce désastre, Melbury et Grace ne songent plus qu'à obtenir un divorce qui permettrait un second mariage avec le pauvre Winterborne. Celui-ci accueille avec enthousiasme cette nouvelle espérance; Grace aussi, qui découvre et apprécie le caractère de son ami d'enfance, se prend à l'aimer enfin. Mais leurs projets sont cruellement détruits; le simple abandon du foyer pendant quelques semaines n'est pas une cause suffisante pour le divorce, et si Fitzpiers revient, il restera toujours le mari de Grace. Il revient en effet; Mrs Charmond a été tuée par un de ses amants, et le docteur redemande sa place à son foyer. Plutôt que de le revoir, Grace s'enfuit dans la forêt avec le dessein de se réfugier chez une de ses amies à la ville voisine. Diverses circonstances lui font rencontrer Winterborne, à qui elle demande son chemin: mais la nuit et un orage l'obligent à suspendre sa route. Winterborne l'emmène dans une sorte de hutte, qu'après sa ruine il avait fait construire dans la forêt; Grace couchera seule dans l'habitation et lui cherchera un abri dans un misérable hangar à quelque distance. Mais les malheurs et les fatigues avaient profondément altéré la santé du jeune homme: le hangar est ouvert à tous les vents, la pluie tombe sur son lit; il est atteint d'une pneumonie mortelle. Rien de plus touchant et sublime que les précautions de Winterborne pour éviter d'abord la tentation des sens, et, plus tard, pour cacher à Grace la fièvre qui la dévore. Il meurt, et, avant que sur sa tombe les premières roses se soient fanées, Grace a promis de pardonner à son mari! Dans *Tess*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, cette admirable nouvelle *the Fiddler of the Reels*, partout se trouve mélangée et comme incrustée avec les caractères et le fil du récit, cette sournoise ironie de la vie qui donne aux romans de M. Hardy beaucoup de leur parfum âpre et rude.

Il me vient un scrupule. A-t-on vu par cette esquisse quel rang éminent, le premier peut-être, appartient à M. Hardy dans la littérature anglaise? Ne faut-il pas, même, se servir des mêmes mots pour apprécier l'auteur des *Wessex Novels* et tel autre écrivain qui lui reste dix fois inférieur? Mais, après avoir dit que l'œuvre est belle, du moins on peut ajouter qu'il y a des degrés dans la beauté, et que chez un Pinero ou un Thomas Hardy elle atteint souvent à l'absolu.

CHARLES LEGRAS.

JOURNAL DES DÉBATS DU MERCREDI

15 MAI 1901

"The Adelphi & its neighbourhood"
by Austin Brereton.

some famous modern residents of the Adelphi, such as Mr Thomas Hardy, who lived there as an architect in 1863–67, and used to sketch caricatures in pencil on the Adams' mantelpiece in white marble. The book does not confine itself strictly to the Adelphi, but tells also about the historic and personal associations of interesting places round the corner and over the way—about Buckingham Street and York House, and the Water-Gate. Pepys lived in Buckingham Street. So did Etty, the artist, and Clarkson Stanfield, the landscape painter, and Peter the Great of Russia; and David Hume and Rousseau met in a house there. And Buckingham Street is not the only one of those thoroughfares leading down from the Strand to the river through which these pages go walking and talking, as one suggestion leads to another.

The Illustrated London News,

March 12th 1892.

It is not generally known that Mr. Thomas Hardy's first literary aspirations took the form of poetry; but he has had the courage to burn it all. On the other hand, Mr. George Meredith has devoted himself entirely to poetry for the past year or more, and will probably do the same for a year or so to come.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE

JULY 28, 1892.

Deaths.

HARDY.—July 20, at Rockhampton, in the house of his brth, Thomas Hardy, son of the late Thomas and Mary Hardy, of the same place, in his 31st year.

The New Saturday,
12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.
(Horace Whitcomb, Publisher.)
Cutting from issue dated Dec 12 1896

FROM CERDIC TO MR. HARDY.

A PASSION for anniversaries seems, like Hope, to spring eternal in the human breast. The Scotsman, of course, is a chartered libertine where Burns is concerned, and may celebrate as many occasions in that worthy person's life as he can conveniently recall. It is open to the Southern cynic to suspect that these anniversaries are chiefly valued as opportunities for doing homage to haggis, that "great chieftain of the pudding race," but the Scotsman can always retort that the "pock-puddings" of England do not keep centenaries because they need no excuse for a good dinner. Certainly it would otherwise be difficult to account for the fact that England has this year neglected to celebrate one of the most important centenaries that occur in her history. Alfred the Great is, by common consent, a most distinguished ruler to have possessed, and he has often been celebrated in more or less tuneful verse, even though our charming Poet Laureate did flatter himself that he was the first that ever burst into metre about the greatest of our Anglo-Saxon kings. When Alfred's centenary comes round it is impossible to conceive in what terms of eulogy it may be greeted by those enthusiastic persons who seem to sweep the sea for adjectives with which to recount the merits of some minor worthy, simply because he was born or married or died some exact number of centuries ago. But no notice has been taken of the fact that this year is the fourteenth centenary of an event which, if it had not occurred—to speak like an Irishman—would have entirely debarred Alfred from being great in any portion of the British Islands. It was in 406 A.D. that the first marauding band of the Gewissas, those fierce Germanic pirates who were later to become known to the trembling Britons as the West Saxons, came up from their ships in Southampton Water towards Winchester. They were led by that Cerdic who founded the most enduring of Anglo-Saxon dynasties, which ruled England up to the coming of the Normans; his blood still runs in the veins of our Royal Family. Beaten back at first by the natives, with whom some traditional remains of the Roman discipline still lingered to fortify their headlong Celtic valour, the Gewissas yet made head and soon established a footing along the Southern coast. A check was set for a moment to their encroachments in that battle of Mount Badon in which tradition and Tennyson, following the chronicler Gildas, have attributed the victory to the "flos regum Arturus," where Lancelot told Elaine how he

> beheld the King
> Charge at the head of all his Table Round,
> And all his legions crying Christ and him,
> And break

the heathen invaders with a great slaughter. It is true that some historians are inclined to make Arthur a Scottish hero, and place his battle of Mount Badon somewhere along the banks of Forth, which destroys his claim to be in any way connected with the history of Wessex. But let that pass; it is as certain as most facts in history that some battle under some British leader did give a serious check to the establishment of that West Saxon kingdom, which was gradually, in the course of the next two or three centuries, to give birth to a united, even if heterogeneous, England, so that, in some sort, our national history may be said to be just fourteen centuries old this year. Nobody seems to have noticed this interesting contribution to the literature of centenaries, which gives good and plausible reasons for at least one banquet; but not unto us be the glory—not even an invitation.

It is rather curious that the name of Wessex nowadays calls up a vision, not so much of Cerdic and his savage followers, as of Shepherd Oak, Bathsheba Everdene, Tess Durbeyfield, Michael Henchard, and Giles Winterborne. This is a considerable tribute to Mr. Hardy's creative powers, or at least his faculty of revivification. It is not the luck of many writers to get the world to rechristen an important district in their honour. An American essayist has written a pleasant volume of gossip about London and Warwickshire, regarded as "Shakespeare's England," but even Shakespeare's magic did not stamp a local name upon the pleasant scenes that he new-dressed upon his pictured page. Neither George Eliot's Loamshire, nor the Loompshire from which Mr. Anstey assures us that all stage rustics hail, has as yet found a place in our gazetteers. Even in France, where hero-worship goes more readily than in our chillier climate, the proposal to rename the *Ville Lumière* after the author of "Notre Dame," which was seriously mooted by the Hugolaters and rather commended itself, as a pleasing possibility, to their chief, does not seem to be very likely to bear fruit. And there is distinct warrant for the modest but obvious gratification with which, in the preface to the complete edition of his novels now being issued, Mr. Thomas Hardy called attention to the remarkable popularity which had greeted his revival of the ancient name of Wessex that had lain in abeyance for so many centuries. Mr. Hardy's intention was at first, it appears, hardly more ambitious or more conscious than that which has given a similar but less enduring vogue to the names of Thrums or Drumtochty. "The series of novels I projected," said Mr. Hardy, "being mainly of the kind called local, they seemed to require a territorial definition of some kind to lend unity to their scene. Finding that the area of a single county did not afford a canvas large enough for this purpose, and that there were objections to an invented name, I disinterred the old one." Perhaps the singular success which attended the revival was not entirely and solely due to Mr. Hardy, although his admirable art certainly counts for much in the fact that Wessex has again become a district, as he boasts, "which people can go to, take a house in, and write to the papers from." It is commonly understood, alike by gods, men, and booksellers, that a "taking title" has a very great deal to do with the success of a novel in the market-place. It is quite possible that English people, with faint beautiful memories of the Egberts and Alfreds of their lesson-books, found a special charm in Wessex stories, as reminding them of the pit whence they were digged. The ancient Wessex, in short, played so important a part in the making of England that it is only reasonable to suppose that its name and its erstwhile boundaries have impressed themselves more deeply on the popular imagination than those of Mercia, Northumbria, or East Anglia, the other divisions of the Heptarchy, or the Roman provinces. And once more, on this view of the matter, history is seen to lend a helping hand to its younger brother, or its child—here genealogists are undecided—prose fiction.

It is true that Mr. Hardy's Wessex is not at all the same thing as the Wessex of Egbert and Alfred. That is a commonplace; but, like most commonplaces, it

contains the germ of an untruth. The critic of the twenty-first century—if his memory is long enough—will very possibly assure his readers that Mr. Hardy's picture of Wessex took hold of the popular imagination just because of its likeness, in many essential features, to the ancient "heart of England." It is quite possible that, as Mr. Hardy assures us, he merely adopted the name of Wessex at first because it was altogether too long and cumbersome a plan to describe the scene of his stories as lying in the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Wiltshire, and Hampshire. But there is a deeper significance in the matter which Mr. Hardy himself must have been the first to recognise, so that his style became, like the dyer's hand, assimilated to the materials it used. Thus in his best novels we constantly find that much of the effect and the charm is due to the picture of a state of society that has far more in common with the Wessex of Alfred than with what common eyes see in the Dorsetshire of to-day. This, however, was not so true twenty-one years ago, when "Far from the Madding Crowd" made its first appearance, as it is now. Few events are more striking in a small way than the rapidity with which the old order has changed of recent years, till it is well-nigh beyond recognition in country parishes. The School Board and the railway are responsible for many things that, at least to the eye of the poet, the historian, and the antiquary, are not altogether blessings. We lately noticed that one reason given for the compilation of a standard dictionary of dialect was the need to garner up the fading speech of the countryside before it should be all brought to one dead level of perverted grammar and defaced "literary English." The student of folk-lore makes a similar complaint, and pessimists mutter in a peevish undertone that more important things still are being lost by this steady obliteration of the older features of rural life. "The change at the root of all this," as Mr. Hardy has noted for us, "has been the recent supplanting of the class of stationary cottagers who carried on the local traditions and humours, by a population of more or less migratory labourers, which has led to a break of continuity in local history, more fatal than any other thing to the preservation of legend, folk-lore, close inter-social relations, and eccentric individualities." It was very different in the still recent days of which Mr. Hardy writes in his tales of Casterbridge and Weydon Priors and the Hintocks. Then "five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these Wessex nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present is futurity." It is in this preservation of the old, peaceful, though impassioned, almost primeval fashion of contemplating existence, free from the rush and hasty conclusions of an age dominated by steam and electricity, "problems" and the daily papers, that many of us find the charm of Mr. Hardy's books. And in this sense it is truly the ancient Wessex of which he tells us, not merely a convenient name for sleepy Dorset and the neighbouring districts.

From the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

House of Commons,
June 25, 1901.

Dear Sir,—To my regret I cannot be with you on July 1st, but I desire to join in your expression of thanks to Mr. Stratton for the energy and perseverance with which he has worked for the abolition of sports involving cruelty to animals. The success which has attended his efforts ought to be an encouragement to pursuing a similar policy of pointing out the suffering needlessly caused by other so called sports, such as pigeon-shooting and rabbit-coursing, and we may hope that before long public opinion will decisively condemn these also.—Faithfully yours,

James Bryce.

From the Very Rev. the Dean of Durham.

The Deanery, Durham,
May 31, 1901.

Dear Mr. Salt,—I wish I could be with you, and back up gallant Mr. Stratton. We owe very great gratitude to him for his manful fight for good. Without him the Buckhounds would never have been got rid of.—Yours sincerely,

G. W. Kitchin.

From Mr. George Meredith.

Box Hill, Dorking,
June 28, 1901.

Dear Mr. Salt,—The fewer words the better when success is reached. Your efforts have gained their reward, and it will encourage you to pursue them in all fields where the good cause of Sport, or any good cause, has to be cleansed of blood and cruelty. So you make steps in our civilisation.—Yours truly, George Meredith.

From Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Max Gate, Dorchester,
June 27, 1901.

Dear Sir,—I am unable to send anything that could be read with advantage at the meeting, my views on sport in general being what are called extreme, that is, I hold it to be, in any case, immoral and unmanly to cultivate a pleasure in compassing the death of our weaker and simpler fellow-creatures by cunning, instead of learning to regard their destruction, if a necessity, as an odious task, akin to that, say, of the common hangman.

In this view the hunting of tame stags is but a detail.—Yours truly,

Thomas Hardy.

"WHY I DON'T WRITE PLAYS."

We ventured, therefore, to invite a few of the best-known writers of fiction to answer, in such form as they might think fit, the following questions:—

(1) Whether you regard the present divorce of fiction from the drama as beneficial or inimical to the best interests of literature and of the stage;

(2) Whether you, yourself, have at any time had, or now have, any desire to exercise your gifts in the production of plays as well as of novels; and, if not,

(3) Why you consider the novel the better or more convenient means for bringing your ideas before the public whom you address.

The readiness with which our invitation has been responded to is the best evidence of the interest attaching to the subject; and we have now the pleasure of beginning the publication (in the order, for the most part, in which we received the replies) of the views so kindly submitted to us for that purpose:—

I.—By Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Replying to the three questions propounded above, Mr. Hardy writes:—

1. Inimical to the best interests of the stage: no injury to literature.

2. Have occasionally had a desire to produce a play, and have, in fact, written the skeletons of several. Have no such desire in any special sense just now.

Inimical to the best interests of the stage: no injury to literature.
Have occasionally had a desire to produce a play, & have in fact written the skeletons of several. Have no such desire in any especial sense just now.
Agreeing
In general the novel affords scope for getting nearer to the heart & meaning of things than does the play, in particular the play as nowadays conditioned, when parts have to be moulded to actors, not actors to parts, when managers will not risk a truly original play, when scenes have to be arranged in a constrained & arbitrary fashion to suit the exigencies of scene-building although spectators are absolutely indifferent to order & succession, provided they can have set before them a developing thread of interest. The reason of this arbitrary arrangement would seem to be that the presentation of human passions is subordinated to the presentation of mountains, cities, clothes, furniture, plate, jewels, & other real & sham-real appurtenances, to the neglect of the principle that the material stage should be a conventional or figurative arena, in which accessories are kept down to the plane of mere suggestions of place & time, so as not to interfere with the required high-relief of the action & emotions.

T. H.

3. Because, in general, the novel affords scope for getting nearer to the heart and meaning of things than does the play: in particular the play as nowadays conditioned, when parts have to be moulded to actors, not actors to parts; when managers will not risk a truly original play; when scenes have to be arranged in a constrained and arbitrary fashion to suit the exigencies of scene-building, although spectators are absolutely indifferent to order and succession, provided they can have set before them a developing thread of interest. The reason of this arbitrary arrangement would seem to be that the presentation of human passions is subordinated to the presentation of mountains, cities, clothes, furniture, plate, jewels, and other real and sham-real appurtenances, to the neglect of the principle that the material stage should be a conventional or figurative arena, in which accessories are kept down to the plane of mere suggestions of place and time, so as not to interfere with the required high-relief of the action and emotions.

The Bookman. August 1894.

We understand that the Christmas number of *To-day* will contain a novel feature in the shape of a short story written by Mr. Thomas Hardy in collaboration with the Hon. Mrs. Henniker. This will be the first time, as far as we remember, Mr. Hardy has collaborated.

Dorset Chronicle. April 12. 1894

Mr. Thomas Hardy.—It gives one quite a shock, remarks the *Globe*, to see it announced that Mr. Thomas Hardy has been made a J.P. for Dorset, and took his seat upon the Bench at Dorchester on Wednesday. One instinctively feels that he ought to have been a Justice of the Peace for Wessex—if he must be a J.P. at all—and have taken his seat, not upon the Bench, but Under the Greenwood Tree somewhere Far from the Madding Crowd. We can only hope that he will never be tempted to try any Desperate Remedies for the reformation of the local poachers, or be led away from the strict administration of justice by a Pair of Blue Eyes.

The Independent. Dec. 13. 1894

According to Graham R. Tomson, Thomas Hardy presents a curious combination of force and fragility; he is slightly below the middle height, but strongly built, with rugged, aquiline features, pallid complexion, a crisp, closely trimmed brown beard, and moustache short enough to disclose an infrequent smile of remarkable sweetness; hair, neither light nor dark, thickly streaked with gray, and somewhat worn away from the temples; and, most noticeable feature, bright, deep-set eyes, keen as a hawk's, but, for all their watchfulness, full of a quiet *bonhomie*. Indeed, there is something not un-hawk-like about his whole physiognomy, with the predatory expression left out; in no other human face have I seen such a still intensity of observation. Not one of his photographs can be said to produce a true impression of him. His is a mobile face, in spite of its strongly marked features, and, when in the strained repose inevitable to a nervous and highly-strung person on the rack of the fashionable photographer, assumes an expression of almost harsh austerity which those who have the privilege of his intimate acquaintance feel to be a complete misrepresentation of the real man.

MR. THOMAS HARDY IN HIS STUDY AT MAX GATE, DORCHESTER

A CHAT WITH THE AUTHOR OF "TESS"

It will be perhaps the simplest and most interesting procedure on my part that I should tell my readers something about Mr. Thomas Hardy, himself and his surroundings, before going into the weightier matters of the law into which we were compelled in our discussion upon his last production, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles; a Pure Woman Faithfully Presented." Mr. Hardy is in himself a gentle and a singularly pleasing personality. Of middle height, with a very thoughtful face and rather melancholy eyes, he is nevertheless an interesting and amusing companion. He is regarded by the public at large as a hermit ever brooding in the far-off seclusion of a west country village. A fond delusion, which is disproved by the fact that he is almost more frequently to be seen in a London drawing-room, or a Continental hotel, than in the quiet old-world lanes of rural Dorsetshire. His wife, some few years younger than himself, is so particularly bright, so thoroughly *au courant du jour*, so evidently a citizen of the wide world, that the, at first, unmistakable reminiscence that there is in her of Anglican ecclesiasticism is curiously puzzling and inexplicable to the stranger, until the information is vouchsafed that she is intimately and closely connected with what the late Lord Shaftesbury would term "the higher order of the clergy."

Nor are their surroundings less interesting than themselves. The house is built on ground within a mile of Dorchester, which was given by Edward III. to his son the Black Prince; it was purchased some years ago of the Duchy of Cornwall by Mr. Thomas Hardy, who I may mention is a magistrate, and who thus becomes the first freeholder of other than Royal blood for many hundreds of years. Beneath the building itself have been discovered the skeletons and the relics of those Romans who, fifteen hundred years ago, were encamped here in great force, and remains of whose Latinity are still to be discerned in the dialect and features of some of the interesting and complex rusticities by whom Mr. Hardy is surrounded, and of whom he is so fond of writing. Pieces of red Samian, rare specimens of ancient pottery, fragments of iridescent glass, most of them discovered on his own ground by Mr. Hardy himself, meet the eye at every turn. Upon the walls hang the original illustrations of his different stories, which have been given him by his friends, Professor Herkomer, Mr. Alfred Parsons and others, whilst Mrs. Hardy's clever little water-colours go far to prove the verisimilitude of her husband's delightful fictions. In the dining-room, and overlooking the sunny breakfast table, the painting of Mr. Hardy himself—looking, with his full beard, strangely unlike the almost clean-shaven person with whom I am talking—confronts the little engraved portrait of Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy—who was, I presume, a relative of the novelist—and in whose arms Lord Nelson passed away in the hour of his greatest triumph.

It was by the drawing-room fire that we sat discussing the frail but charming "Tess."

"You cannot imagine how many letters my husband received," said Mrs. Hardy, "begging him to end his story brightly. One dear old gentleman of over eighty wrote, absolutely insisting upon her complete forgiveness and restitution." "And why did you not, Mr. Hardy?" said I. "Surely without any very great stretching of points Tess might have left with Angel when he returned to her, and so have avoided her last great sin, with its fearful punishment?"

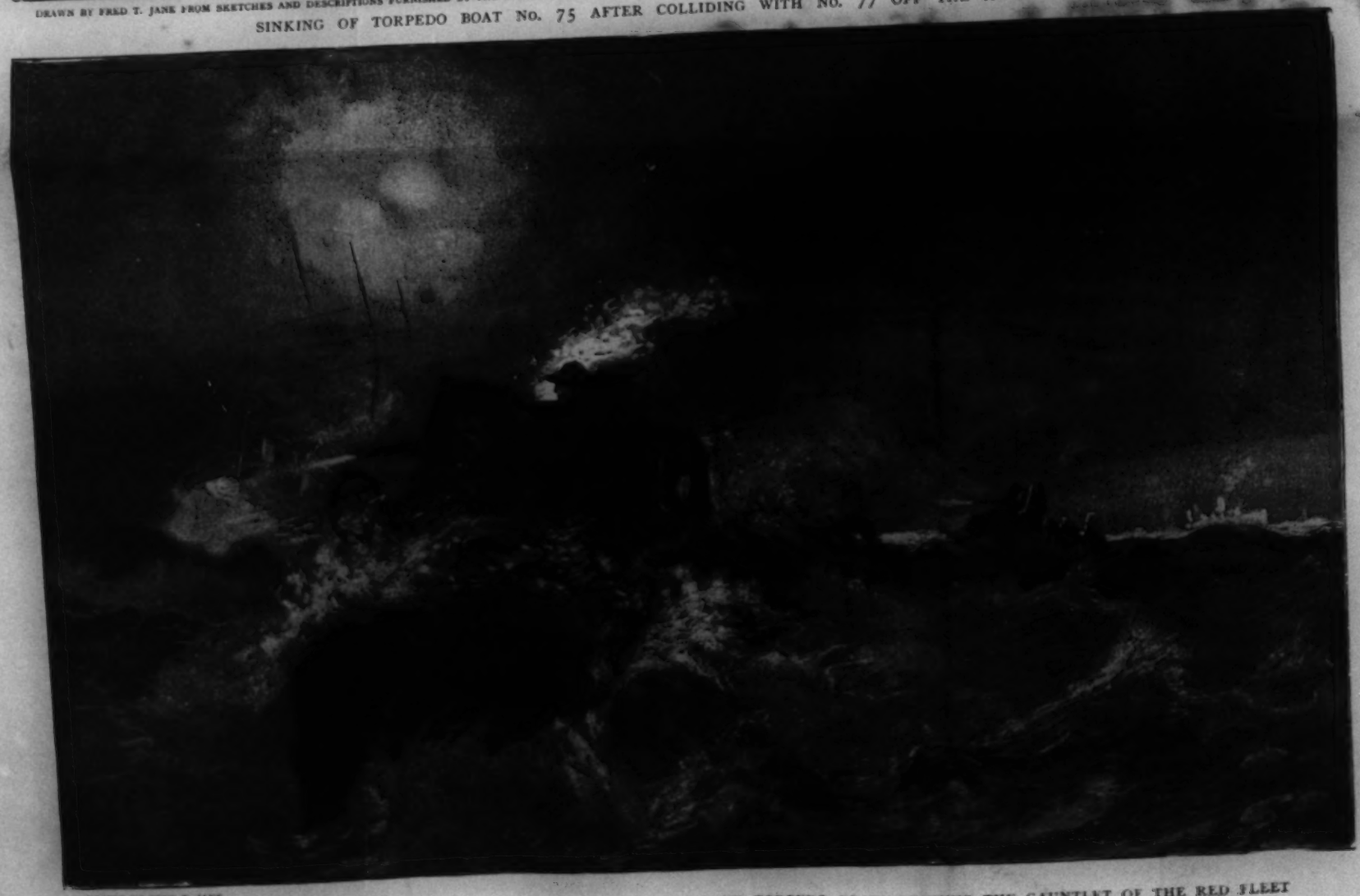
Mr. Hardy shook his head.

"No," he replied, "the optimistic 'living happy ever after' always raises in me a greater horror by its ghastly unreality than the honest sadness that comes of a logical and inevitable tragedy.

"The murder that Tess commits is the hereditary quality, to which I more than once allude, working out in this impoverished descendant of a once noble family. That is logical. And again, it is but a simple transcription of the obvious that she should make reparation by death for her sin. Many women who have written to me have forgiven Tess because she expiated her offence on the scaffold. You ask why Tess should not have gone off with Clare, and 'lived happily ever after.' Do you not see that under *any* circumstances they were doomed to unhappiness? A sensitive man like Angel Clare could never have been happy with her. After the first few months he would inevitably have thrown her failings in her face. He did not recoil from her after the murder it is true. He was in love with her failings then I suppose; he had not seen her for a long time; with the inconsistency of human nature he forgave the greater sin when he could not pardon the lesser, feeling perhaps that by her desperate act she had made some reparation. She had done what she could. She had done exactly what I think one of her nature under similar circumstances would have done in real life. It is led up to right through the story. One looks for the climax. One is not to be cheated out of it by the exigencies of inartistic conventionality. And so there come the tears of faithful tragedy in place of the ghastly and affected smile of the conventionally optimistic writer. And it is the very favourable reception by the public of this sad ending to my story that has impressed me as a good sign. At one time a publisher would tell you that 'a tragic ending' was always a failure. Now, however, people have studied more fully the fictions of all time, and are infinitely more artistic."

DRAWN BY FRED T. JANE FROM SKETCHES AND DESCRIPTIONS FURNISHED BY THE SURVIVORS

SINKING OF TORPEDO BOAT No. 75 AFTER COLLIDING WITH No. 77 OFF THE MAIDENS



DRAWN BY FRED T. JANE

WITH THE BLUE SQUADRON — "DEFEATED NOT DISGRACED": THE BLUE TORPEDO BOATS RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE RED FLEET

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

At this moment Mrs. Hardy placed in my hand a sketch by Mr. H. J. Moule, which sketch, drawn on the spot, represents the actual house in which the bride's confession—the turning point of the whole story—took place. "That is Woolbridge Manor House," explained my host, "one of the seats of the ———, the family to whom Tess belonged by right of her descent. In that house and on that same night, if you remember, she tried on the jewels that Clare gave her. I think I must tell you that that was an idea of Mrs. Hardy's." "And a very pretty and effective idea it was," I replied, with which opinion my feminine readers are sure to agree. "And, Mr. Hardy," I went on, "it is no mere figment of your brain that Tess was of ancient lineage, and possessed of more old 'skelingtons' than anyone else in the country."

"Oh, no," replied the author. "It is an absolute fact. I will go and fetch you the genealogical tree of the actual family." While he was out of the room Mrs. Hardy told me of her overhearing some labourer boasting to a friend of the vault at Bere Regis, which was full of the "skelingtons" of his family. It was a fact, she said, that this man was always addressed by an antiquarian clergyman as "Sir John"; "for," said he, "he *is* Sir John." And she was much interested, as was Mr. Hardy, when I told them that on a very recent occasion, in an old Northamptonshire church, I had stood by the carved effigy of a crusader, whose embalmed heart, brought home from the land of the Saracens, was visible in an adjacent pillar; and that the only living descendant of the family was an old labourer who lived in the village, where his long dead ancestors had once reigned supreme.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Hardy, "there are many such cases about here. You will trace noble lineage in many a face, and there is a certain conscious pride about some of these people which differentiates them at once from middle class cockneyism or provincialism. And in another sense, the rather free and easy mode of life adopted by the squires of the last century, has contributed to the ancient lineage and to the fine features of many of the labouring classes in this neighbourhood. A gentleman told me the other day of a whole village to which he was related through his grandfather. Here is the pedigree of Tess's family," said my host, as he placed an enormous volume in my hand. And here I traced, without a break, right back to the Conquest, the records of this stately house. "Woolbridge Manor House," continued Mr. Hardy after a time, "as you can see by Mr. Moule's sketch, is only a farmhouse now. The farmer's wife has lately been much exercised as to what the many pilgrimages to her house have meant. You will see on the stairs, exactly as I have described, those two dreadful portraits of Tess's ancestresses; and only a few weeks ago a number of records of the family were discovered hidden away amongst the rafters in the roof."

"I suppose, Mr. Hardy, that most of your characters are drawn from life?"

MAX GATE

THE SCENE OF THE BRIDE'S CONFESSION, FROM "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES"

"Oh yes, almost all of them. Tess, I only once saw in the flesh. I was walking along one evening and a cart came along in which was seated my beautiful heroine, who, I must confess, was urging her steed along with rather unnecessary vehemence of language. She coloured up very much when she saw me, but—as a novelist—I fell in love with her at once and adopted her as my heroine. Old Mr. Clare was a Dorsetshire parson whose name still lives enshrined in the hearts of thousands. 'Shepherd Oak,' in 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' I knew well as a boy; while 'Bathsheba Everdene' is a reminiscence of one of my own aunts. Our family, you know, has lived here for centuries. 'Joseph Poorgrass,' 'Eustacia,' and 'Susan Nonsuch' in the 'Return of the Native,' were all well-known local characters. Girls resembling the three dairymaids in 'Tess' used to get me to write their love-letters for them when I was a little boy. I suppose," he went on, replying to a question, "that unconsciously I absorbed a good deal of their mode of life and speech, and so I have been able to reproduce it in the dairy at 'Talbothays.'"

I observed how thoroughly and effectually he had disposed of the current conception of Hodge as a mere soulless, mindless humanity. Replied Mr. Hardy, "And what a ridiculous idea! The English peasantry as a rule are full of character and sentiment which are less often found in the strained, calculating, unromantic middle classes. As I have said in 'Tess,' so I say now, 'Hodge' is a delusion. Rustic ideas, the modes, the surroundings, appear retrogressive and unmeaning at first. After a time, if you live amongst them, you will find as Angel Clare found, that variety takes the place of monotony. The people begin to differentiate themselves, as in a chemical process. The labourer is disintegrated into a number of varied fellow creatures, beings of many minds, infinite in difference: some happy, many serene, a few depressed, one here and there, bright even to genius; some stupid, others wanton, others austere; some mute Miltons, some potential Cromwells. The men strong, heroic souls; the girls dainty heroines. Much of which I ascribe to the fact that in many cases our peasantry is the sole remnant of mediæval England.

On the following morning, frosty and brilliant, Mr. Hardy took me for a stroll, pointing out as we walked along "Egdon Heath," which, bathed in sunshine, lay in the far blue distance. "Between the heath and us, in that hollow there," said he, "is Talbothay's dairy. The road running whitely through the moorland leads to the 'Trumpet Major's' home near Weymouth. And here," said he, a few minutes later, as he pointed to an old red-brick house standing on the outskirts of Dorchester, which of course is known to all Mr. Hardy's readers as "Casterbridge," "here is where Judge Jeffries lodged in the Bloody Assize, and upon the spot on which we are now standing, and which to this day is called 'Gallows Hill,' he one morning hanged eighty people."

Turning away from the town we presently found ourselves pacing up and down the old Roman amphitheatre, where once had been realised the wild beast's spring, the victim's shriek, the plaudits of the cruel thousands; where long after—in 1705—a hundred thousand people had gathered to watch the burning alive of some poor wretch who had poisoned her husband. All was still now, and as peaceful and sunny as on that day when "the Mayor of Casterbridge" met his wife at the old Roman encampment. In the distance rising against the sky, Maiden Castle, with its Titanic personality, compelled the senses to regard it and consider. Here, far from the madding crowd, uninfluenced by modern conventionalism, unrestrained by Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Hardy and I, pacing up and down the green yielding grass, very seriously discussed the moral aspects afforded to the thoughtful reader by his

extraordinary and really magnificent presentment of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

"But now Mr. Hardy," said I, "I have to quarrel seriously with you for your deliberate description of 'Tess' as a *pure* woman. For the moment please you will regard me as a representative of the British public, of the narrow-minded as of the liberal, of the club-man in Piccadilly as of Mrs. Grundy in some provincial town. You must let me state the case. I can quite understand that you claim a purity for poor Tess after her *first* fall, the outcome, as she pitifully tells her mother, of sheer ignorance. But how on earth you can describe her as a pure woman after her absolutely unnecessary return to Alec D'Urberville, I cannot conceive; for you cannot plead with F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, that in her case 'a woman's worst fault arises from a perverted idea of self-sacrifice.' And to add to her sin a cruel murder is, at first sight, absolutely unjustifiable."

"Very well," replied Mr. Hardy, "but I still maintain that her innate purity remained intact to the very last; though I frankly own that a certain outward purity left her on her last fall. I regarded her then as being in the hands of circumstances, not morally responsible, a mere corpse drifting with the current to her end." "And then again," said I, "you appear to ignore the idea much put forward of late by certain very earnest people that purity is as binding on men as on women, when you depict that very odious young gentleman, Angel Clare, casting off his wife for an offence of ignorance, and yet the very next week proposing to elope with her friend. I grant you that you are true to human nature. Sometimes it seems impossible for the most high-minded reformers to attempt to legislate for us *men*, as though we were angels. They doubtless are theoretically right, but practically they are hopelessly in the wrong. Nature herself is against them. Remorselessly she exacts a purity in woman which she does not demand from man; and you have shown this truth in 'Tess' I think."

Mr. Hardy replied: "Exactly. That is what I have striven to show. I have adhered to *human nature*. I draw no inferences, I don't even feel them. I only try to give an artistic shape to standing facts. Angel Clare you describe as odious. Well, I have had many letters from men who say they would have done exactly as he did. Angel is a type of a certain class of the modern young man. Cruel, but not intentionally so. It was the fault of his fastidious temperament. Had he not been a man of great subtilty of mind, he would have followed his brothers into the church. But he had intellectual freedom in the dairy. A subtle, poetical man, he preferred that life to the conventional life."

"Yes," I replied with a smile, "and a number of pretty dairymaids to fall in love with him."

"Ah," interpolated Mr. Hardy, "all my men correspondents condemn that as impossible; all my women friends say it is exactly what would have happened." With which I quite agreed. "For them, poor dears," said I, "a gentleman would exercise an irresistible fascination. But, Mr. Hardy," I continued, "why boast of his freedom from convention when, at the most crucial moment, he shows himself as much a slave to it all as his very priggish brothers would have been?"

"Precisely, that is the inconsistency of human nature," replied Mr. Hardy; "he always professed to despise ancient lineage, and yet as a matter of fact he was delighted that Tess was a D'Urberville."

"I revel," said I, "in your delineations of feminine character, Mr. Hardy. I fancy you realise with me the fact that, in the case of women especially, *les extrêmes se touchent*. Human nature is far stronger in the Duchess and the dairymaid than it is in the daughter of the lawyer or the draper at Little Pedlington. You would find far more 'Tesses' amongst the aristocracy than you would amongst middle-class provincials."

"That is probably true," was the reply. "One often notices in the woman of position the same transparency of passions, the same impulses, the same gentle, candid femininity that you meet with in dairymaids. The higher or the lower you go, the more natural are the people—especially the women. Hence, perhaps, they are deceived more easily."

"Yes," I answered, "they greatly loving, greatly dare." I pursued the train of thought and asked Mr. Hardy if he had discovered—as I myself on a recent occasion had found out—that Mrs. Grundy has different faces, and that in consequence protestations and approvals came from the most unexpected quarters. "Certainly I have," replied he. "Every clergyman I know has broadly approved of my book as a story, and especially of the christening scene, which, in deference to the advice of a certain friend of mine, a thorough man of the world, I had left out in the serial publication of 'Tess.'"

"You must have felt it a pain to bring her to so fearful an end."

"Yes," said Mr. Hardy, "such dreams are we made of that I often think of the day when, having decided that she must die, I went purposely to Stonehenge to study the spot. It was a very gloomy, lowering day, and the skies almost seemed to touch the pillars of the great heathen temple."

"And the ultimate result of your book, Mr. Hardy, will be, I hope, that a greater freedom will exist for the decent, grave consideration of certain deep problems of human life."

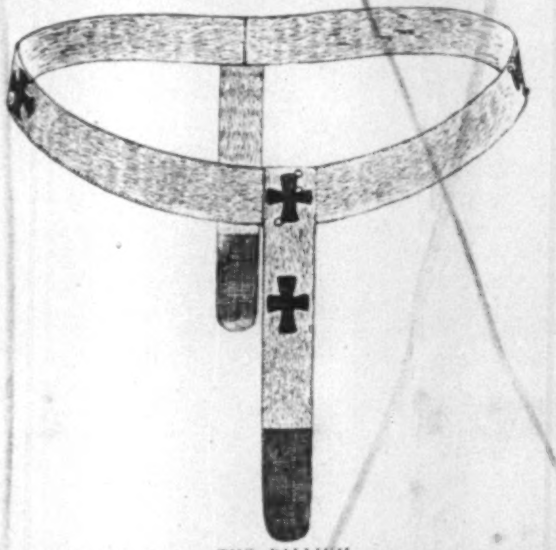
"Well," replied Mr. Hardy with a smile, "that would be a very ambitious hope on my part. Remember I am only a learner in the art of novel writing. Still I do feel very strongly that the position of man and woman in nature, things which everyone is thinking and nobody saying, may be taken up and treated frankly. Until lately novelists have been obliged to arrange situations and *dénouements* which they knew to be indescribably unreal, but dear to the heart of the amiable library subscriber. See how this ties the hands of a writer who is forced to make his characters act unnaturally, in order that he may produce the spurious effect of their being in harmony with social forms and ordinances."

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

ABOUT THE PALLIUM.

IN connection with the investiture of Archbishop Vaughan last week, some account of the history and significance of the Pallium will be of interest. Every year, on the feast of St. Agnes (January 21), while the choir are singing the antiphon "Stans a dextris ejus agnus nive candidior," in her church in the Via Nomentana, outside Rome, two white lambs are offered at the sanctuary rails by the community of Lateran Canons Regular. The lambs are placed upon the altar, blessed and presented to two canons of St. John Lateran, who afterwards take them in a carriage to the Pope to receive his blessing. They are then given into the care of some religious until shearing time, when the wool is taken and woven into pallia by the nuns of the Convent of Torre de Speechi. On the day before the feast of SS. Peter and Paul the new pallia are laid upon the altar in the Confessio of St. Peter's, the crypt in which the body of the Apostle reposes. By a constitution of Benedict XIV. they are to be blessed by the Pope after the vespers sung on the vigil. After consecration, they were formerly taken to the sacristy until wanted, but they are now left in a gilt coffer, in the closest proximity to the tomb of the Apostles, that the words used in conferring the Pallium may be verified as literally as possible. "Tradiums tibi Pallium de corpore beati Petri sumptum——"

Respecting the use of this vestment, the rule which St. Gregory had so strongly at heart is now established throughout the Western Church. The Metropolitan-elect "may not lawfully ordain clerics, consecrate Bishops, dedicate churches, or assume the title of Archbishop," until the Pallium has been conferred upon him; and even then he can only wear it during solemn High Mass within his own diocese, and that only on certain festivals. The only instance in which the insignia may be worn outside a cathedral or church is when the crowd of worshippers is so great as to necessitate Mass being sung in the open air. When the Archbishop's envoy makes application for the Pallium, which he does in the following prescribed formula:—"I, ——, elect of the Church of ——, petition urgently, more urgently, most urgently, that there may be conceded and transmitted to me a Pallium taken from the body of blessed Peter, in which is the fulness of the Pontifical office," he must promise to take it to its destined recipient with the greatest despatch. He undertakes not to rest for more than one night, if possible, upon the journey, and in that case he is to be careful that the Pallium be kept in a church—or, better still, in a cathedral. The Pallium is buried with its possessor after his death, and when the tomb of an Archbishop has been opened some trace of a Pallium is frequently found. At Canterbury not long since the body of Archbishop Hubert Walter was exhumed, and it was discovered that the silk vestments in which he was buried were in good preservation, the gold pins with which the Pallium was affixed were the same, but the woollen texture of the Pallium had disappeared, except that between the little sheets of lead which weighted the ends, enclosed a few threads of the material and preserved it from the action of the atmosphere. So strict is the rule, that in the event of an Archbishop being drowned at sea and his body not recovered, the sacred insignia of his Pontifical office may not be conferred upon his successor, but must be destroyed by burial in the ground or fire.



THE PALLIUM

THE EARL OF JERSEY, Governor of New South Wales, gives a very favourable account of his recent visit to the Australian Irrigation Settlements. The lands are situated in Victoria and South Australia, where some five thousand colonists, chiefly from the mother country, have settled during the last four or five years. They are engaged almost exclusively in fruit growing, their plantations occupying areas which have been transformed from arid wastes by a system of irrigation by the waters of the river Murray. This utilisation of hitherto unproductive areas opens up a wide prospect for future development. The people of these settlements are confident of success, and we may hope that their enterprise will be the forerunner of many similar undertakings.

THE first day of the Leopardstown Summer Meeting, although very fine and warm, was disappointing both from a racing and a social point of view, the former being on the whole poor, while the attendance was much inferior both in quality and quantity to what it was last year, and the empty Viceregal Stand had a dull and depressing air. The 10th Hussars and the Coldstream Guards drove down from Dublin, taking luncheon for their friends. Lady Ridgway, in a fawn-coloured dress and a white hat, came with Sir West Ridgway, Colonel Follett brought Lady Julia in grey, and Lord Shaftesbury, Captain Bryan, and Colonel and Mrs. M'Calmont, the latter wearing a very smart brocade with her heliotrope coat and waistcoat, were amongst those present.

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

March. 1894

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

AN EVENING WITH THOMAS HARDY. (largely faked)

"Do you smoke? You'll find some cigarettes in this box. I have given up smoking myself, and the consequence is that I sometimes forget my friends."

Mrs. Hardy had just left the pink-lighted dining-room of the novelist's house on the outskirts of Dorchester, and we drew up our chairs to the fire preparatory to a chat.

"So you are publishing another volume of short stories, Mr. Hardy," I begin, in allusion to his new book.

"Yes, a collection of those that have appeared in the magazines since the publication of *A Group of Noble Dames*, more than three years ago—about twenty in all. I like doing a short story occasionally, if only as a relief to the tension of writing three-volume novels. In the midst of a book one is chained to one's task, so to speak; even if you are not under contract to finish it by a certain time, the 'fever of composition' is upon you, and nothing can be enjoyed till the last chapter is written."

"But it is sometimes said that a short story requires as great an effort——"

"Yes, I know; and since some promising young men write only short stories, there has been a theory that they require greater art. But to my mind that is absurd. With a short story you have simply one episode to deal with, and it cannot possibly call for as much effort or for more art than a number of incidents standing as cause and effect in their relation to each other."

"In reading *A Group of Noble Dames*, Mr. Hardy, I was greatly struck by the waste of good material. In one story you put the material, as far as plot goes, of a long novel."

"Yes, I suppose I was wasteful. But there, it doesn't matter, for I have far more material now than I shall ever be able to make use of."

"In note-books?"

"Yes, and in my head. I don't believe in that idea of a man's imaginative powers becoming naturally exhausted; I believe that if he liked, a man could go on writing till his physical strength gave out. Most men exhaust themselves prematurely by something artificial—their manner of living—Scott and Dickens, for example. Victor Hugo, on the other hand, who was so long in exile, and who necessarily lived a very simple life during much of his time, was writing as well as ever till he died at a good old age. So too was Carlyle, if we except his philosophy, the least interesting part of him. The great secret is, perhaps, for a writer to be content with the life he was leading when he made his first success; not to enter into a constantly increasing round of social pleasures and gaiety. Do I? Well, I spend here at least six months of the year, seldom paying a visit anywhere, though I get a good many visitors. I find that in these six months I can do more work than I could in London all the year. Thus I am free to spend the remaining six months as I please—three or four months in London, a month or two at country-houses, in Scotland, or on the Continent."

"I suppose you are still fond of rambling about the country?"

"Well, I am not such a good walker as I was. At one time I thought nothing of twenty or twenty-five miles in a day. Now I am out of training, and could not do half."

Looking closely at the novelist, I can see evidence that a recent severe attack of influenza has rather pulled him down. His face, I should say, always had "the pale cast of thought," with

none of the ruddy colour which is generally produced by residence in the country, and there are lines of experience as well as of thought on the high, open brow. Mr. Hardy's figure, however, of about the medium height, can be seen, as he stands by the fireside, to be lithe and supple, and on the whole he scarcely looks the age with which biographers credit him.

We speak next of Mr. Hardy's essay into dramatic authorship last year. His little play was one of a programme of five, a bad arrangement. Consequently, its run was a short one.

"I was more unfortunate in that matter," says Mr. Hardy, "than you may suppose. I was foolish enough to part with the acting rights of *The Three Wayfarers* for a period of five years, so that there is not much prospect of the thing seeing the light again for some time."

"But shall you not write another play?"

"I don't know that I shall. In my opinion the drama is an inferior form of art, although there are, it is true, greater possibilities in it in one sense, appealing as it does so powerfully and directly to the feelings and emotions. But on the stage you can take such liberties with your characters, bringing about sudden changes in their temperaments and motives that would be ridiculous in a novel; while, on the other hand, you are seriously embarrassed by limitations of time and space. A play which the papers praise as really first-rate ranks in point of art, and, above all, character-drawing, no higher than a second or third-rate novel."

"Then the author is so dependent on the actors and actresses."

"Yes, they may put into or take out of the play almost as much as the author, not altogether in words, but in characterization. I was much struck with this when conducting the rehearsals of an adaptation of one of my novels some years ago for the stage. And then when I went with Barrie to see his play, *Walker, London*, it was most awkward. I would laugh at some line or other, and say, 'Ah, now, that's good.' 'Oh, that's not mine, that's Toole's,' Barrie would mournfully reply. 'There is a good deal that is fresh since I was here last!'"

"Are you fond of going to the theatre yourself, Mr. Hardy?"

"Oh, my play-going is done in fits and starts. When I am in London or Paris I sometimes go and see two dozen plays in succession, and then perhaps I don't go to a theatre for a year."

"Shall we go into the next room?" exclaims the novelist, observing that I have just thrown my cigarette-end into the glowing embers. We cross a square, softly lighted hall, and enter a large apartment, where Mr. Hardy throws himself on to a couch, and I take a seat by an occasional table, on which are piled some of the current numbers of the magazines and journals —the *English Illustrated*, *Harper's*, the *Sketch*, *To-Day*, *Longman's*, *Scribner's*, etc., etc.

"What a mass of periodicals come here by the post!" says Mr. Hardy reflectively, as he sways himself on the couch. "And every time I look at a railway book-stall I see many more than I have ever even heard of. Even at a station like Weymouth the other day I saw several that were quite fresh to me."

"Yes, indeed, more and more employment for literary people," I reply lightly.

"Well, I question the advisability of journalism as a training for the literary man. It destroys the spontaneity, I am afraid, of his impressions, leads him to take too professional a view of life. If I had three or four novels before me—one by a journalist, another by an engineer, and another by a farmer—I would back either of the latter against the journalist's for real, genuine interest and freshness. Of course, there is journalistic work of various sorts; a man who was writing the money article or political leaders would probably be able to do imaginative work quite independently of that by which he was earning a livelihood."

"Ah, there is that question of a livelihood to be considered, Mr. Hardy."

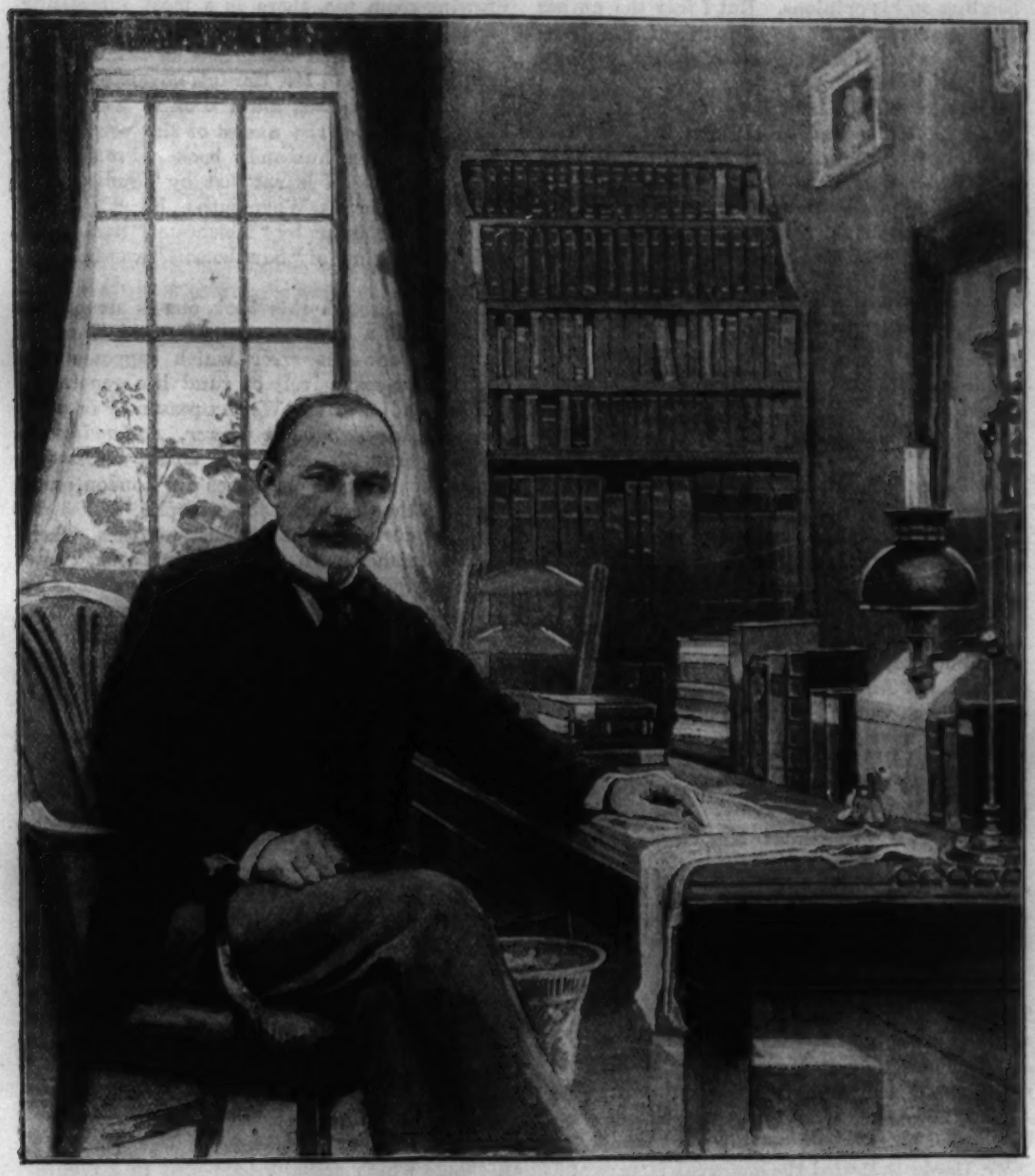
"Yes, there is; the literary man must have the means of support while he is preparing for his work. But some standpoint in a totally independent profession is best, I fancy, for that. Of course, I do not ignore the trade value of journalism to a literary career. One is at a serious disadvantage, from the log-rolling point of view, in starting as I did, quite unknown to the press and the press world. A new author, whose friends are in journalism, naturally finds the way smoothed for him."

"Do you attach much practical importance, then, to criticism?"

"To the new author, certainly; criticism may make or mar his book. I remember, for instance, how the sale of *Desperate Remedies*, which had been fairly good, almost stopped after the appearance of a very severe notice. On the other hand, condemnations of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* had no effect whatever on the popularity of the book."

"*Tess* is wonderfully popular."

"Yes, but the frankness of the book has brought me some asperities, in the shape of letters and reviews mostly. In writing the story I expected such criticism, but the criticism has not come from the people I expected. There have been very few objectors really; in their secret hearts people know there is nothing honestly to object to. As a matter of fact, my tone has been the same in regard to moral questions for the twenty years or more I have been



THOMAS HARDY AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.

writing. From the very beginning I resolved to speak out. I remember that in the first edition of *Desperate Remedies* there were many passages exhibiting a similar plainness to *Tess*. Some of these were eliminated in the one-volume edition, in deference to my publishers; but I am sorry now that I did so, and if ever the book is included in the uniform edition of my works the old passages shall be restored."

"From whom have these objections to *Tess* chiefly come, Mr. Hardy?"

"I fancy from wives who have played the part of Tess without telling their husbands, and husbands who have played the part of Alec without telling their wives. The other day a modest young lady reproached me for having allowed Tess to be hanged. Her companion, a fast wife, remarked, 'Ugh, it's a pity, I think, they weren't all hanged!' Some of the religious papers have not been unreasonable, but I am surprised that none of them used a point which was suggested to me the other day, that the tale illustrated the evil that may be done by suddenly destroying a man's faith, as Clare did Alec's through Tess

handing on his opinions. But I fear the author was Balaam in that. As a matter of fact, however, *Tess* has been the text of many sermons. See, here is one."

And the novelist handed me the printed copy of a sermon preached by a South London vicar, which had the moral questions raised in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* for its theme. The sermon had been sent to him by its sympathetic author.

Our talk about the clever books of the year led me to interrogate Mr. Hardy about the younger writers generally.

"I think Sarah Grand," said Mr. Hardy, "made the mistake of putting two distinct and independent stories into one book. She has explained to me that originally she had contemplated writing not one, but two novels, with the materials she has used in *The Heavenly Twins*."

Of Barry Pain, he said: "I prefer him in his serious moods; I don't care so much for his humour. Zangwill has made an excellent beginning with *The Children of the Ghetto*."

"But he told me the other day that he did not care to continue writing about Jewish life."

"Indeed, that's very curious, that a man should not care to continue doing what he can do so well. And I should think there's a fine field for such work. Up to the present there has not been a novelist of real Jewish life, for somehow or the other I don't think George Eliot's Jews can be regarded as creatures of flesh and blood."

"As a rule," continued Mr. Hardy, after a pause in our conversation, "I think it is a mistake for a man to begin publishing when he's very young. A man's first efforts are almost sure to be imitative. What was my own beginning? Well, I scribbled from the age of sixteen, but my first book was not published till 1871. The first thing of mine which saw the light was a short paper in *Chambers' Journal*, which I called, 'How I Built Myself a House,' written when I was still designing churches with Sir Arthur Blomfield, whose portrait, by the way, hangs over there."

Mr. Hardy indicated the engraved picture of a fine, intellectual-looking old man, which hangs by the side of the overmantel. "It was a fine school," adds Mr. Hardy, "the school of Street, R.A., and others, who were really artists just awakening and feeling their way: and though they were all wrong, their stage of thought was one that it was necessary to pass through. There are architects and architects, of course; some who are true artists, others who can be better described as builders."

Of Mrs. Hardy's artistic talent, the walls of Max Gate give evidence in the shape of various water-colour sketches of rural scenes. In the drawing-room, too, there is a most interesting series of pictures by Herkomer, Du Maurier, Strang, and Alfred Parsons—the originals of the illustrations in Mr. Hardy's novels.

Mrs. Hardy showed me a book in which she keeps a record of the names of the people and the places in her husband's books. From these interesting notes I learnt that by "Budmouth," Mr. Hardy means Weymouth; by "Wintoncester," Winchester; by "Melchester," Salisbury; while the original of "Sandbourne" was Bournemouth.

Looking through this book, one is struck by the error of a common conception of Thomas Hardy's work—the error which supposes his books to be exclusively of rural life generally, and of the life of the Wessex peasantry in particular. In *Two on a Tower*, *A Laodicean*, and *Desperate Remedies*, one comes across the names of different localities in London, and towns on the Continent, for example.

"It is curious," the novelist remarks, when I have finished with Mrs. Hardy's book, "how differently people regard the use I have made of their ancestors or of their ancestral residences. At a dinner-party, the lady I have taken into the room has asked me if I could not put her house into my next book, while other people have been angry because I have done so."

"I suppose most of your knowledge of these old romances in *A Group of Noble Dames* is gained from hearsay, not from printed records?"

"Nearly all. In this story of *The Countess of Wessex*, the only fact which can be learned from the records—and it was this, of course, which first attracted my attention—is that the child was married at that age. That is given in the usual way; born in such a year, married at another date, twelve years later. The other facts in the story have been handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. It is a singular fact that I am personally acquainted with eight ladies who are her direct descendants, and they are nearly all as piquant as she."

Tess of the D'Urbervilles is similarly founded on events which actually happened in a family which is now living, although some of the novelist's indignant correspondents are quite unaware of the fact. The old house of the D'Urbervilles, for example, in which Tess makes her confession on the day of her marriage with Angel Clare, is but ten miles from Max Gate. It is known, not as "Wellbridge House," but as Woolbridge House.

One cannot fail to observe, in the course of a talk with Thomas Hardy, how deep is his attachment to the scenes he has described so well, how keen his appreciation of the sentiment which clings to many of the old aspects and disappear-

ing customs of rural life in Wessex. He laments, for one thing, the abolition of the old choirs in the village churches, in respect to which, as many will remember, there is so pathetic a story in *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

Mr. Hardy is not a little interested in the evidences of the Roman occupation which the district of Dorchester affords. From the garden around his own house he has taken a goodly collection of stones, coins, and other relics of the Roman period. Among the most curious things in a box which is brought into the room for my inspection, is a Roman lady's fibula.

"It is the duplicate of one which they have in the British Museum," explains Mr. Hardy, as I examine the time-worn jewel. "There it is described as a 'cloak-fastener.' But this, I think, must be an error, for I took this from a female skull, where it had evidently fastened a band around the head." Some of his prizes Mr. Hardy has sent to the Dorchester Museum, the committee of which institution has the honour of numbering him among its members.

"Few people in Dorchester, I am afraid, think much of the memorials of the town's past. Sometime ago a shopkeeper, in making some alterations, pulled down an old Gothic doorway, and it would have been carted away with other 'rubbish,' had it not been discovered in time. The stones were then taken to the Museum, but as it is only a small building, they were found to be in the way there, and the question arose, 'What is to be done with them?' The committee interviewed the house-owner, and asked him to allow the doorway to be put back again in its original position. He agreed to this after some demur, on our agreeing to pay all the expenses."

Max Gate is so named from an old toll-house which stood at the Fordington end of Dorchester, quite close to the spot where Mr. Hardy seven years ago built his house as a "writing-box." The house is not very large, nor of pretentious design, but standing on high ground, it is swept by healthful breezes, and is it not in the midst of the country in which the novelist's ancestors held land and exercised feudal sway, and from which he has drawn so rich a harvest of romance and fancy? Walking from Max Gate to the railway station at the other end of the town, one easily recognises the "Casterbridge" of which Mr. Henchard was Mayor; and in the train, beginning the journey back to London, one sees it as it is described in the novel, "an indistinct mass behind a dense stockade of limes and chestnuts, set in the midst of rotund down and concave field."

MAX GATE: THOMAS HARDY'S HOME NEAR DORCHESTER.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE MAKING OF PAUL.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

By DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A.

The early manhood of the "young man named Saul" ranks in interest, suggestiveness, and importance next to the early manhood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Though the "least of the apostles," he is the most distinguished of the servants of the Founder of Christianity. He is His chief missionary; he holds the primary place amongst the expositors of His revelation, and is the first and most prolific contributor to that marvel of literature the New Testament. From him the most aggressive and abiding, if not the first Christian societies derive their origin; and he is the man to whom more than to any one else, except Christ Himself, it is due that the pure gospel stream of truth and life was not lost in the quicksands of Jewish superstition, sacerdotalism, and selfishness, and at length became the free and true, strong and universal religion of mankind.

1. The making of this remarkable man is revealed to us in six photographs; taken at different times, some by himself, others by the evangelist Luke.[1] They are small, but they mark the successive stages of his growth, and suggest the formative energies operative at the chief epochs of his career. In two of them, the latch of the door of his home at Tarsus is lifted, and we are enabled to see his family surroundings. It is a Jew's home; ruled by the Jew's book, illumined by the Jew's religion, brightened by the Jew's hope, and dignified by the Jew's conquering sense of primary relationship to the Eternal God.

The young man starts with the inestimable advantage of belonging to a godly stock. He is of the race of Israel; and he knows it, is proud of it, and feels that it means something of responsibility and of privilege. Though born away yonder in the city of Tarsus, that is not his true home, his native land. He is of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. In his make there is a susceptibility to enthusiasm and religion. He is a lad of character; carries a nature that can glow: a soul awake to the Godward side of life. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy;" and some homes, instead of clouding the divine treasures, disclose their worth and beauty. "Great natures," Froude tells us, "tend to serious thoughts of life and duty." Luther's did in his boyhood. Jesus felt He "must be about His Father's business" before He was twelve years of age. So the nature of young Saul, rich in energy, insight, and will, responded to the religious influences that he breathed first in his home, and subsequently in the school of Gamaliel; and he grew up, not only "instructed" in the things that belonged to the great spiritual aristocracy of Israel, but drilled, after the habit of Jewish lads, in the practical processes of a trade—the trade of "tent making"—baptized in the traditions of his people, fired with passionate ritualistic zeal, daring in his ambitions, and strong in faith in God and in the reality of the spiritual world.

But there is a moral chemistry working so mysteriously in our young lives that we cannot trace its movements. It is there, and it is almost resistless; but we know it not. The Hebrew home of Saul was in touch with the literature of Greece, and the civilization of Rome. The broad-minded Gamaliel was the accepted and preferred, but not the only teacher. The broadening effect of the wider life of Athens, and of the ordered life of the Eternal City, could not be shut out; and though he knew it not, these forces were co-operating with his ancestral religion to make him the large-hearted, catholic-spirited thinker and worker he afterwards became. It is most likely Greek culture only touched the surface of his nature. A thoroughly classic training cannot be claimed for Saul. His references to the Greek poets are few; and it is more than probable he picked up his knowledge of them in the streets, and not in the schools or the university of Tarsus. But the power was there; and though the rabbinic methods and sacerdotal spirit of Judaism so effectually suppressed it that it seems to have had no influence in forming the habits of his mind and character, and left him, as he says, extremely devoted to Judaism even beyond many of his contemporaries, yet it was latent, waiting to make itself manifest in the day of his freedom. Young Saul thus gains a fine start in the race of life. He is a lad of character, endowed with high-pressure energy and fire, capable of projecting his whole soul into any enterprise he takes up. He is in touch with the best sources of knowledge. He knows the Old Testament: it is his text-book; his repertory of facts and arguments, and his fountain of inspiration. He sits at the feet of the ablest teacher living, and is arrested by, and invested with the forces working at the heart of the three chief civilizations of the world—the Greek, the Roman, and the Hebrew. Moreover, he is born at the dawn of the new era in the history of the world. He is nearly of the

[1] (1) Acts vii. 58; (2) xxii. 3; (3) xxvi. 4, 5; (4) Galatians i. 13, 15; (5) Philippians iii. 5; (6) Romans vii.

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TWO DELINEATORS OF WESSEX.

THE ancient kingdom of Wessex comprised roughly the counties of Hampshire, Wilts, Berks, Somerset, Dorset, and part of Devon. Here are to be found traces of neolithic and lake-dwelling races, followed by a Celtic people almost as shadowy—tribes of Belgæ and Durotriges—upon whose remains conquering Rome, in turn, stamped her gigantic imprint. Here is the country of legendary history, where St. Joseph of Arimathea landed, bringing with him that mysterious thorn we may still see blooming at Christmas in Glastonbury, and here, in the near Isle of Avilion, Arthur and his knights fought, and loved, and sought the Holy Grail. Here too, in later times, the Anglo-Saxon monarchy was consolidated under King Alfred.

This part of England appears to have preserved for a longer time, and more faithfully than any other, traces of its early origin. Curious old words of Saxon and Freisic origin still retain their place in the talk of the people; old manners and customs survive, and, with strange remnants of folk-lore and special traits of character, are handed down from one generation to another. This may partly be accounted for by there being few centres of manufacture or commercial enterprise in this eminently agricultural district. The slow and regularly recurring occupations connected with tillage of the soil—the ploughing and sowing, the hay-making, the planting and care of orchards, the making of cider and butter and cheese—these simple and elemental conditions of life serve only to deepen and strengthen inherited impressions, not to widen and dissipate them as town life, with its hurry and bustle and excitement, tends to do.

Strangely enough, though this west country was of great interest to the antiquary and to the archæologist, containing, as it does, ancient barrows and earthworks, Roman remains, and that for ever mysterious Stonehenge, not to mention the many beautiful cathedrals and minsters of later ages, it appears to have been overlooked by the artist, the poet, and the novelist. Doubtless some quota would be contributed by it to the literary output of England; but not till the nineteenth century did its special voice become articulate, when two

Shall wondering—if indeed they understand—
Shall look into each other's eyes aghast,

writers, sons of its soil, awoke to its patient and loving delineation. Now the many beauties of rich watered vales and rolling downs, the diversified orchard and hill country, the leafy lanes and quaint villages, have been touched by the hand of the poet and the master with the touch that is immortality. For ever will that ancient kingdom be peopled by the simple peasants of Barnes and Hardy; and the many generations who come to gaze on the ruined altar of Stonehenge will see ever lying there the tragic figure of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Such is the power of the seeing eye and the written word. What Sir Walter Scott did for his native land William Barnes and Thomas Hardy have done for Wessex. Henceforth her voice is articulate, a dominant note in the world's literature.

In coupling the name of William Barnes with that of the great novelist I do not mean to imply that they are men of equal calibre of mind. This will appear as we consider their works; but to Barnes certainly belongs the honour of first awaking to the literary possibilities of his primitive parishioners, and of depicting these with sympathetic insight. Doubtless his use of dialect has restricted the number of his readers, for that eminent critic of poetry and collector of lyrics, Francis Turner Palgrave, classes him along with Arthur O'Shaughnessy as the two Victorian poets who so far have met with the least due recognition of their eminent powers.

This singer—"genuine, original, exquisite"—was born in the year 1800, and thus precedes Hardy by nearly half a century. His first volume, "Poems, partly of Rural Life," was published in 1844, when Hardy was four years old. In 1874 the "Cornhill Magazine" printed "Far from the Madding Crowd"—by some reckoned Hardy's masterpiece, and five years later Barnes issued a complete collected edition of his poems. He speaks thus modestly in the preface: "My happiness would be enhanced if I could believe that you would feel my sketches to be so truthful and pleasing as to give you even a small share of pleasure, such as that of the memories from which I have written them." In the year 1886 he died. His simple, uneventful life had been passed entirely in the Vale of Blackmore, first as a schoolmaster, then as a clergyman. On this restricted canvas the sweetest pastoral poet of England, as he has truly been called, has portrayed for us with pre-Raphaelite fidelity the daily life of the people, such subjects as "The Meäd a-Mowed," "Bees a-Zwarmèn," "Thatchèn o' the Rick," "Corn a-turnèn' Yollow," "Club Walkèn," "Out a-Nuttèn," "Zummer's Evenèn Dance," "Evenèn, and Maidèns out at Door," "Guy Faux's Night," &c. Surely no phase of rustic joy or sorrow, work or sport, has

(5) Philippians iii. 5; over, he is born at the dawn of the ... the history of the world. He is nearly of the

escaped him, and from his poems we must judge him to have been one of the cheeriest and most kindly of men.

But he was a philologist as well as a poet, and his love for, and desire to preserve the old words and form of speech of Dorset led him to write in that dialect. This choice has certainly hindered his popularity as a poet, but no one who cares for Saxon English in, perhaps, its oldest and most musical form will regret it. The softening of *c* into *g*, of *f* into *v*, of *o* into *oo*, and *s* into *z* gives an effect somewhat similar to that of the liquefied and softened Italian spoken by the Venetian gondoliers. Some of the flower names are *clote*, *grægle*, and *gilcups*, for yellow water-lily, wild hyacinth, and buttercups.[1] Some words are the same as Scotch, such as "to bide," for "to stay," and *pee-wit* for lapwing. Anyone who cares to spend an hour or two over the glossary can turn to the poems with ease and enjoyment. These abound both in humour and pathos. Of the former we have the convivial meetings—for our parson-poet is not strait-laced—of "The Sparrow Club," the rustic jokes of "Shrodon Feair," and in coortèns "Gwain down the Steps vor Water." But he knows also that every life has its natural and inevitable sorrows, and these he treats with great tenderness in "The Young that died in Beauty," "The Turnstile," "Woak Hill," "Wold Vok Dead," "Readèn ov a Head-stone"—where an orphan child "runs up wi' pride," and with a smile reads to him the inscription on the gravestone of her father and mother—and many others. There is the episode of the tranter (carrier) who lost his old horse that grazed away and fell over a cliff, recalling the sad fate of Gabriel Oak's sheep; while the death of another tranter's meäre from eating "zome yew-twigs" is as hard to bear, one feels, as when Durbeyfield's horse dropped on the highway:

> Vor a tranter's whole bread is a-lost wi' his meäre.

In "The Hwomestead a-vell into Hand" we meet with the curious old-world system of land tenure that prevailed in Wessex, namely, the holding of farms and houses on a certain number of lives, a custom, it will be remembered, whereby Giles Winterborne lost his homestead, the presage of all his misfortunes.

Nor does Barnes wholly ignore the mystery of evil. He is "a'most teary-eyed" over the reply once made to him by "a quick-trippèn mäid" who had asked him the way: "Oh! they zent me awäy to be born." He feels deeply the sense of wrong in "Hope

[1] Others, such as *blooth* (blossom), and *lewth* (low, sheltered place), are so expressive one would fain retain them in everyday speech.

Hall wondering—if indeed they understand—
Shall look into each other's eyes aghast,

left Behind" and "The Broken Heart"; but with unclouded faith he leaves the mystery of "the weight o' woe" in the hands of his Meäker, convinced that at last

> The strong shall bow avore the weäk,
> An' vind that helplessness wi' right
> Is strong beyond all e'thly might.

But the main burden of his song is ever that of old Dekker's "Oh! sweet content." Surely if the test Browning propounded for judging the merits of poets holds good—if "to end the strife"

> Who was better, best,
> This, that, the other bard?—

we should ask, "Which one led a happy life?" The answer might well be—William Barnes. It is difficult to give an idea of the poems by a short extract, for their effect is distinctly cumulative; his descriptions of country scenes and manners are perfect in their straightforward truth and simplicity. Take this little song; so genuine in its joy and simple in its melody it seems to revive for us the happy note of an early world.

ZUMMER AN' WINTER.

> When I led by zummer streams
> The pride o' Lea, as naïghbours thought her,
> While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,
> Did cast our sheädes athirt the water;
> Winds a-blowèn,
> Streams a-flowèn,
> Skies a-glowèn;
> Tokens ov my jaÿ zoo fleetèn,
> Heighten'd it, that happy meetèn.
>
> Then when maïd an' man took pleäces,
> Gaÿ in winter's Chris'mas dances,
> Showèn in their merry feäces,
> Kindly smiles and glis'nèn glances;
> Stars a-winkèn,
> Day a-shrinkèn,
> Sheädes a-zinkèn;
> Brought anew the happy meetèn,
> That did meäke the night too fleetèn.

Like Barnes, Thomas Hardy was born in Dorset, at Upper Bockhampton, a few miles from Dorchester, in the year 1840. Both are equal in their love of their native county, where their lives have been almost entirely passed in minutely and faithfully recording its scenery and inhabitants. Both could make use of that dignified

the history of the world. He is nearly of the

utterance of the Shunamite woman: "I dwell among mine own people." But here all resemblance ceases. We have now Wessex seen through a different pair of eyes and a different temperament. Whereas the one a simple nature, the other is complex; the one has a limited range, the other moves in a wider orbit. Barnes is comparatively obscure (though signs are not wanting that the tide is turning); Hardy is an undeniable force in literature, accepted as one of the greatest writers and novelists of the age. The one holds an unshaken belief that

> God's in his Heaven;
> All's right with the world,

the other finds only the grip of a remorseless Fate: "the Unfulfilled Intention which makes life what it is"; or, "Gods who kill us for their sport."

We are tempted to wonder what Hardy would have been had he lived half a century earlier, before "this strange disease of modern life" had come, with its spirit of doubt and revolt—this "dialogue of the mind with itself," ever becoming more insistent, more disconcerting. Even in Barnes's later days he grieved to find this disquieting spirit invading the peaceful Vale of Blackmore. But when we remember that in all ages there have been men whose minds have instinctively risen in rebellion against "this sorry scheme of things," apparently time and circumstance have little to do with it, and we must regard Hardy as a lineal descendant of Koheleth and Lucretius, Omar Khayyám, Heine, and Schopenhauer.

It is impossible in limited space to do more than merely indicate the scope and aims of this great genius. The most careless reader cannot fail to be struck by his descriptions of nature. They not only show a knowledge most accurate and intimate—a knowledge that at times is almost uncanny in its apprehension of vague and fleeting suggestions—but a masterly power of transcription given to few. No one, not even Ruskin, can surpass him. The latter's eloquent and glowing words have not the terseness and grip of Hardy's. Take, for example, in the second chapter of "Far from the Madding Crowd" that passage which, once read, can never be forgotten, where Gabriel Oak in his nightly vigil among his sheep watches the procession of the stars, and seems almost to realise the slow revolution of our earth; or the many aspects of "the seared and antique heath" in "The Return of the Native," or those of the forest in "The Woodlanders." This is the outcome of insight intensified by sympathy, of a tenderness that brings with it sadness,

Hall wondering—if indeed they understand—
Shall look into each other's eyes aghast,
And whisper, as they turn the tear-stained page

while looking at the unfolding clumps of fern, to think that never again shall those same fronds wave their brave greenery to the summer breeze. The same natural susceptibility must also have quickened his ear to extreme fineness to be able to detect the varying voice of the wind as it beats against the stones of the Chesil Bank or as it sounds through different kinds of trees.

"To dwellers in a wood almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze the fir trees sob and moan no less distinctly than they rock; the holly whistles as it battles with itself; the ash hisses amid its quiverings; the beech rustles while its flat boughs rise and fall. And winter, which modifies the note of such trees as shed their leaves, does not destroy its individuality."

I should like to quote also the two pages telling of "the windy tune played on the mummied heath-bells" of Egdon, but must content myself with this:

"The pause was filled up by the intonation of a pollard thorn a little way to windward, the breezes filtering through its unyielding twigs as through a strainer. It was as if the night sang dirges with clenched teeth."

Surely the winds never before had such an interpreter!

It is interesting to compare Hardy's view of Nature with that of Browning. To the latter Nature is a concrete being apart from Man, going on her silent way unconscious and untroubled by the endless generations of mankind who come and go, and unheeding their ephemeral joys and sorrows:

> The herded pines commune, and have deep thoughts,

but these are not of man and his affairs.

To Hardy there appears to be a subtle connection between Man and Nature. He regards her as a participant in man's life and thought, a mirror reflecting his moods and passions, a recipient agent or a partly humanised confidant. Egdon Heath plays its own part in the drama of the lives of the lonely heath-dwellers, while to the aliens it is an avenging fate. Or take this: "The mute procession past her shoulders of trees and hedges became attached to fantastic scenes outside reality, and the occasional heave of the wind became the sigh of some immense sad soul, conterminous with the universe in space, and with history in time." . . . "At times her whimsical fancy would intensify natural processes around her till they seemed a part of her own story. Rather they became a part of it; for the world is only a pyschological pheno-

menon, and what they seemed they were." Does not this view coincide with the Hegelian theory of the universe?

The same qualities that Hardy brings to bear on Nature appear in his treatment of humanity. His characterisation is equally discerning and powerful. How they file before us, that long procession of men and women of his making! Of all ranks and conditions, down from Lord Mountclere and the passionate Viviette Lady Constantine, to the humble rustics, they are all distinct personalities. His men and women are alive. They breathe the air of this work-a-day world. They are real human beings, not mere dummies—not marionettes whose springs, however cleverly worked, are all too apparent in many novels of the present day. But in the soil decidedly lies his strength. His sympathies go out to the simple country folk of Wessex, whose ways of life he knows so thoroughly. And how delightful they are!—Tranter Dewey and his family, the Smallburys, Grandfer Cantle and his shrinking son Christian, Creedle, and the blushing Poorgrass, and all the companies who talk with such a quaint, incomparable, old-flavoured humour in "Warren's Malthouse" or "The Quiet Woman." Reviewers have objected to these "crusted characters," erroneously concluding that they are based upon—if not borrowed from—Shakespeare's clowns. I have good authority for stating that Hardy drew them straight from life. He met them in the Dorset fields and village inns, and noted in his retentive memory the strange expressions and turns of talk that are transcribed in his books. He was greatly interested in the imputation, as it proved an idea he had long held, namely, that the country people in the heart of England were—in his youthful days at least—just the same in their ways and customs and speech as in the days of Shakespeare. Social instincts were tenacious and permanent in their slow-moving intellects and placid lives.

Nor are fine specimens of true manhood wanting. For sturdy uprightness the farmer-shepherd Gabriel Oak, the Reddleman, the Trumpet-Major, and Giles Winterborne—these last two with an added halo of self-sacrifice—retain an honoured place in memory. Even from the erring and fiery-tempered Henchard we cannot withhold our pity, as he, the erstwhile Mayor, leaves Casterbridge, the scene of his triumphs, deserted and alone, with his workman's basket for sole resource.

Hardy's women hardly appear to me so convincing as his men. He seems to regard caprice and fickleness as essential elements in their composition and, curiously enough, as forming the main part of the charm they exercise. Vanity and irresponsibility of character

beset them; even sweet, unsophisticated Fancy Day shuts close in her heart the secret of her momentary acceptance of Parson Maybold. Still, we thank him for giving us examples of strong, self-contained womanhood, such as Mrs. Yeobright and Marty South. Eustacia Vye and Tess are his grandest, most tragic creations, caught and enmeshed as they are in "the cruel coil of things." "A perfectly defenceless creature conditioned by harsh circumstances;" the wrongs of helpless innocence; the cruelties inflicted on the weak—and yet God gives no sign; these have wrung from the supremely sensitive heart of Hardy the pathetic conception of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. This great novel, written in the full strength and maturity of his powers, wanting though it may be in humour to lighten its sombre tone, gives evidence of a conviction so intense of feeling, so poignant, and put forth in such a noble cause, that it must, we think, be regarded as one of his finest works, though its painful episodes may injure its general acceptance.

Always of a metaphysical turn of mind, nothing delights him more than to place highly complex characters under the keen scrutiny of his analytic intellect, or to take vacillating men and women, and place them in exceptional and harassing situations. In his last two novels this tendency runs to excess, and in "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved" becomes tiresome, if not preposterous, while both are disfigured and rendered unhealthy by a morbid view of life.

Playing on all these human beings as on the keys of a musical instrument, he runs the gamut of every changing mood and emotion, and they sound responsive to his sure touch. Nor is he forgetful of the brute creation. He is wise in the ways of cows, sheep, and dogs, and they have their full share in his inclusive compassion. Who can forget the over-officious dog Young George and the fate of the silly sheep, or that most pathetic scene, where the heart-broken Tess, hearing the gasps and gurgles of the poor wounded pheasants writhing in agony, lays aside her own misery and mercifully puts them out of pain?

It may be that this exquisite sensibility to, this acute realisation of, the misery and suffering that is in the world is the main cause of Hardy's ever-deepening pessimism. In one of his earliest stories, "Under the Greenwood Tree," a charming idyll of country scenes, we have a cheerful outlook on life, with no discordant notes except those of the quaintly humorous village choir. Since then his hopeless attitude has gradually become more pronounced, till it reaches unplumbed depths in his latest work "Poems of the Past and the

the history of the world. He is nearly of the

Present." "Condensed fragments of Fate" they have aptly been termed. To such a pass has over-brooding on the pain, the disabilities, the injustice, and the ironies of life brought our author that the impression left is that it were better not to be. Indeed, that is the explicit conclusion arrived at in some lines entitled, "I said to Love." Two poems, one published in the earlier collection "Wessex Poems," should not be passed over, from the fact that in them he partially explains his position and views. The first is written on hearing that a friend, a lady, had declared that thenceforth she would read nothing that he might write. He says, in effect, that it is laid upon him to find the truth, and that the truth he must speak in spite of friends and enemies. He does not write to please. The other, a verse from "De Profundis, No. II." contains a sarcastic vindication of his method.

> Let him to whose ears the low-voiced Best
> Seems stilled by the clash of the First,
> Who holds that if way to the Better there be,
> It exacts a *full look at the Worst*,
> Who feels that delight is a delicate growth
> Cramped by crookedness, custom, and fear,
> Get him up and be gone as one shaped awry:
> He disturbs the order here.

In the poems we have a freer use of the vernacular—not exactly the dialect of Barnes, but curious old words and expressions—than Hardy employs in the novels; perhaps wisely, when we consider the vast public to whom he appeals.

There remains still to be noted the wonderful practical knowledge that Hardy brings to bear on his work, also that result of wide reading that Bacon says "makes a full man." All the mysteries of farming, though the tyro may not allow that these exist, are as an open book to him—the crafts of the wood and the orchard, the mill and the dairy. He has a thorough technical acquaintance with all the implements used by the cider-maker, the stone-hewer, the farrier. He has even noticed the trick butchers use in picking up skewers!

Brought up to be an architect, he revels in descriptions of castles, churches, and old houses, discusses their plan, and style, and period, and has devoted one book, "A Laodicean," largely to this study. In "Two on a Tower" again, the plot turns mainly on astronomy, and we have that science treated by an expert. In fact, he appears to have mastered all the sciences; perhaps not so completely that of music, though he shows a correct knowledge of what has come directly under his notice, such as country songs and airs, reels and

Half wondering—if indeed they understand—
Shall look into each other's eyes aghast,

jigs, and the curious old instruments used in village choirs. He never makes any mistakes, as so many novelists do, specially one, who pictures a Scottish Highlander sitting on the roadside singing a Jacobite song, and accompanying himself on the bag-pipe!

Hardy at one time had the idea of qualifying for an art-critic, so in all matters of art again we find an expert. This is proved by the many references he gives to pictures and the Old Masters, while his illustrations to the "Wessex Poems" show his own proficiency in linear and perspective drawing and, in a sense, of atmosphere. Among the wealth of comparisons and allusions that adorn his pages —some very recondite, but all appropriate—I have only noticed one repetition. In "The Return of the Native" "Mrs. Yeobright sees communities . . . as we see the throngs which cover the canvases of Sallaert, Van Alsloot, and others of that school," and again in "Tess": "The green lea was speckled as thickly with cows as a canvas by Van Alsloot or Sallaert with burghers."

We must not overlook, either, the effective use he makes in the novels of the many strange legends and weird superstitions of Wessex. These he weaves into his plots with great art, and sometimes they form important links in the chain of Destiny.

Of the strong hold these traditions and symbolic customs have he writes: "The impulses of all such outlandish hamlets (as Egdon) are pagan still: in these spots homage to nature, self-adoration, frantic gaieties, fragments of Teutonic rites to divinities whose names are forgotten, have in some way or other survived mediæval doctrine."

The attitude of Hardy's mind towards life and its problems is a perplexing and unaccountable one. Happily married, with fame and fortune, honour and friends gained by his writings and sustained by his personal character, his, to outward view, is a successful life. He has not had to suffer cruel criticism like Keats, nor his country's reprobation like Byron and Shelley, nor the long neglect that Browning had to endure.

We sympathise with Leopardi, struggling with disease among uncongenial surroundings, with James Thomson, the singer of "The City of Dreadful Night," and other derelicts on the ocean of life, but Fate has not meted out such harsh measure to him; then why this bitter railing? Does a writer of renown ever realise the far-reaching influence he exercises in moulding thought and character, and his corresponding responsibility? It is no light matter, this of chilling the moral temperature, of sending the thermometer of hope down to zero. On the ethics of this subject, J. J. Rousseau has spoken some true words *à propos* of Voltaire in his "Confessions."

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"Struck by seeing this poor man" (Voltaire) "overwhelmed, if I may so speak, with prosperity and honour, bitterly exclaiming against the miseries of this life, and finding everything to be wrong, I formed the mad project of making him turn his attention to himself, and of proving to him that everything was right. Voltaire, while he appeared to believe in God, never really believed in anything but the devil, since his pretended deity is a malicious being who, according to him, had no pleasure but in evil. The glaring absurdity of this doctrine is particularly disgusting from a man enjoying the greatest prosperity; who, from the bosom of happiness, endeavours, by the frightful and cruel image of all the calamities from which he is exempt, to reduce his fellows to despair."

But in trying to account for this despair we must acquit Hardy of any selfish or personal feeling in the matter. Can it be that by allowing his mind to dwell too exclusively on the dark problems of life, its sin and suffering, his strong imagination conceives it so vividly that he himself experiences a vicarious suffering? Or may it be that he too feels the pagan thrill of his native county, that he has inherited from some remote ancestor the old-world doubt, and that some Roman Lucretius is re-incarnate in him? We cannot blame him, but oh, the pity of it! Unable to grasp a larger hope, even the unending sleep that comforted the Roman poet fails to satisfy him. With little or no belief in a Guiding Hand, his faith in the progress of mankind is at a low ebb. His only ray of hope is that

> At whiles, or short or long,
> May be discerned a wrong
> Dying as of self-slaughter:—

Mark—not by man's exertions, but probably by a mere freak of fate.

It is with profound sorrow that we take leave of a man of true genius, of sincere and sympathetic nature, of clear, keen intellect, of cultured and receptive mind—of a writer to whom we owe a deep debt of gratitude. He has faced the problems of life, but they have conquered him; for its perplexing enigmas he can find no solution, for the future no message of faith and hope; and it is by these man lives, not by negation and despair.

M. M. TURNBULL.

AN ECCENTRIC LEADER OF SOCIETY.

THERE are some women who are born for society. It is quite impossible for them to lead a quiet domestic life; excitement is as the breath of their nostrils, they must alway be agitating something, or organizing something, so as to be before the public gaze. In their youth they exhibit themselves, in middle life they exhibit other people, and act as show-women to celebrities of all kinds. Such a woman was the Hon. Maria Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork and Orrery, who was compared by the great wit, Luttrell, to a shuttlecock, "all cork and feathers." Even in her girlhood she was a leader of society, and at her mother's (Lady Galway's) house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, she received Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and all the wits of the day. She belonged to Mrs. Montagu's Blue-stocking Club, and was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a garden, with a dog at her feet.

In the month of February, 1770, when the Wilkes riots were going on, a certain Mrs. Cornely gave a masquerade at her house in Soho, and among the motley crew Miss Monckton was prominent, as an Indian Sultana "in a robe of cloth of gold and a rich veil. The seams of her habit were embroidered with precious stones, and she had a magnificent cluster of diamonds on her head. Her jewels on this occasion were valued at 30,000*l.* and she was attended by four black female slaves."

Strangely enough, in the *Daily Advertiser* of the same year, but of a later date (May 7th), a mysterious paragraph appeared announcing that a "lady of high degree would appear at the Soho Masquerade as an Indian Princess, with pearls and diamonds to the price of £100,000, her train to be supported by three black female slaves, and a canopy to be held over her head by four black male slaves. *To be a fine sight.*"

Whether this paragraph was in ridicule of Miss Monckton, or put in by some one desirous of emulating her, does not appear.

At this time she was twenty-three, for she was born in 1747.

the history of the world. He is nearly of the

The Academy. May 17. 1902.

Correspondence.

M. Maeterlinck's Apology for Nature.

SIR,—In your review of M. Maeterlinck's book you quote with seeming approval his vindication of Nature's ways, which ~~is~~ (as I understand it) to the effect that, though she does not appear to be just from our point of view, she may practise a scheme of morality unknown to us, in which she is just. Now, admit but the bare possibility of such a hidden morality, and she would go out of court without the slightest stain on her character, so certain should we feel that indifference to morality was beneath her greatness.

Far be it from my wish to disturb any comforting fantasy, if it be barely tenable. But alas, no profound reflection can be needed to detect the sophistry in M. Maeterlinck's argument, and to see that the original difficulty recognized by thinkers like Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Haeckel, &c., and by most of the persons called pessimists, remains unsurmounted.

Pain has been, and pain is: no new sort of morals in Nature can ~~extract~~ pain from the past and make it pleasure for those ~~about~~ who ~~can be~~ its estimators, the bearers thereof. And no injustice, however slight, can be atoned for by her future generosity, however ample, so long as we consider Nature to be, or to stand for, unlimited power. The exoneration of an omnipotent Mother by her retrospective justice becomes an absurdity when we ask, what made the foregone injustice necessary to Her Omnipotence?

So you cannot, I fear, save her good name except by assuming one of two things: that she is blind, and not a judge of her actions, or that she is an automaton, and unable to control them; in either of which assumptions, though you have the chivalrous satisfaction of screening one of her sex, you only throw responsibility a stage further back.

But the story is not new. It is true, nevertheless, that, as M. Maeterlinck contends, to dwell too long amid such reflections does no good, and that to model our conduct on Nature's apparent conduct, as Nietzsche would have taught, can only bring disaster to humanity.—Yours truly,

THOMAS HARDY.

Max Gate, Dorchester.

A FORECAST.

"He won't hurt me; he's not in love with me."—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

AH, saddest words of all that saddest tale!
We call our century the flower of time;
Our "Love" and "Chivalry" we celebrate
In song and story and in flowing rhyme.

Yet haply in some far-off golden day
Whereof men dream and prophesy the while,
Two happy lovers, leaning cheek to cheek,
Shall read these pages and forget to smile,

And seeing in a girl's unconscious words
The record of an ancient shame long past,
Half wondering—if indeed they understand—
Shall look into each other's eyes aghast,

And whisper, as they turn the tear-stained page,
"This book was written in the world's Dark Age."

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

The New Review
June - 1894

(Letters to the Editor)

VIII.—THOMAS HARDY.

To your first inquiry I would answer that a girl should certainly not be allowed to enter into matrimony without a full knowledge of her probable future in that holy estate, and of the possibilities which may lie in the past of the elect man.

I have not much faith in an innocent girl's "discovery of the great mysteries of life" by means of "the ordinary intercourse of society." Incomplete presentations, vicious presentations, meretricious and seductive presentations, are not unlikely in pursuing such investigations through such a channel.

What would seem to be the most natural course is the answer to your second question: that a plain handbook on natural processes, specially prepared, should be placed in the daughter's hands, and, later on, similar information on morbid contingencies. Innocent youths should, I think, also receive the same instruction; for (if I may say a word out of my part) it has never struck me that the spider is invariably male and the fly invariably female.

As your problems are given on the old lines so I take them, without entering into the general question whether marriage, as we at present understand it, is such a desirable goal for all women as it is assumed to be; or whether civilisation can escape the humiliating indictment that, while it has been able to cover itself with glory in the arts, in literatures, in religions, and in the sciences, it has never succeeded in creating that homely thing, a satisfactory scheme for the conjunction of the sexes.

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The Pelican. April 14th 1894

Mr. Gilbert has been a J.P. for some little time, and now Mr. Thomas Hardy has been added to the commission of the peace for Dorset. Literature and the drama on the Bench! How the old time county justices would have looked askance!

Morning Post. May 19th 1894

The ancient church of West Knighton, Dorset, one of the oldest edifices in the diocese, was reopened on Wednesday by the Archdeacon of Dorset, after thorough restoration. The whole of the cost was borne by Dr. Hawkins, of Lewell. Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, assisted in the architectural direction of the work, his brother being the contractor.

Daily Chronicle 24th May 1895

A novel art exhibition will be opened shortly at Messrs. Dickinson and Foster's galleries in New Bond-street. It will consist of pictures, prints, &c., relating to Dorset, and illustrating "Wessex," and more especially the towns, villages, and scenes described in Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels.

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB AT BURFORD BRIDGE.

Down in the depth of the Surrey dingle, in a garden where, to judge from the riot of roses and green, the subsoil must, by Omar's theory, be mainly made of buried Cæsars and once-lovely heads, thither did the Omar Khayyam Club go to feast the memory of their Master. The place was largely chosen for the sake of securing the presence of Mr. George Meredith, whose house is near by;

Mr. Clodd was in the chair, and a great welcome was given to Mr. Meredith, who in a dear little speech announced that it was the first time in his life that he had been on his legs. Mr. Thomas Hardy described his first meeting with Mr. Meredith (when the sage "read" for Messrs. Chapman and Hall) and told of all the encouragement he found then.

Pall Mall Gazette. July 15. 1895

Weekly Sun. 22 July 1894

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the great novelist, is paying London his annual visit. He has sufficient of the nomad in his spirit never to be able to stick to a particular house and accordingly his place of residence is different each year. Usually he spends a week or two with his old friends, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune. The season over, he takes a trip on the Continent, or goes back to the house in Dorsetshire. His love for his native county, the features and social life of which he has graven in immortal letters on the memory of this and other generations, retains its fascination for him.

There is a great change in the appearance of Mr. Hardy from what it was when first I saw him. I first had the pleasure of meeting him at a dinner given in his honour by his old friend, Mr. Justin McCarthy. This was in the days when the giving of dinners in the precincts of the House of Commons, especially with ladies, was a rare occurrence. Now it has passed into one of the institutions. He then had a short brown beard and whiskers. Now his clean-shaven face with a small moustache enables you to see its remarkable lines.

We all form ridiculously untrue images of the authors we love, and I dare say many would have expected to have found in the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," a robust man with sunburnt cheeks, stalwart form and rustic stride. Thomas Hardy is the very opposite of all this. Under the middle height, thin, with features delicate and refined, he looks more like a child of the town than the country. In the deep lines, in the expressive and profound eyes, in the infinite capacity for thought, feeling, and suffering which you read in every feature, you see the serious, diligent, and deep student of human nature—the calm, earnest, and sympathetic observer of the human panorama. To complete the picture, I should add that, like every man of true literary genius I have ever met, Mr. Hardy is almost painfully shy, and as modest as a boy who has just escaped from a boarding school. I am told that when first he began to write he was filled with the apprehension, so common with young novelists, that when he had told one story he had exhausted his whole power of story-telling, and that there was nothing more for him to say. Now the chief fear is that he shall not have time to say all he has to say.

It is a curious circumstance in those early years of his that he should have been brought into contact with two of the most remarkable intellects of his time. Just at the epoch when he was oscillating between devotion to architecture and the worship of the muses Mr. John Morley was literary adviser to Macmillan's and Mr. George Meredith to Chapman and Hall. It was probably an interview with Mr. Morley that decided his fate. In the heterogeneous mass of ungrammatical, senseless, and prolix MSS. which came under his survey, Mr. Morley at last found one which struck him. At once he said to Macmillan that here was a man who would probably have to be counted with. Hardy was asked to come to London to visit Mr. Morley; and of that interview was born all that gallery of male and female portraits that we know.

DAILY CHRONICLE,
WEDNES
DAY, JULY 1, 1903.

NEWS FROM PARIS.

French View of Mr. Thomas Hardy.

In the July number of the "Revue de Paris" appears a highly interesting article by M. Joseph Aynard on the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy and their tendency. The writer considers that the article is needful at a moment when the novels are beginning to circulate in France, and especially as the Wessex fiction combines the romance of Balzac and the descriptive force of Emile Zola. After referring to the life of the English novelist, and the hesitation with which his works were received, the writer compares him with some French authors. Maupassant (he says) approaches the manner of the British novelist; but his writings are mere sketches. The characters of Hardy are full of picturesque detail and sentiment, and his romance is so genuine that it defies analysis. The writer concludes: "Thomas Hardy is the representative of contemporary pessimism in a country where optimism is a sort of official creed. His want of conventionality is neither immoral nor revolutionary. In England people have put on airs of scandal because in some of his pages he has shown that the passions which prompt most crimes are strange and cruel. They fail to see where the novelist inculcates self-denial, courage and pity. Thomas Hardy is cruel, but not uselessly. He is good and wholesome, and his idealist pessimism is scarcely a social peril in the England of to-day. It would be superfluous to defend him against the charge of immorality, for the whole inner sense of his writings is moral. . . . His truths may be inopportune, but they are ancient and grave, and they are presented with a consciousness of their grandeur. The severity of thought and style which he rarely abandons places him amongst those writers who from the earliest days of literature have shown reasonable sadness. The deep seriousness which the earth shows in its woods, its fields and its solitudes pervades his work, and the same spirit guides him when he is dealing with human passions."

M.A.P. Oct: 25th 1902.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's Waistcoats.

Sir Tatton Sykes's well-known eccentricity in the matter of coats—he always wears four or five—has its counterpart in Mr. Thomas Hardy's habit of invariably wearing two waistcoats. Indeed, in a severe winter, the famous author has been known to don as many as four, but even on the hottest summer day he sticks to his two, the outside one being generally of the old-fashioned knitted sort. Another habit of his—though this is not an eccentricity, but a very lovable trait—is to bicycle over to see his mother every Sunday.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE.
AUGUST 24, 1899.

SHALL STONEHENGE GO?

Only to the Nation, says Mr. Thomas Hardy.

A TALK WITH THE NOVELIST.

[By Our Special Correspondent.]

Yesterday I went down into Wessex to ask Mr. Thomas Hardy what he thought about Stonehenge. That mysterious relic belongs to all England, but is the hub of olden Wessex.

As his friends know, the great novelist of Wessex is most timorous of appearing in any public way, except through his writings. Had I sallied south to lionise Mr. Hardy himself I should, almost surely, have had no luck. It was different to have for my subject Stonehenge—Stonehenge in the market.

"On such an occasion," Mr. Hardy admitted, "one may fairly enough be called upon to speak, only I am not entitled to give any authoritative opinion in regard to Stonehenge and its future, as I have no more knowledge of the monument than is common to, or obtainable by, anybody who chooses to visit it."

Well, to say nothing more, Mr. Hardy added to its fame when he wrote that fine scene in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." He made special visits to Stonehenge to get his lights for the chapter; and, broadly, to use his own homely phrase, he lives within a bicycle ride of it. At Manx Gate, his house on a brow of ground overlooking Dorchester, I found him in cycling costume. It was a badge of the good health which shone in his face and found expression in his alert walk as he led the way across his garden to a summer-house.

"Here," he said, "we have both shade and the open air, two grateful things." The sun burned hot—had done so all the road from London, though indeed you whirled through the pines, by stretches of sea, past beds of red heather, all giving freshness to the day. Wessex was drowsy under the sun's rays, but looking out upon it Mr. Hardy was all eagerness for its unique Stonehenge.

"The intimation that the relic is for sale," he went on, "has quite taken me by surprise. That is the more so because I used to hear that the late Sir Edmund Antrobus would not have a stone turned, even for research, lest the monument might by any chance be injured. I believe that a well-known antiquarian asked him for permission to conduct two days' digging in the vicinity of the relic, but was refused, for the reason I have mentioned."

"Of course, the object of the inquiry would have been to settle, if that were possible, the history of Stonehenge?"

"Just so. There are many theories, but the smallest amount of evidence, yielded by remains which might be discovered, would be most valuable. Now, if the statements which have appeared in the papers are to be accepted, we practically have Stonehenge put up for auction to any bidder at home or abroad. Frankly, I cannot realise the possibility of Stonehenge being carted out of the country, say, by the rich American who is rumored to have made an offer for it. No, no; nobody would think of that in any sort of circumstances."

"You feel that Stonehenge, while it may be private property, is nevertheless, and above all, a national possession?"

"Yes; and here a general statement may be made. A nation like our own ought to have what may be called a final guardianship over any monument or relic which is of value to it as a page of history, even though the hieroglyphics of such monument or relic cannot be deciphered as yet. I don't know how this is to be brought about—it is not for myself to make any suggestion—but that the thing is desirable and right there cannot, I fancy, be two opinions. In fact, we assume that the owner of property on which there happens to be a national relic, is in the larger sense the custodian for the nation of that relic. It is possible to conceive circumstances wherein this might be an individual hardship, only there it is. But to return, it is evident that the case of Stonehenge will not wait, and therefore has to be treated by itself."

"And in your view what should be done?"

"I assume that in all events Stonehenge must remain the wonder of Salisbury Plain, and of England, which it has been for so many centuries—a sacred possession. Why, merely give two thoughts to the bare idea of anything else. Suppose, for argument's sake—nothing more—that you carry the stones to America and re-erect them there. What happens? They lose all interest, because they would not form Stonehenge; and the same with the Stonehenge which was left. The relics being gone the associations of the place would be broken, all the sentiment would have evaporated. Altogether, it would be as if King Solomon had cut the child in two, leaving no child at all."

"We return to the line for the people and for Government?"

"Emphatically Stonehenge should be purchased by the nation, since apparently it is to be sold. More, I welcome the chance, because I have never liked the idea of its being private property. The essential condition is that it should be obtainable for a fair price, such as might be agreed upon after due investigation. Inquiry and arbitration—that is what I would suggest; and until then there is little use in speaking of figures. It seems to me, however, that there is no call for the nation to purchase all the land that has been offered along with Stonehenge. A certain area—shall we put it at 2,000 acres?—must be bought as securing control of the surroundings of the monument. It derives much from its site—the freedom, the feeling of Salisbury Plain—and that element must be safeguarded. It would never do for somebody to get a plot of ground near by, and on it, given the humor, erect a building."

"Your advice is this—that the nation should buy Stonehenge and its immediate surroundings, paying a fair price, and no more, as arbitration might fix."

"That's it, the last word always being the supremacy of the nation. It ought to be possible to name a price which any reasonable man would be willing to accept. What should next be done, or if anything else should be done, is a more difficult question."

"You mean the condition of the ruins and the best means of preserving them?"

"What strikes a visitor accustomed to observe the effect of years and weather on ruins so exposed as these, is that the dilapidation in progress is not so insignificant as may be cursorily imagined. Wet weather and frost are, as all know, the destructive factors in the case, and to the best of my recollection it is on the south-west face of the ruin that decay goes on most rapidly. On this south-

west side time nibbles year after year, and it is only owing to the shelter afforded by the south-west walls to the rest of the structure, that any of the columns are erect—all these being the ones to the north-east. Indeed, to those persons who have had the misfortune to be on Salisbury Plain in a piercing downpour, and have noticed, or rather have felt, how the drops pass into them like arrows, it is a matter of wonder that the erection has stood so long."

"Is the wet the chief enemy?"

"Well, you see, apart from the effect of the water on the stones themselves, they are gradually undermined by the trickling down of the rain they intercept, forming pools on the ground, so that the foundation sinks on the wettest side till the stone topples over. There are only three architraves now remaining supported on their proper pillars, and as these decline the architraves will slip off. The only way of protecting the ruin from driving rains which will ultimately abrade and overthrow them, would be by a belt of plantations."

"But the landscape?"

"Yes, against such planting there is to be urged that most people consider the gaunt nakedness of its situation to be a great part of the solemnity and fascination of Stonehenge. It is by no means certain, however, that the country immediately round it was originally bare and open on all sides, and if it were enclosed by a wood approaching no nearer than, say, ten chains to the bank of earth surrounding the stone circle, the force of these disastrous winds and rains would be broken by the trees, and the duration of the ruin lengthened far beyond its possible duration now. As cultivation and agricultural buildings have latterly advanced over the plain, till they are quite near the spot and interfere with its loneliness, the objection to such planting would be less in that the trees would shut out these incongruities."

"You, who know Stonehenge intimately, have perhaps got impressions there which don't occur to the mere visitor?"

"The size of the whole structure is considerably dwarfed to the eye by the openness of the place, as with all such erections, and a strong light detracts from its impressiveness. In the brilliant noonday sunlight, in which most visitors repair thither, and surrounded by bicycles and sandwich papers, the scene is not to my mind attractive, but garish and depressing. In dull, threatening weather, however, and in the dusk of the evening its charm is indescribable. On a day of heavy cloud the sky seems almost to form a natural roof touching the pillars, and colors are revealed on the surfaces of the stones whose presence would not be suspected on a fine day. And if a gale of wind is blowing the strange musical hum emitted by Stonehenge can never be forgotten. To say that on moonlight nights it is at its finest is a commonplace."

"Have you any personal opinion as to the probable origin of Stonehenge?"

"All one can say is that the building was probably erected after the barrow period of interment in these islands, from the fact that one or two barrows seem to have been interfered with in its construction. The problem of the purpose and date of Stonehenge could possibly be narrowed down from its present vagueness, if not settled, by a few days' excavation near the spot. This, if done at all, should be carried out under the strictest supervision. Personally I confess to a liking for the state of dim conjecture in which we stand with regard to its history."

But Mr. Hardy wants no "dim conjecture" as to the future of Stonehenge.

Thomas Hardy Maligned.

A reverend gentleman by the name of Hocking has come out of the blackness of Lancashire to instruct the people of Liverpool in the works of the greatest of living English fictionists, Thomas Hardy. The reverend gentleman by the name of Hocking has written novels himself, therefore what he has to say about Mr. Hardy strikes us as being, from that fact, doubly tactless and insulting. Mr. Hocking is reported to have said at Myrtle Street Baptist Chapel on Monday night that "an utter hopelessness seemed to pervade Hardy's later books, and it would have been better for the world had they been burnt instead of published."

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"There is Sin and Sordidness

in the world," said Mr. Hocking, "but there is also brightness and tenderness, and love that is not lust, and these should rather be the subjects for the novelist to portray." This argument is not devoid of reason when applied to the Hockings of literature; applied to the Hardys, it is simply piffle. Toys and sweets are good for babes and sucklings, and writers of meaner clay had better stick to the automatic manufacture of fictionistic gew-gaws. Love is not lust truly, but—lust exists; and if there is brightness and tenderness, there is sin and sordidness too. Even Mr. Hocking, probably, does not require to be told in which of these directions the stress and strenuousness of human existence lies; but he does know in which direction the pen of mediocrity glides easiest, and in which direction the pen of genius is intuitively impelled.

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The Tragic in Fiction,

despite Mr. Hocking, has always claimed the services of writers possessing the supremest gifts. Had Milton looked only upon the sweet and pleasant side, we should have had no *Paradise Lost;* Shakespeare, following Hocking's prescription, would have left us no *Othello*, or *Hamlet*, or *Romeo and Juliet;* Poe would have gone into the night leaving no masterful *Tales;* and the world would have been poorer of the finest work of Hugo, Balzac, Ibsen, and Pinero. Thomas Hardy has trodden a great path greatly, and he has followed in the wake of high and excellent examples. In the majority of his works, this truly majestical writer begins where the average novelist, of Hockingian calibre, leaves off. And if his clouds are stormy, they *are* clouds, not painted theatre cloths. I quote from *The Return of the Native*:—

". . . Yet, upon the whole, neither the man nor the woman lost dignity by sudden death. Misfortune had struck them gracefully, cutting off their histories with a catastrophic dash, instead of, as with many, alternating each life to an uninteresting meagreness, through long years of wrinkles, neglect and decay."

I commend the words "as with many," and "uninteresting meagreness" to the consideration of the Rev. Joseph Hocking, and all the rest of the peephole-peering, "happy ever after" crew.

Liverpool Review.
Dec: 14th.
1901.

Thomas Hardy's first novel has never yet seen the light, and never will if a story which Mr. Edmund Gosse, "on the best authority," contributes to the "International Review" can be accepted. "The name of the book," he says, "was 'The Poor Man and the Lady,' and it was full of the revolutionary and anti-social extravagances which are native to the unripeness of a youth of genius. It happened by a strange and interesting coincidence that the 'reader' for the publisher to whom the manuscript was submitted happened to be no less a person than Mr. Meredith. He saw the rough power in the book, and he recommended it for publication. But he also sent for the young man, and with great courtesy and friendliness urged him to consider whether it would not be wise to adopt, on his first introduction to the public, a gentler guise. The result was that Mr. Hardy asked leave to suppress 'The Poor Man and the Lady,' and retired to write 'Desperate Remedies.'"

Australasian. Nov. 9th 1901.

The *Bookman* is always interesting and scholarly, but the November number has an unusually interesting feature in the article on the home life of Mr Thomas Hardy, by Mr Clive Holland, which is illustrated by a splendid full-page portrait and many minor illustrations, all of them from photographs by Mr Clive Holland, some of which are concerned with the scenes of his books, and others with his home at Max Gate, Dorchester. The latter is especially interesting, because Mr Hardy has always displayed so much reluctance to allow the public to see anything of himself as distinct from his books. Mr Holland has performed his task with admirable taste, and has told us as much as Mr Hardy's wishes would allow. Two points deserve special notice—a paragraph which draws attention to Mr Hardy's love of antiques:

Built upon the ground many centuries ago occupied by the Romans, when Dorchester was Durnovaria, discoveries of ancient weapons, jewellery, pottery, and glass of the period are constantly made. And in the house are some unique examples of Roman pottery, fibulæ, &c., in which Mr Hardy, who is a skilled antiquarian, takes great interest.

Romans sleep beneath the house, Mr Hardy says, with a touch of grim antiquarian pride. The soldiers of Hadrian, and the wives of the Roman generals are buried thick at Casterbridge. Reared at the end of the spacious lawn, on to which the drawing room window opens, is a Drudical, probably a sacrificial stone, a lichen-stained mass weighing several tons. Surely this is a garden in which ghosts would choose to walk! If one suggests the idea to the owner, he smiles, and averring that he has never seen one, admits that he has wished to, and would have given ten years of his life in earlier days to have done so. If ghosts exist there ought to be some at "Max Gate," for, in cutting the drive, a whole row of Roman soldiers, Mr Hardy says, were unearthed, and the skeleton of a Roman lady as well, whose fibula, taken from her skull by the novelist, is one of the treasured contents of the richly laden cabinet in the drawing-room.

And another alluding to a statement which was misunderstood by the press, and led to explanations:

"Just now I am more interested in poetry than fiction," he said, a statement which, though delighting a me who esteem his poetic gifts scarcely inferior to his prose, will, it is to be feared, disappoint the many who have waited patiently for nearly five years for another Wessex novel.

I do not construe this, as some writers did, into an announcement that Mr Hardy is giving up fiction for poetry. But his new volume is poetry, not fiction, and when I criticise it I shall reiterate my opinion that there is no living poet more likely to influence the immediate future of poetry in England, in regard to form at any rate, than Mr Hardy. The November *Bookman* is altogether a most interesting number.

The Queen. Dec. 7th. 1901.

Mr. Thomas Hardy on Edgar Allan Poe.

In a lecture on Sir Walter Scott's poetry, delivered at Jedburgh last week, Sir George Douglas mentioned that he had been studying the works of Edgar Allan Poe. One of the three greatest writers now living in the country wrote to him (Sir George), after he had told him he had taken up the study with a view to writing a paper: "I am glad you are going to study Poe. There is genius in every line of his too small sheet of verse." That writer was Thomas Hardy the novelist.

British Weekly, March 27. 1902.

THE MALL GAZETTE

EVENING, MAY 22, 1891. Price One Penny.

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Mr. Hardy's Waistcoats

It is to be hoped that the paragraph about Mr. Thomas Hardy's waistcoats which has been going the rounds of the press will not come between the reader and his enjoyment of the novelist's work. Is it not a little impolitic to disclose the fact that the author of *Tess* wears two waistcoats "even on the hottest summer day"? Mr. Hardy is reputed to have worn as many as four at once in cold weather, and possibly that may have been his average during last summer. It is a quaint eccentricity, and recalls the favourite circus act of our childhood's days, when a rider would divest himself of numerous waistcoats while riding round the ring. But Mr. Hardy is not alone in this habit, for I have heard it whispered that a young author, who may be described as one of the brightest of the younger generation of novelists of the Hardy school, has the same weakness for a superabundance of waistcoats. Has the master this subtle influence on the disciple?

MEN AND WOMEN WHO WRITE.

No. IX.—THOMAS HARDY.

FROM London to the heart of Wessex, the land of Hardy's novels—of "Bathsheba Everdene," "Clym Yeobright," and "Giles Winterborne"—seems far away enough; but it is only five hours from Waterloo, as a matter of fact. A more delightful escape from town and its pale cares, now, when the first freshness of spring has made all the west country green, is hardly to be conceived for a tired man of the crowd. He may leave town about noon, and long before night be in that land of the apple and primrose where the town noises are hushed to an old-fashioned country quiet. This year the spring is late, but Wessex is always in advance of Essex and the eastern counties near London; and in its woodland and more sheltered places, and even on the famous heath which, more than any of the human characters in that book, plays a chief part in "The Return of the Native," there are spring signs in plenty to remind one of the wonderful descriptions of spring by the novelist in various of his rustic apologues.

To all these things, which the curious traveller who knows his Hardy by heart observes with interest in Dorsetshire and the neighbouring west country, the novelist himself is the best guide. Getting to Dorchester at night, if after casually exploring its pleasantly antiquated streets and houses the next morning you leave the four cross-ways in the middle of the town, it need not take you long on foot to reach Max Gate, where Mr. Hardy lives. Indeed, as the morning hours are held sacred by him to his literary creations, you will be wise, if you are so far privileged as to invade his sanctum at all, to dally on the way, and on reaching Gallows-hill make a halt, and consider what to do to prolong the way. A few years ago you might have made your way over to where the thatched roof of Winterbourne Came Rectory showed the abode of William Barnes, and found the eighty-year-old poet still hale and hearty. But the grave hides him, and his familiar figure "quaintly attired in caped cloak, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes, with a leather satchel slung over his shoulders, and a stout staff in his hand," as Mr. Hardy once described him, that used so often to be seen on these country roads or in Dorchester town, may be seen no more.

Under some such thatched rooftree as that of Winterbourne Came Rectory, one might expect to find the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." An old-fashioned house, dating centuries back, with the flavour of the past hanging about its comfortable threshold and its walls, is what one would naturally assign to him for dwelling-place. Max Gate, however, is, like its owner's creations on paper, a modern setting, so to speak, of old associations; for the house, though on an ancient site, is new, and was designed by Mr. Hardy himself. Readers of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" might from that book alone conclusively decide that its author had a more than unprofessional knowledge of architecture. In point of fact, he began his career as an architect in an office in Dorchester, and his first published work was an essay on the use of coloured brick and terra-cotta in dwelling-houses, some of whose ideas might be thought to have found, after twenty years, a concrete application in the walls of the author's own house. No novelist, not even Hawthorne, in his "House of the Seven Gables," has given such individuality to old houses in his books as Hardy. There is a distinct and satisfying individuality about Max Gate, too, though it is not old. Standing where it does, near one of the uplifted prehistoric barrows that are not uncommon in Dorsetshire, on a high and solitary spot, commanding well the surrounding country, it might claim to be, remembering its master's outlook upon human affairs, the watch-tower of Wessex: lucky the visitor to that ancient part of the world who may talk over the great human tragic-comedy, as localized there, with the watchman within his tower! Still luckier to entice him out, to go exploring under his guidance the places where the viewless people of his fiction have lived, moved, and had their being. Then

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Conservative Opposition, Mr. Meredith, Q.C., who at present gets £120 like his fellow members. The latter were asked to increase their own pay to £160, but this raised such a storm of virtuous indignation that the motion was withdrawn. Next day, though pressed by Mr. Meredith in the most complimentary manner to accept, the Premier declined the proffered increase. The money would have been a very acceptable relief to him, he said, but the proposal had been made at the end of the session, and there had been no public discussion upon it. The Opposition leader also declined, not only on the ground that the proposal in his case found no precedent in British Constitutional government, but because—the voting of his extra pay being in the hands of his opponents, the majority—his public course might be held to be influenced thereby.

IMPORTING FOXES.

A new use for foxes has been found in Sable Island, which has exemplified in its time several curious vicissitudes of animal population. The island—which is not the mere waste of sand it looks to Atlantic mariners, as the interior is a verdant valley with a lake eight miles long,—is as overstocked with rabbits as New Zealand itself. These animals were introduced at the beginning of the century for the benefit of the life-saving staff which constitutes the whole population of that wreck-strewn island. Once the rabbits were exterminated by cast-away rats, and again by a flock of Arctic owls. A third time the

one may understand how full of imaginative stimulus such well-known and well-loved surroundings may come to be. Even the winter, Mr. Hardy has said, is enjoyable and delightful in a solitary house in the country—given certain conditions! "They are old associations—an almost exhaustive acquaintance with every object, animate and inanimate, within the observer's horizon. He must know all about those invisible ones of the days gone by, whose feet have traversed the fields which look so grey from his windows; whose plough has turned the sods, whose hands planted the trees that form a crest on the opposite hill, whose horses and hounds have torn through that underwood; what bygone dramas of love, jealousy, revenge, or disappointment have been enacted in the cottages, the mansions, the street, or on the green." It is these memories, more than any natural beauty or grandeur, that give lasting interest to the country life; and these memories, of the country round Max Gate, Mr. Hardy has at his finger ends. To him the nearer landmarks of Came Plantations, or Conygore Hill and the more distant ones of Blackdon, with its monument to his ancestor and namesake, Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's captain, or of Maiden Castle with its great ramparts, have all their history. And so through all Wessex, in a greater or less degree. There is no old tradition of any house or place, no old country legend or bit of folk-lore, but he has stored it away for possible use.

"Under the Greenwood Tree" was the first book that showed how well the novelist could turn these things to account. A year previous to this, in 1871, when he was thirty-one years old, he had published his first novel, "Desperate Remedies;" but this may be critically set aside. It was "Under the Greenwood Tree" that first made him known to the inner critical circle, now twenty years ago (so fast does time slip away in the literary record of our time), and proved how admirable and original a faculty the young novelist had in dealing with the humours and local colours of the country life. Two years later again, and "Far from the Madding Crowd" began to run in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and made his name with the outer circle too. In this—the best known of all his novels—he took a wider stage, and showed himself master of well-nigh all the human situations possible in a prose fable of the country life. Indeed, though in his later books he has given proof of a more profound sense of fate and destiny, as in "The Return of the Native," or of a feeling for a more sophisticated subject, as in "A Laodicean," he has written yet no novel which, taken all round, is more perfect in kind. "The Return of the Native," which was published in 1878, four years later, is conceived with a greater imagination, and deals more tremendously with its subject; but it does not unroll itself with the apparently natural, and really most artistic, proportion of part to part, and part to whole, found in the story of Bathsheba Everdene and her lovers and neighbours in "Far from the Madding Crowd." Some of the other books may perhaps excel it in this or the other particular point, but as a whole it is still, I think, unsurpassed. After it "The Hand of Ethelberta," which was its author's next book, proves a little disappointing, and we gladly turn to the extraordinary story of Clym Yeobright. If not so proportionate as some in greatness of intention, this is clearly the first of all Mr. Hardy's boldly designed Wessex tales. Some of its scenes and rustic dialogues may be cited as the high-water mark of his genius. The opening chapters of the book contain some descriptions which it would be hard to beat, as, for example, the account of Egdon Heath, with its lonely face suggesting tragic possibilities, which could by its sombre complexion "retard the dawn, sadden noon, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread." On Egdon Heath, easily to be recognized by those who know the wilder parts of Dorset, Hardy marshals with wonderful effect the characters of this most strange and fateful of rustic plays, bringing in again his incomparable rustic chorus so as to singularly enhance with its humour, as in the famous scene round the bonfire, the action of the story. Unluckily for its total impression, however, a want of proportion in some of its parts leads to a rather cumbrous effect upon the reader. Possibly, as in the case of some poets, Mr. Hardy is too much of a philosopher to be always a perfect writer of tales. His method at times becomes too deliberate, too slow, as his style becomes somewhat dragging and over-elaborated. One compares Hardy to Tourguenief, who had also no want of philosophy behind his fiction, and who in his realism and in his pessimism is like the Wessex novelist, but who in his narrative method is so much more concise and direct. By reason of this tendency to an over-elaboration, some of Mr. Hardy's shorter stories, as in his two volumes of delightful "Wessex Tales," strike one as more artistic, in point of form, than his novels. However, it has always been one of the dubious traditions of the English novel that dramatic unity may be overlaid and complicated to any extent in prose fiction, and Mr. Hardy is not to be considered exceptional, seeing that he sins with Richardson, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and George Meredith in this.

Some of his later novels, "The Woodlanders," for instance, are more proportionate in structure, but even "The Woodlanders" might gain, one thinks, if the Mrs. Charmond episode were cut down, or, if not that, better welded into the story, and made more vital. As it is, Mrs. Charmond lacks both vitality and verisimilitude. The reader does not quite believe in her. She does not range with Dr. Fitzspiers, certainly not with Grace Melbury, Giles Winterborne, and the perfectly conceived and maintained group of Winterborne's fellow-woodlanders. In a similar spirit, rather an ungrateful one it may seem, one might take up his other books in turn, and find them here and there wanting. But when one remembers that of all the novelists still writing in England, who have written enough for one to form an opinion about their total contributions to English literature, there are at most two or three who can be ranked with Mr. Hardy, one pauses to consider his whole performance in a spirit only of gratitude. We may not say yet how the future will deal precisely with his work, and what books and what parts of what books it will select as of a lasting interest and value; but it is, I think, as certain as anything so uncertain as literary fame can be that the future will not let Christian and Grandfer Cautte, Eustacia Vye, and Bathsheba Everdene, and other characters in those books, die without a struggle to maintain them in the other world of fiction.

A spring pilgrimage through Wessex, the scenes whence have sprung the men and women who people the pages of "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "The Trumpet Major," and his other books, is the best way of arriving at a fair contemporary appreciation of the Wessex novelist. And it will go hard with him if the "apple-blooth," and the primroses, and the lesser celandines in the Dorset orchards and woodland, and the gorse on the open heath where Eustacia Vye lived, do not send the pilgrim home in a mood to read more such Wessex stories, but not to criticise them.

Φ

Literature Portraits.
Mr Thomas Hardy

dared to identify it. Nor did any one, we think, venture to put his finger on the point where Wilkie Collins ended and Besant began in the story which Sir Walter finished for his dead friend. Yet when it is a question of authenticity in ancient poems or pictures the critics seem to have no doubts. They are prepared by infallible instinct to distinguish to a line or a figure the true Homer or Giorgione, or the first and the second Isaiah. They will even show by coloured printing the diverse dates and composite authorship of the books of Scripture. Neil was much impressed, we are told, by his mistakes, and drew just this moral. He was a great admirer of Robertson Smith, yet began to feel some wholesome scepticism about the results of the "higher criticism," and to reflect on the chequered history of Homeric criticism.

* * * *

AFTER LABOUR.

He sits beside his cottage door,
His dull eyes fixed upon the grass—
An ancient man to whom no more
The days speak as they pass.

Yet sweet to him this rest must be
Who saw, with all its sense revealed,
The grand, deliberate pageantry
Of woodland, hedge, and field.

Nor missed the truth involved in fall
From stricken blooms, of seed that waits,
Shut fast in seeming death, the call
Of Spring without the gates.

Thus to his simple mind was plain
That knowledge not denied to us,
But borne by vernal winds in vain
To ears incredulous—

But stay; he, too, was blind, alas!
Nor ever in his soul was born
That sense of far-off things which pass
And leave the world forlorn.

The lonely dawns, the woodlands dim,
The leaves that, whispering, come and go,
The birds, the hurrying brooks to him
Told nought that thou wouldst know.

For as the fields he ploughed and sowed
In season due, a figure gaunt
Beside him down the furrow strode
Holding the whip of want.

While, starring through the years, his soul,
Stirred by some ancient sense of sin
To restless musings of the goal
That life must lose or win,

Grew fiercely in conviction set
That, his short-comings plainly seen,
The Judge of all would not forget
How hard his lot had been.

W. G. HOLE.

Mr. Frederic Harrison will lecture on July 13 (3.30) at the British Museum on King Alfred the Great.

Mr. Justin McCarthy is now, we are glad to hear, in better health than he has been for several years. He is residing at Westgate-on-Sea.

The Elizabethan Stage Society is reviving an English morality play of the fifteenth century called *Everyman*. It will be given in the Master's Court of the Charterhouse on Saturday afternoon, July 13.

Sir Robert Ball and Mr. Edward Clodd were both sixty-one years old last Monday.

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There is in us an unquenchable expectation which at the gloomiest time persists in inferring that because we are *ourselves* there must be a special future in store for us, though our nature and antecedents to the remotest particular have been common to thousands. Thus to Cytherea and Owen Graye the question how their lives would end seemed the deepest of possible enigmas. To others who knew their position equally well with themselves the question was the easiest that could be asked—"Like those of other people similarly circumstanced." (p. 14.)

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She was not an existence, an experience, a passion, a structure of sensations, to anybody but herself. To all human kind besides, Tess was only a passing thought. Even to friends she was no more than a frequently passing thought. If she made herself miserable the livelong night and day, it was only this much to them—"Ah, she makes herself unhappy." If she tried to be cheerful, to dismiss all care, to take pleasure in the daylight, the flowers, the baby, she could only be this idea to them—"Ah, she bears it very well."

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Literature Portraits.—IX.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Several years before "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was heard of, a well-known literary critic ranked Mr. Hardy next after George Meredith among contemporary novelists—*longo sed proximus intervallo*. Since then the intervening gap has undoubtedly narrowed. Mr. Hardy's fame has grown slowly, but it has grown solidly; it is builder's work. But he has never been, and I think never can be (in spite of "Tess"), a really popular novelist, and he does not provoke enthusiasm. He is not, like Mr. Kipling, for all readers; his work has none of that attaching quality which won for Stevenson devoted personal affection from thousands of men and women who never looked on his face; he is, for a man of so much genius, curiously destitute of a following. But as he looms to the eye, somewhat sinister and very much alone, he is one of the most striking figures in our modern world of letters.

Like Burns he springs direct from the soil. But to call up the image of the genial Ayrshire farmer, singing his songs in an ale-house, the soul of his company, is to emphasize Mr. Hardy's unlikeness rather than his likeness. I see him at such a gathering silent and aloof, listening with retentive memory, or, possibly, narrating with stony detachment a story of singular and tragical fates. Mr. Hardy is as indissolubly associated by the cast of his genius with a limited region of earth as ever was any author since the beginning of authorship; the colours of Wessex soil, the sights and sounds and smells of the downs and of the cider country are fixed in all their freshness in his work; the people of whom he writes are not so much English as Saxon, that is, quintessentially English. And yet, by an odd contradiction, the authors with whom Mr. Hardy seems to have a natural affinity are not Englishmen but Frenchmen. He resembles Mérimée by the dryness of his art, Maupassant by his choice of subjects and his attitude towards them when chosen.

Let us trace in a few words his rather uneventful career. Born in 1840, Mr. Hardy was apprenticed to an ecclesiastical architect at the age of sixteen and gave his life till about his thirtieth year to a pursuit which has deeply coloured all his literature from "Desperate Remedies" to "Jude the Obscure." The former of these stories (in which, as it will be remembered, three of the characters are architects practising the miscellaneous vocations of stewards, land surveyors, and the like, familiar to architects in country towns) appeared in 1871, signed only with initials. It was followed in the next year by "Under the Greenwood Tree," and at this date Mr. Hardy definitively broke with architecture (in which he had distinguished himself so far as to be a prize-winner at a Royal Society's competition). In 1873, "A Pair of Blue Eyes" found its way into a serial, and in 1874 "Far from the Madding Crowd" ran through the *Cornhill*; then, appearing as a book, gained something of the success which it merited. It was the first of his books to be published in yellow-backed form, then the hall-mark of popularity, and its popularity caused a reissue of the two preceding novels. In the following thirteen years, seven novels in all were published, most of them appearing in good magazines; while full recognition was accorded to their author's genius, beginning with a review of his work in the *New Quarterly* as early as 1879. The last of the seven, and the best, was "The Woodlanders," issued in 1887. Four years of silence followed, and then "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" began to come out in the *Graphic*. Its prodigious success was not merely due to its literary excellence; it raised with great boldness a controversial issue, by its sub-title "Tess of the D'Urbervilles—A Pure Woman." Other novelists, Reade and Wilkie Collins, for example, had endeavoured to represent that a woman might still be deserving of respect, and of a man's best love, after she had lapsed from what was technically known as virtue: but they had always stated their case in a shamefaced apologetic manner. Mr. Hardy took another way. Angel Clare made his

confession to Tess on the night of their wedding, and then waited for hers with a smile. She noticed it.

"Perhaps, although you smile, it is as serious as yours or more so."

"It can hardly be more serious, dearest."

"It cannot—oh no, it cannot"—She jumped up joyfully at the hope. "No, it cannot be more serious, certainly," she cried, "because 'tis just the same!"

There you had not merely a dramatic situation, but the statement of a view, which Mr. Hardy endorsed. It seemed to the natural unsophisticated intelligence of Tess that her loss of virginity out of wedlock was a thing to be regretted, a thing to be forgiven—just as was the same event in Angel Clare's history. And if you were to ask Mr. Hardy for the cause of the crime which led Tess through a tragic idyll to the scaffold, he would be bound, I think, to say that it lay in the marriage law, by which a woman was constrained to accept a possible position of repugnant bodily servitude.

O wearisome condition of humanity
Born under one law, to another bound!

Fulke Greville's lines might be the inscription on the successor to "Tess." Mr. Hardy had gained his hearing. If that book was not condemned, but rather read with avidity, he evidently had a free hand, and in "Jude the Obscure" he used it. "Jude" seems to me by far the most complete expression of this gloomy and powerful mind. The book is the history of a tragic marriage and its consequences; but Mr. Hardy does not in reality arraign the marriage law, which is only a part of humanity's wearisome condition.

Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
Created sick, commanded to be sound.

The perpetual centre of his contemplation is the tragically ironic contrast between human life as it looks to the individual and human life as it looks to the race. We are put here to obey certain instincts, laws within us, which tend to the perpetuation of the species in a state of healthy animalism; yet so constituted are we, that we must of necessity form to ourselves ideal ends for our existence, and even wrap ourselves round in restraints, laws without us, to check the free play of nature. And in the everlasting conflict nature is indomitable, sometimes defeated, oftener victorious, sometimes reducing both forces to a kind of mutual paralysis, so that the animal, though restrained, yet mars the triumph of the man; but always infinite in her resources, like the bank at a gaming table; indifferent to everything so long as on the average she can maintain her own purpose. "The scorn of nature for man's finer emotions and her lack of interest in his aspirations" is a phrase that expresses the refrain of Mr. Hardy's thoughts. Nature is not touched by the boy Jude's thirst for learning, his ideal passion for the intellectual life. All she cares is to see him well provided with an instinct which will respond to the grossest appeal, yet which the higher things in his temperament, contributing to the deceit, will refine and glorify with dreams. Some have blamed the audacious piece of symbolism with which Mr. Hardy opens this chapter in Jude's experience; to me it seems not merely justifiable, but triumphantly right. The irruption of "that missile" ("the characteristic part of a barrow pig") upon the scholar's reverie, summoning Jude for the first time to a practical recognition of woman's existence, is an Aristophanic incident—indecent if you will, but it puts the essence of the facts as no other statement could have done. Jude works the will of nature, the large goddess who concerns herself with the renewal of life, and who, once her end is accomplished, is indifferent to the rest. Man is bound by her, but he is also bound by his own nature as an individual and as one of a human society. Jude's idealism delivers him tied and bound into the hands of a woman who is no fit mate for him; and the idealism of society exacts that for his weakness he shall be a martyr. Seen individually, he is a creature caught in a snare. Seen socially, he is sacrificed to a law necessary to the maintenance of society. Seen from the point of view of the race, he simply fulfils his function, is born, begets, and dies.

Mr. Hardy does not preach. Only, as a novelist, he is occupied with the individual, not with society, nor with the race; it is merely the peculiarity of his attitude towards the facts that he continually sees the lesser destiny in conflict with the greater ones, and always tends to paint as in "Jude" "the tragedy of unfulfilled aims." It is curious to note in his first novel "Desperate Remedies" (an immature work, superficially influenced in its structure and aims by Wilkie Collins) the same notions already cropping up.

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disappointing, and we gladly turn to the extraordinary story of C
bright. If not so proportionate as some in greatness of intentio
clearly the first of all Mr. Hardy's boldly designed Wessex tales.
of its scenes and rustic dialogues may be cited as the high-wate
of his genius. The opening chapters of the book contain sc
scriptions which it would be hard to beat, as, for example, the acc
Egdon Heath, with its lonely face suggesting tragic possibilities, whic
by its sombre complexion "retard the dawn, sadden noon, and inte
opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread
Egdon Heath easily to be recognized by those who know the wild
of Dorset. Hardy marshals with wonderful effect the ch
of this most strange and fateful of rustic plays, bringing i
his incomparable rustic chorus so as to singularly enhanc
its humour, as in the famous scene round the bonfire, the action
story. Unluckily for its total impression, however, a want of pro
in some of its parts leads to a rather cumbrous effect upon the
Possibly, as in the case of some poets, Mr. Hardy is too muc
philosopher to be always a perfect writer of tales. His method at
becomes too deliberate, too slow, as his style becomes sor
dragging and over-elaborated. One compares Hardy to Tourg
who had also no want of philosophy behind his fiction
who in his realism and in his pessimism is like the
novelist, but who in his narrative method is so much more concis
direct. By reason of this tendency to an over-elaboration, some o
Hardy's shorter stories, as in his two volumes of delightful "W
Tales," strike one as more artistic, in point of form, than his n

Literature Portraits.—IX.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Several years before "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was heard of, a well-known literary critic ranked Mr. Hardy next after George Meredith among contemporary novelists—*longo sed proximus intervallo*. Since then the intervening gap has undoubtedly narrowed. Mr. Hardy's fame has grown slowly, but it has grown solidly; it is builder's work. But he has never been, and I think never can be (in spite of "Tess"), a really popular novelist, and he does not provoke enthusiasm. He is not, like Mr. Kipling, for all readers; his work has none of that attaching quality which won for Stevenson devoted personal affection from thousands of men and women who never looked on his face; he is, for a man of so much genius, curiously destitute of a following. But as he looms to the eye, somewhat sinister and very much alone, he is one of the most striking figures in our modern world of letters.

Like Burns he springs direct from the soil. But to call up the image of the genial Ayrshire farmer, singing his songs in an ale-house, the soul of his company, is to emphasize Mr. Hardy's unlikeness rather than his likeness. I see him at such a gathering silent and aloof, listening with retentive memory, or, possibly, narrating with stony detachment a story of singular and tragical fates. Mr. Hardy is as indissolubly associated by the cast of his genius with a limited region of earth as ever was any author since the beginning of authorship; the colours of Wessex soil, the sights and sounds and smells of the downs and of the cider country are fixed in all their freshness in his work; the people of whom he writes are not so much English as Saxon, that is, quintessentially English. And yet, by an odd contradiction, the authors with whom Mr. Hardy seems to have a natural affinity are not Englishmen but Frenchmen. He resembles Mérimée by the dryness of his art, Maupassant by his choice of subjects and his attitude towards them when chosen.

Let us trace in a few words his rather uneventful career. Born in 1840, Mr. Hardy was apprenticed to an ecclesiastical architect at the age of sixteen and gave his life till about his thirtieth year to a pursuit which has deeply coloured all his literature from "Desperate Remedies" to "Jude the Obscure." The former of these stories (in which, as it will be remembered, three of the characters are architects practising the miscellaneous vocations of stewards, land surveyors, and the like, familiar to architects in country towns) appeared in 1871, signed only with initials. It was followed in the next year by "Under the Greenwood Tree," and at this date Mr. Hardy definitively broke with architecture (in which he had distinguished himself so far as to be a prize-winner at a Royal Society's competition). In 1873, "A Pair of Blue Eyes" found its way into a serial, and in 1874 "Far from the Madding Crowd" ran through the *Cornhill*; then, appearing as a book, gained something of the success which it merited. It was the first of his books to be published in yellow-backed form, then the hall-mark of popularity, and its popularity caused a reissue of the two preceding novels. In the following thirteen years, seven novels in all were published, most of them appearing in good magazines; while full recognition was accorded to their author's genius, beginning with a review of his work in the *New Quarterly* as early as 1879. The last of the seven, and the best, was "The Woodlanders," issued in 1887. Four years of silence followed, and then "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" began to come out in the *Graphic*. Its prodigious success was not merely due to its literary excellence; it raised with great boldness a controversial issue, by its sub-title "Tess of the D'Urbervilles—A Pure Woman." Other novelists, Reade and Wilkie Collins, for example, had endeavoured to represent that a woman might still be deserving of respect, and of a man's best love, after she had lapsed from what was technically known as virtue: but they had always stated their case in a shamefaced apologetic manner. Mr. Hardy took another way. Angel Clare made his

confession to Tess on the night of their wedding, and then waited for hers with a smile. She noticed it.

"Perhaps, although you smile, it is as serious as yours or more so."

"It can hardly be more serious, dearest."

"It cannot—oh no, it cannot"—She jumped up joyfully at the hope. "No, it cannot be more serious, certainly," she cried, "because 'tis just the same!"

There you had not merely a dramatic situation, but the statement of a view, which Mr. Hardy endorsed. It seemed to the natural unsophisticated intelligence of Tess that her loss of virginity out of wedlock was a thing to be regretted, a thing to be forgiven—just as was the same event in Angel Clare's history. And if you were to ask Mr. Hardy for the cause of the crime which led Tess through a tragic idyll to the scaffold, he would be bound, I think, to say that it lay in the marriage law, by which a woman was constrained to accept a possible position of repugnant bodily servitude.

O wearisome condition of humanity
Born under one law, to another bound!

Fulke Greville's lines might be the inscription on the successor to "Tess." Mr. Hardy had gained his hearing. If that book was not condemned, but rather read with avidity, he evidently had a free hand, and in "Jude the Obscure" he used it. "Jude" seems to me by far the most complete expression of this gloomy and powerful mind. The book is the history of a tragic marriage and its consequences; but Mr. Hardy does not in reality arraign the marriage law, which is only a part of humanity's wearisome condition.

Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
Created sick, commanded to be sound.

The perpetual centre of his contemplation is the tragically ironic contrast between human life as it looks to the individual and human life as it looks to the race. We are put here to obey certain instincts, laws within us, which tend to the perpetuation of the species in a state of healthy animalism; yet so constituted are we, that we must of necessity form to ourselves ideal ends for our existence, and even wrap ourselves round in restraints, laws without us, to check the free play of nature. And in the everlasting conflict nature is indomitable, sometimes defeated, oftener victorious, sometimes reducing both forces to a kind of mutual paralysis, so that the animal, though restrained, yet mars the triumph of the man; but always infinite in her resources, like the bank at a gaming table; indifferent to everything so long as on the average she can maintain her own purpose. "The scorn of nature for man's finer emotions and her lack of interest in his aspirations" is a phrase that expresses the refrain of Mr. Hardy's thoughts. Nature is not touched by the boy Jude's thirst for learning, his ideal passion for the intellectual life. All she cares is to see him well provided with an instinct which will respond to the grossest appeal, yet which the higher things in his temperament, contributing to the deceit, will refine and glorify with dreams. Some have blamed the audacious piece of symbolism with which Mr. Hardy opens this chapter in Jude's experience; to me it seems not merely justifiable, but triumphantly right. The irruption of "that missile" ("the characteristic part of a barrow pig") upon the scholar's reverie, summoning Jude for the first time to a practical recognition of woman's existence, is an Aristophanic incident—indecent if you will, but it puts the essence of the facts as no other statement could have done. Jude works the will of nature, the large goddess who concerns herself with the renewal of life, and who, once her end is accomplished, is indifferent to the rest. Man is bound by her, but he is also bound by his own nature as an individual and as one of a human society. Jude's idealism delivers him tied and bound into the hands of a woman who is no fit mate for him; and the idealism of society exacts that for his weakness he shall be a martyr. Seen individually, he is a creature caught in a snare. Seen socially, he is sacrificed to a law necessary to the maintenance of society. Seen from the point of view of the race, he simply fulfils his function, is born, begets, and dies.

Mr. Hardy does not preach. Only, as a novelist, he is occupied with the individual, not with society, nor with the race; it is merely the peculiarity of his attitude towards the facts that he continually sees the lesser destiny in conflict with the greater ones, and always tends to paint as in "Jude" "the tragedy of unfulfilled aims." It is curious to note in his first novel "Desperate Remedies" (an immature work, superficially influenced in its structure and aims by Wilkie Collins) the same notions already cropping up.

> There is in us an unquenchable expectation which at the gloomiest time persists in inferring that because we are *ourselves* there must be a special future in store for us, though our nature and antecedents to the remotest particular have been common to thousands. Thus to Cytherea and Owen Graye the question how their lives would end seemed the deepest of possible enigmas. To others who knew their position equally well with themselves the question was the easiest that could be asked—"Like those of other people similarly circumstanced." (p. 14.)

Applying that to the fates of Jude and the two women with whom his life was entangled, it is clear that all three, the intellectually ambitious pauper, the handsome trollop, and the overstrung keen-witted pupil teacher, reached such a close of their respective careers as might naturally have been predicted. The question of how they felt in working out their passage to the evident end is only of personal interest; it does not matter to society or to nature. But the personal interest is none the less keen—and Cytherea Graye said so, in a fine passage which I do not quote, because the same thing is said more shortly in another book.

> She was not an existence, an experience, a passion, a structure of sensations, to anybody but herself. To all human kind besides, Tess was only a passing thought. Even to friends she was no more than a frequently passing thought. If she made herself miserable the livelong night and day, it was only this much to them—"Ah, she makes herself unhappy." If she tried to be cheerful, to dismiss all care, to take pleasure in the daylight, the flowers, the baby, she could only be this idea to them—"Ah, she bears it very well."

The "Art of Thomas Hardy" (to borrow the title of a book to which I am indebted for a bibliography) consists especially in his power to show us this "structure of sensations" on its way through life; or, in his own words, "to give shape and coherence to a series of seemings, or personal impressions." And the philosophy of Thomas Hardy appears to be that in the long struggle the lower continually triumphs over the higher; that man, by the laws which he makes to regulate the strongest of human passions, only heaps new difficulties in the way of the highest human love; and, worst of all, that, as ideals and ambitions diffuse themselves wider, and as men and women less easily content themselves with a life along the line of least resistance, so the tragic conflict becomes more frequent, and the wearisome condition of humanity more wearisome.

The strongest of human passions is Mr. Hardy's eternal theme, but he has little to say in its glorification. It is a recurring accident, a deflection of the compass, which drags men and women aside from their true objects, and makes the wildest work in natures that do not go out to seek it. Bathsheba Everdene, the charming heroine—who wins our heart at her first gesture, as she mirrors herself surreptitiously on board the carrier's wagon—belongs rather to Artemis than Aphrodite; and yet Sergeant Troy leads her a deplorable dance. It is true that in the end she marries Gabriel Oak—one of those men, like Giles Winterborne in "The Woodlanders," who are not passion's slaves, and whom therefore Mr. Hardy holds in special honour. Bathsheba reaps her aftermath, but I think Mr. Hardy's novels endorse the aphorism—"*Il y a de bons mariages, il n'y en a pas de délicieux.*" Love in his books makes ravage; and the irony which he points again and again is that most men and women, even after a glimpse of real and equal love, decline on a shabby

second-best. Grace in "The Woodlanders" returns shamefacedly to her husband, not from any sense of duty; the one faithful to the ideal love of the dead Giles is Marty South—*quam nemo rogavit*. And the couples who are by nature fitted to enjoy a felicity that is not in the way of common nature find all the chances of the world against them. Some convention, reasonable or unreasonable, makes a barrier, and at the most they snatch a brief joy.

And yet I think Mr. Hardy is not altogether pessimist. Again I quote Fulke Greville.

> Yet when each of us in his own heart looks
> He finds the God there far unlike his books.

It is men and women rather than nature, he seems to say, who make the unhappiness; and the human heart, if it will rely on itself, holds truth and mercy sufficient to solve most problems. Angel Clare makes himself the mouthpiece of a convention, when Tess confesses her error, and by so doing he ruins his life and hers. Jude and Sue do what they can to secure happiness and repair their errors of judgment, but society intervenes and condemns not them only, but Sue's husband Phillotson, who had acquiesced in his wife's departure. Phillotson realizes what society will not realize, and perhaps cannot afford to, that life offers to a woman (as Cytherea Graye puts it) "a single opportunity of existence as well as of doing her duty." And so he follows the instinct of his own nature in letting her follow hers. But the force of society, the weight of all the dead who rule us, is tremendous, and the final tragedy comes when Sue, in the wreck of her intelligence, accepts the convention bodily, and goes back to force herself into a physical degradation, leaving Jude, one may say literally, to find his way to Hell. The same social obstacle to happiness, the opinion of others claiming to regulate a life which can only be clear to its possessor, is indicated in one of "Life's Little Ironies" when the promoted housemaid, widow of a parson, is debarred by her son from the gentle felicity of remarriage with a constant greengrocer.

Thus, taking the facts all round, Mr. Hardy sees happiness as something very difficult to compass, and the supreme joy which arises from the mating of two beings specially endowed to complete one another as almost a miracle. And he writes by preference about those who desire the miracle. His last book, "The Well-Beloved," relates with a queer irony the pursuit of one ideal by one man through three generations from mother to daughter and from daughter to granddaughter. People who want miracles cannot expect to be happy; and yet the world as Mr. Hardy sees it is full of the material for happiness. The face and the breath of earth are dear and familiar to him; he follows with joy the ways and works of nature in which man co-operates. Perhaps this is nowhere else so plain as in "The Woodlanders," expressed by the feeling slowly asserting itself in the timber-merchant's schoolbred daughter for all the life which Winterborne sums up and incarnates. I cannot resist quoting a description of the man which is worthy to stand beside Keats' "Ode to Autumn":—

> He looked and smelt like Autumn's very brother, his face being sunburnt to wheat-colour, his eyes blue as cornflowers, his sleeves and leggings dyed with fruit stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of cider which at its first return each season has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among the orchards.

No one else has described so well the whole of this country with its transition from vale to down, its sharply marked divisions according to the pursuits of each locality, its slow vegetative life, and the history that it bears written on it to those who can read. No one else has made us feel so fully the education of a countryman's life, the "almost exhaustive biographical and historical acquaintance with every object animate and inanimate within the observer's horizon." No one else has rendered so broadly the humour half conscious, half unconscious, which there as elsewhere is the salt of existence. It is here that Mr. Hardy has most obvious affinity with the great compendium of English genius that we find in Shakespeare. His rustics talk like Shakespeare's, for the excellent reason that speech in country places alters far more slowly than even dress or morals. Mr. Hardy deals in no phonetics; his dialect never embarrasses the eye; but it gives the form and colour of a peculiar speech. If he was famous for nothing else he would be famous for such passages of humour as the scenes in "Far from the Madding Crowd," where Joseph Poorgrass is only one of half a dozen fully individualized and delightful persons, whose part is somewhat like that of the chorus in a Greek play. They comment on rather than take part in the main action. But Mr. Hardy is more than a humorist. He is a born narrator, ; slow moving, perhaps, and weighty, but never cumbrous; and a master of the short story. I have said nothing of his collected volumes of tales (which figure with the rest in Messrs. Harpers' admirable collected edition of "The Wessex Novels") because there is not adequate space here. But it will strike the least observant as remarkable that a mind so given to fulness and amplification should also have the art to select, combine, and condense as the short tale demands. It is wonderful how little is told, yet how much suggested, for example, in "The Fiddler of the Reels."

In these short stories, however, one does not see what is to my mind most characteristic of Thomas Hardy. One sees the narrator, and the humorist, employing exclusively the prose faculty; and employing it in his later work without those lapses into a clumsy circumlocution which in places disfigure, for example, the story of Bathsheba and her lover. But the poet, the thwarted and distorted idealist, is not visible. Mr. Hardy has published a volume of poems, and he has written stray numbers of verse marked with the virile originality which is evident in whatever he touches. Yet the poetry of his nature finds its best utterance in prose. It is a poet who renders to us the atmosphere of the Vale of Blackmoor, reeking with blue mists; a poet who renders to us Tess's thoughts about the stars; a poet who renders Jude's half mystical idealization of the University which had no place for such as him; a poet who throughout his work feels and makes us feel the filaments that draw nature together, the quivering joy of the earth under the rain, of the tree at the mounting of the sap, of bodies that meet and mingle, and of souls that at last surrender to each other. By a poet I mean a man whose work is informed by the larger imagination; and such a man, whether for his comfort or discomfort, and for ours, is undoubtedly Mr. Thomas Hardy.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

It is just thirty years since Mr. Hardy's first novel, "Desperate Remedies," was brought out in three volumes by the Tinsley Brothers. It was published anonymously. In his "Random Recollections of an Old Publisher" Mr. William Tinsley says that he accepted "Desperate Remedies" thinking that, in spite of the introduction of what he describes as "almost ultra-sensational matter," there was enough of the bright side of human nature in the book to sell at least one fair edition. "However, there was not; but for a first venture," adds Mr. Tinsley, "I do not think Mr. Hardy had much to complain about." The same publisher bought the copyright of Mr. Hardy's second novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree," and published it in the following year (1872) convinced that he had got hold of the best little prose idyll that he had ever read:—

> I almost raved about the book [he writes], and gave it away wholesale to Pressmen and any one I knew interested in good fiction. But, strange to say, it would not sell. Finding it hung on hand in the original two-volume form, I printed it in a very pretty illustrated one-volume form. That edition was a failure. Then I published it in a two-shilling form, with paper covers, and that edition had a very poor sale indeed; and yet it was one of the best Press-noticed books I ever published.

Mr. Tinsley tried Mr. Hardy's third novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes," as a serial in *Tinsley's Magazine*, and afterwards in three volumes (1873), but the immediate result was equally disappointing. Then, however, came the commission to write "Far From the Madding Crowd" for the *Cornhill*—the turning-point in Mr. Hardy's career, for at that time, according to Mr. Tinsley, it was by no means certain that he would not return to his profes-

sion as an architect. But literature had been steadily asserting her claims upon Mr. Hardy, even while he practised Gothic architecture under Sir A. W. Blomfield in the early sixties, when he won the prize and medal of the Institute of British Architects for an essay on "Coloured Bricks and Terra Cotta Architecture" (1863) and received Sir W. Tite's prize for architectural design in the same year. Two years later he wrote an anonymous contribution to *Chambers' Journal* entitled "How I Built Myself a House"—a humorous sketch of the experiences of an unsophisticated young couple in house-building. Much of Mr. Hardy's earliest work was in verse, but of this work—according to Mr. John Lane, in his preface to the exhaustive bibliography which he has appended to Mr. Lionel Johnson's book on "The Art of Thomas Hardy"—everything, with the exception of one poem, was destroyed. The one piece of salvage is the Wessex ballad, "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's," which appeared, bowdlerized, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in November, 1875. The ballad was first reproduced in its original form at the end of Mr. Lane's bibliography, together with the novelist's biographical note on his friend and neighbour, the Rev. William Barnes, the Dorset poet, contributed to the *Athenæum* in October, 1886. Of Mr. Hardy's remaining contributions to periodical literature in other directions than fiction, we need, perhaps, only mention his paper on "The Dorset Labourer," published in *Longman's* in July, 1893.

"Far From the Madding Crowd" ran serially through the *Cornhill* unsigned, and when Messrs. Smith, Elder brought it out in three volumes in the same year (1874) its success was unqualified. Messrs. Smith, Elder saw it through four editions before parting with it in 1882 to Messrs. Sampson Low, who, in their turn, had reprinted it at least half-a-dozen times when Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine took it over for their complete uniform edition of Mr. Hardy's works. It still has—with "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which runs it very close in the matter of popularity—a far wider circulation than Mr. Hardy's other books, though all have a remarkably steady sale, and two, "The Woodlanders" and "A Group of Noble Dames," are at the present moment being reprinted. "Tess" was the first of the series to appeal to the sixpenny public—rapidly running through an immense edition—and "Far From the Madding Crowd" is now following its example. It was in "Far from the Madding Crowd" that the novelist first adopted the word "Wessex":—

> The series of novels I projected being mainly of the kind called local [he explains in his new preface to the book in the uniform edition], they seemed to require a territorial definition of some sort to lend unity to their scene. Finding that the area of a single county did not afford a canvas large enough for this purpose, and that there were objections to an invented name, I disinterred the old one. The Press and the public were kind enough to welcome the fanciful plan and willingly joined me in the anachronism of imagining a Wessex population living under Queen Victoria.

Mr. Hardy contributed to the article on "Why I Don't Write Plays" which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in August, 1892, although he wrote the dramatic version of "Far From the Madding Crowd" in collaboration with Mr. Comyns Carr and had it produced in Liverpool and at the Globe Theatre, London, earlier in the same year; and in the following year he dramatized "The Three Strangers"—one of the "Wessex Tales"—the play being produced at Terry's Theatre under the title of *The Three Wayfarers*, with three other one-act pieces.

After "Far From the Madding Crowd"—to return to the novels—came "The Hand of Ethelberta: a Comedy in Chapters," which followed the course of its predecessor through the pages of the *Cornhill*, and was subsequently published by Messrs. Smith, Elder in two volumes. Its author has since described the book as "a somewhat frivolous narrative, produced as an interlude between stories of a more sober design," and, though it did not meet with the striking success of "Far From the Madding Crowd," it was twice reprinted by the original publishers before Messrs. Sampson Low took it over in 1882—to part with it later, though only after four or five fresh editions had been exhausted, to Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine. The next novel, "The Return of the Native" (1878), found it harder still to settle down permanently, running first through *Belgravia*, then appearing in three volumes through Messrs. Smith, Elder; next turning up in a new edition at Messrs. Kegan Paul's; then joining its fellows at Messrs. Sampson Low, and eventually finding its way to Harper's through Osgood, M'Ilvaine. Meantime, the success of these later books was giving a fresh and wider circulation to Mr. Hardy's earlier novels. A new edition of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" was published in 1877 by H. S. King and Co. (to be presently taken over by Kegan Paul and Co., and by them transferred in 1884 to Sampson Low), while in 1878 Messrs. Chatto succeeded the Tinsleys as the publishers of "Under the Greenwood Tree" and brought it out in two new editions. "Under the Greenwood Tree" is still published by Messrs. Chatto (in three distinct forms), and is now, we believe, the only book by Mr. Hardy which issues from any house but that of Harper and Brothers (Osgood, M'Ilvaine's successors), in whose complete edition of the novelist's works it also appears. "Desperate Remedies," the anonymous novel, did not make its reappearance under the author's name until 1889, when Ward and Downey brought it out in its first one-volume form. Three years later Mr. Heinemann reprinted it in a popular edition, and in 1896, when Osgood, M'Ilvaine included it in their uniform edition, the Wessex towns and other places mentioned were, in several of the stories, called for the first time by the names under which they appear elsewhere—"for the satisfaction," writes the author, "of any reader who may care for consistency in such matters." Mr. Hardy's seventh book was "The Trumpet-Major," published in three volumes by Smith, Elder in 1880 after running serially through *Good Words*. A new and cheaper edition in one volume was brought out in the following year by Messrs. Sampson Low, who reprinted it several times before it passed into Osgood, M'Ilvaine's complete edition in 1895. It was again reprinted in 1897. The eighth novel was "A Laodicean," which appeared originally in *Harper's Magazine*, Messrs. Sampson Low bringing it out subsequently in three volumes (1881). It has since been reprinted at least eight times:—

> The writing of this tale [says Mr. Hardy in the new preface to the book] was rendered memorable, to two persons at least, by a tedious illness of five months that laid hold of the author soon after the story was begun in a well-known magazine, during which period the narrative had to be strenuously continued by dictation to a predetermined cheerful ending. As some of these novels of Wessex life address themselves more especially to readers into whose souls the iron has entered, and whose years have less pleasure in them now than heretofore, so "A Laodicean" may perhaps help to wile away an idle afternoon of the comfortable ones whose lines have fallen to them in pleasant places; above all, of that large and happy section of the reading public which has not yet reached ripeness of years; those to whom marriage is the pilgrim's Eternal City, and not a milestone on the way.

Mr. Hardy's next novel, "Two on a Tower," was published in three volumes in 1882 by Messrs. Sampson Low, after its production in serial form in the *Boston Monthly*. It has since been through about the same number of editions as its immediate predecessor, although the book met with a storm of abuse on its first appearance. "That, however," said Mr. Hardy, in the preface to the book in the uniform edition, "was thirteen years ago, and I venture to think that those who care to read the story now will be quite astonished at the scrupulous propriety observed therein on the relations of the sexes; for, though there may be frivolous and even grotesque touches on occasion, there is hardly a single caress in the book outside legal matrimony, or what was intended to be." Four years elapsed before Mr. Hardy's tenth novel, "The Mayor of Casterbridge," made its appearance, though his story of "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," which came out in the *Graphic* Summer Number in 1883, was reprinted in book form in America in 1884. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" was another *Graphic* story, Messrs. Smith, Elder afterwards bringing it out in two volumes. That was in 1886; in the following year Messrs. Sampson Low took the book over, and, after several reprints, it found its way, like the rest of the Hardy novels, to Osgood, M'Ilvaine, and Co. "The Woodlanders" came next, this time through Messrs. Macmillan, who published it in 1887 in three volumes, after seeing it through their magazine, and brought it out in one-volume form in the same year. Messrs. Macmillan were also the original publishers of "Wessex Tales" in two volumes (1888), though the stories had been making their appearance in various periodicals since 1879. With "Tess" and his next collection of tales, "A Group of Noble Dames"—both issued in 1891—Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine became Mr. Hardy's publishers (1891), and his books have not strayed from Albemarle-street since that date. The experiences of "Tess" as a serial in the *Graphic* will probably be recalled in the coming lawsuit between Mr. Hall Caine and Messrs. Pearson, for Mr. Hardy's novel, as mentioned in *Literature* a few weeks ago, contained certain chapters which the editor feared would give offence, and the offending portions were omitted. These were printed in the *Fortnightly* and *National Observer* as episodic sketches and were duly incorporated in the book when Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine published it. "Tess" has had an immense sale altogether. It exhausted four editions in three-volume form; it ran through

numerous editions as an ordinary volume, and is now out of print in that form; and it has been reprinted several times since its inclusion in the uniform edition in 1895. "The Well-Beloved" started as a serial in the *Illustrated London News* in 1892, but did not appear in independent form until 1897, when it was included in the uniform edition with a few chapters rewritten. "Life's Little Ironies" came in 1894 and ran through several editions in the same year, joining the uniform series in 1896. "Jude the Obscure" (1895) was produced serially in *Harper's*, but, as in the case of "Tess," the magazine version was, for various reasons, abridged and modified in some degree, and it was not until it reached the book that the tale appeared as originally written. "For a novel addressed by a man to men and women," wrote Mr. Hardy in his preface, "which attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, and to point, without a mincing of words, the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling of the book to which exception can be taken." That, so far, is the last long novel published by Mr. Hardy, and it seems probable that his next volume will be another collection of short stories. His last volume, it will be remembered, was his collection of "Wessex Poems" (1898), only four out of which had appeared before, one of the four being "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's," already referred to. Three tales, which we believe have not been republished independently—in this country at all events—should be mentioned before closing our bibliography—"The Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress," which appeared in Chatto and Windus' *New Quarterly Magazine* in 1878; "The Waiting Supper," published in *Murray's Magazine* ten years later, and reprinted in America; and "A Changed Man," which appeared in two numbers of the *Sphere* last year.

THE HISTORICAL VALUE OF WILLS.
A "Personal View."

By the Rev. J. CHARLES COX.

Notwithstanding all that has been done to illustrate history in its general as well as in its social and economic aspects by the study of wills, the amount that has been accomplished, after either a fitful or systematic fashion, is a mere nothing compared with what remains to be done.

Those two great printing societies—Surtees and Camden—are in this matter naturally well to the front. The second volume issued by the Surtees Society (1835), edited by Canon Raine, was "Wills and Inventories illustrative of the History, Manners, Language, Statistics, &c., of the Northern Counties of England." These were taken from the registry at Durham. After a lapse of just a quarter of a century Canon Greenwell edited a second volume. The society also produced five excellent volumes, between 1836 and 1884, termed "Testamenta Eboracensia" from the York registry, illustrative of the Province of York from 1300 downwards, under the editorship of Canon Raine. The same industrious scholar, for the same society, likewise produced a volume, in 1853, on the early wills of the Archdeaconry of Richmond. The Camden Society produced, in 1850, a volume on the wills and inventories from the registry of the commissary of Bury St. Edmunds and the Archdeaconry of Sudbury, and also, in 1863, gave "a selection of wills of eminent persons," between the years 1495 and 1695, from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. These volumes are more than sufficient to set forth—if any proof were needed—the invaluable help afforded by wills not only for genealogical or family purposes, or for the establishing or confirming of some definite historical point, but more especially in forming an accurate estimate on the social questions and general life of the times to which they refer.

The search into wills has of late years been much facilitated by the more generous regulations of Somerset House and of most of the district probate registries. But a yet deeper debt of gratitude is owing to Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore and the British Record Society of his founding. It includes in its indexes the wills of Northampton and Rutland, from 1510 to 1652; those of the Consistory Court of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and certain peculiars of the diocese, from 1516 to 1652; those of the Archdeaconry of Berkshire, from 1508 to 1652; those of the Consistory Court of the Bishop of Gloucester, from 1541 to 1650; and above all those of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury (in three volumes), from 1383 to 1583. The special interest attached to the systematic study of wills of a given time over a given district, particularly to the student of life on the eve of the Reformation period, has of late been manifested in two very different parts of England—the points of dissimilarity as well as resemblance being equally noteworthy. The Rev. F. W. Weaver brought out, in 1890, under the title of "Wells Wills," a most interesting account of some 600 Somersetshire wills, of the years 1528-1536, arranged under their parishes. In the publications of the St. Paul's Ecclesiological Society for 1895 is a valuable and exhaustive analysis of the wills of the Diocese of Rochester, from 1400 to the accession of Elizabeth. The wills of Northamptonshire are now undergoing a like searching process.

The Pre-Reformation wills give as a rule the dedication of the church where the testator desired to be buried, and are therefore the authoritative source for dedications. The name of the saint connected with an old parochial church has not infrequently a peculiar value; the dedications that tell of the introduction of Christianity through a blend of Scottian and Augustinian sources, or remind us of the historic missionary or monastic saints of Anglo-Saxon days, are commoner than is generally supposed. Certain dioceses have had their dedications examined by competent scholars and are mostly right, whilst others are still in a hopeless modern muddle. One diocese could be named where the blunders in the official calendar for the present year of grace exceed forty.

The exact date of structural alterations and additions to the fabric of the church can often be found from this prolific source, as well as the details of the supply and price and repair of church furniture and ornaments. The unsuspected late date of much excellent "Perpendicular" work is thereby established, as well as the lavish attention to roodlofts, altars, images, and lights down to the very moment when the first of iconoclastic waves of the reformation swept into our churches.

It is pleasant to note how the clergy—the great will-makers of the day—were not content merely to exhort their sick parishioners to leave a trifle for forgotten tithes, to the high altar, to the reparation of the bells, or to the maintenance of specific lights, or even to the poor of the district, but evidently exhorted them to attend to the good of the community as a practical religious duty. For instance, Thomas Angiers, of Paulerspury, in 1532, left "one-halff of my goodes to be spent in warkes of mercye as in mendyng of the hiewayes." The bequests to the repair of bridges and roads were frequent.

The books named in wills afford a fund of delight to the bibliographer and general student of literature, as well as to the liturgiologist. It is charming to find a retired village priest leaving to his friend in a distant parish of the same county "a boke called Vergill," if he cares to come and fetch it. A will of 1526 shows that printing had not driven out the beautiful and painful work of the scribe and illuminator. In that year the vicar of Chipping Warden left to his parish church "vli sterling to buy a boke called a Breviary to be made. I have spoke for ytt myselfe to oon dwellyng at the blakefreers in Herforde and payd to him in ye jrnest vjs. viiid."

DAGENS NYHETER Tisdagen den 12 Augusti 1902.

En engelsk litteraturhistoriker om svensk litteratur.

Ett samtal med Edmund Gosse.

Då jag här om dagen träffade Edmund Gosse på Grand Hôtel Saltsjöbaden, var det helt naturligt att vårt samtal snart kom in på den moderna svenska litteraturen, då Edmund Gosse är en af de få, ja, kanske den ende af Englands litteraturhistoriker som grundligt känner och allvarligt intresserat sig för skandinavisk litteratur.

Redan för trettio år sedan slog Gosse sig på skandinavisk litteratur som specialitet och gjorde för detta ändamål resor till Danmark och Norge för att studera språk och personer på närmaste håll. Egendomligt nog är detta hans första besök i Sverige, men det oaktadt läser han svenska obehindradt.

Af våra svenska författare och författarinnor har han personligen endast sammanträffat med Ellen Key och Ossian-Nilsson, ehuru han känner dem alla till namnet och de flesta till gagnet.

Den förra, med hvilken han är personlig vän sedan många år tillbaka, hyser han stor beundran för, och den senare, som gjort honom ett besök i London, anser han äga en stor begåfning som satirisk skald. Under sin första bekantskap med svensk litteratur kom han i beröring med C. D. af Wirsén, och som ett kuriosum må nämnas att Ellen Keys personlige vän, poeten Edmund Gosse — mr Gosse är nämligen, utom det att han är litteraturhistoriker, framstående skald — fått sig ett poem tillägnadt af C. D. W.

— Säg mig, mr Gosse, frågade jag, anser ni att det finns någon utsikt för att vår moderna skönlitteratur skall kunna finna någon marknad i England?

— Jag tror det knappast, svarade mr Gosse.

Särskildt det nuvarande ögonblicket är särdeles ogynnsamt. Alldeles oafsedt att den inhemska produktionen för närvarande är och sedan en längre tid tillbaka har varit oerhördt stor och således lägger beslag på den engelska läsande allmänhetens intresse till förfång för utländsk litteratur, ha de senare årens händelser gjort att engelsmän icke se utlandet med fullt så blida ögon som förut. De anfall i utlandets press som i anledning af kriget gjorts på engelska nationen ha kanske delvis varit orsaken till detta.

Man har icke fäst sig vid talet om de kommersiella orsakerna till kriget, ty detta är kritik och kritik tål man, men engelska folket har känt sig djupt såradt af historierna om deras grymhet mot kvinnor och barn, historier som äro rena påhitt och utan ringaste grund i verkligheten, men hvilka tagits för goda nästan öfverallt på kontinenten.

Det enda litterära utbyte som för närvarande äger rum mellan England och utlandet är det med Frankrike. Fransmännen hvilka den förra omfattar Stockholm historia i äldre tider och den senare "Bloms historia".

På eftermiddagen höllos icke mindre än fem föreläsningar. Ingenjör C. A. Nordström gaf kl. 2—3 en orienterande ingress till sin kurs i oorganisk kemi, som kommer att knyta sig till praktiska experiment, skriftställare C. Laurin och d:r A. Nyström öppnade äfvenledes sina föreläsningskurser, den förre i konsthistoria med anslutning till samlingarna i Nationalmuseet, den senare i näringsfysiologi. Den astronomiska kursen påbörjades under mycket liflig anslutning timmen 6—7 af lektor E. Jäderin, som sysselsatte sig med ämnets uppdelning och gaf några intressanta poänger ur stjärnkunskapens tidigare skeden. Samma tid gafs af d:r W. Djurberg inledande grunder till en samaritkurs, hvars praktiskt humanitära undervisningsämne håll väl är ägnadt att samla många intresserade lärjungar. Sista föreläsningen för dagen hölls kl. 7—8 af lektor O. Gallander öfver det aktuella ämnet telegrafering utan tråd.

Alla föreläsningar voro talrikt besökta både af ordinarie kursdeltagare och så långt utrymmet det medgaf äfven af andra intresserade, men penna och anteckningsbok voro just ej i allmänhet så flitigt anlitade första arbetsdagen, beroende på att föredragen såsom inledande framställningar naturligtvis voro af mera allmänt orienterande innehåll.

Dagens förevisningar omfattade hygieniska museet, som förevisades af d:r G. Wirgin, hifrustkammaren i slottet, Allmänna telefonbolagets nya apparatsal, som under en timmes tid var fylld med intresserade åskådare till det fortgående, lifliga arbetet vid växelborden och åhörare till ingenjörernas och telefonisternas förklaringar, samt Nationalmuseum och Rörstrand. Förevisningen af Nationalmuseet fortgick kl. 1—2 på middagen under ledning af skriftställarne E. Alkman och C. Laurin samt amanuenserna Folcker och d:r Bergman och upptog tafvelgalleriet, skulpturafdelningen, bildhuggeri och konstslöjd.

I dag fortsättas alla påbörjade föreläsningekurser på samma tider som på måndagen med undantag för d:r K. Widerström, som skjutit tillbaka sin timme till kl. half 9 f. m. Två nya undervisningsämnen upptagas: d:r K. Kjellberg inleder nämligen kl. 10—11 sin framställning om centrala nervsystemets byggnad och utveckling, och musiklärare C. Lambère håller kl. 12—1 ett föredrag om skolsång. Förevisningarna af hygieniska museet och Rörstrand upprepas, hvarjämte Almgrens sidenfabrik kommer att genomgås och slutligen Dagens Nyheters tryckeri demonstreras såsom prof på en fullt modern officin.

äro mycket intresserade af engelsk litteratur och öfversätta mycket däraf.

Man hyser emellertid i England större intresse för skandinavisk litteratur än för tysk. Af den moderna tyska skönlitteraturen är knappast något annat öfversatt än Sudermanns och Hauptmanns.

Men skall den svenska litteraturen bli bekant i England, så måste det ske genom förstklassiga öfversättningar. Säg de svenska författarne att de kunna icke vara nog försiktiga i valet af sina engelska öfversättare! Selma Lagerlöf, hvars arbeten jag är ständes förtjust i, har fått en god tolkning, men det är icke fallet med alla andra. Hufvudsaken är att gifva den engelska publiken ett intryck på engelska som är fullt motsvarigt det på svenska. Därför är en ordagrann öfversättning mindre betydelsefull än ett samvetsgrant återgifvande af originalets harmoni och känsla. Med ett ord, engelskan bör vara lika mästerlig som svenskan.

Egentligen borde de stora författarne öfversätta hvarandra: Th. Hardy Strindberg och Strindberg Th. Hardy. Olyckligtvis är detta ett oupphinneligt ideal, ty de känna ju icke hvarandras språk och ha icke heller tid.

Men i hvarje fall måste edra svenska författare, om de vilja bli bekanta i England, söka fullt kompetenta öfversättare och icke skänka bort sin litterära förstfödslorätt till första bästa lilla öfversättarinna för en grynvälling, som består i att bli tryckt, men icke läst på ett främmande språk.

Öfversättningen af Heidenstams Karolinerna t. ex. är icke fullt lyckliz efter hvad man sagt mig. Jag har själf icke läst den, ty jag har läst honom på originalspråket och haft stor njutning däraf. Han är den af de yngre svenska författarne som mest slagit an på mig, både genom hela sin litterära anläggning och genom sin glänsande stil.

— Ja, men hvar skola våra svenska författare få goda öfversättare? Skulle ni själf möjligen — —?

— Så gärna jag skulle vilja det har jag numera omöjligen tid, mitt litteraturhistoriska skriftställarskap tar all min kraft i anspråk, och jag har alldeles kommit ifrån öfversättningar. I mina yngre dagar öfversatte jag en del från svenska, t. ex. Stagnelius och Vitalis, men jag skall säga er något. De svenska författarne borde först och främst skaffa sig ett litterärt ombud i London, som skulle bevaka deras ekonomiska intressen, och om de kunde förmå honom därtill, skulle H. L. Brackstad vara idealet därför. Brackstad är ju, som ni vet, norrman, men har varit så många år bosatt i England att han bättre än någon annan skandinav känner engelska litterära förhållanden. Själf är han en förträfflig öfversättare, t. ex. af Björnson och Lie och nu senast af H. C. Andersens Tegneropplæg, som är alldeles mästerligt öfverflyttad på engelska. Om han ville åtaga sig det, kunde de svenska författarne aldrig komma i bättre händer. Lofva mig att ni säger detta!

For the future the works of Mr Thomas Hardy are to be published by Macmillan and Co. The publishers are to be congratulated on having added to their list the name of the first novelist of the day.

The Queen.
Sep. 20. 1902.

— Jag lofvar det, men innan vi lämna öfversättningarna, en sak till. Ni nämnde nyss i förbigående Strindberg. Är han känd i England?

— Inte alls. Och jag tror knappast att han äfven i god öfversättning skulle finna någon större publik. Själf hyser jag den största beundran för honom, men det finnes något hos honom som skulle göra honom antipatisk för den engelska allmänheten. Hans bittra uppfattning af lifvet skulle icke alls slå an på den. Som ni nog vet, är den engelska läsande allmänheten ytterst ytlig och vill i sin skönlitteratur endast ha lifvets behagliga och vackra sidor återgifna.

För min egen del har jag fört och för en oaflåtlig kamp mot denna uppfattning, men ännu så länge skulle Strindberg sakna resonans hos oss.

Våra egna stora författare ha fått offra på samma altare. Se t. ex. på Dickens och Thackeray.

När man läser Dickens, som jag inom parentes mycket beundrar, är det som man såg människorna så som man ser fiskarna i ett akvarium genom en glasruta. Det är lif och rörelse, men icke själfva lifvet. Det är hvad den läsande allmänheten i England tycker bäst om.

— Men Th. Hardy då, hur kan han gå i engelska publiken?

— Ja, han är ett undantag. Han är vår störste lefvande romanförfattare, en verklig konstnär.

— Hvem eljest af den yngre generationen sätter ni högst?

— Bland romanförfattarne Maurice Hewlett, som skrifvit förtjusande saker, t. ex. The forest lovers, och hvars Richard Yea and Nay, en roman om Richard Lejonhjärta, påminner något om Heidenstam.

— Nå, Kipling, då?

— Kipling är ytterst populär och hans tidigare arbeten väl värda detta. Nu kan han skrifva hvad han vill och det tas för godt. Han sysselsätter sig så mycket nu med imperialistisk försvarspolitik att hans litterära produktion nog tagit skada däraf.

— Och Zangwill?

— Zangwill har sitt begränsade område, Ghettohistorierna. Så fort han gått utanför detta har han icke varit fullt lycklig. Så ha vi George Gissing och George Moore. Bland våra yngre poeter skulle jag särskildt vilja framhålla Yeats, en irländsk lyrisk och dramatisk skald med stark mystisk läggning, något à la Maeterlinck, men ändå något alldeles för sig själf och irisk ut i fingertopparna. Stephen Phillips bör kanske ej heller glömmas. Hans tre stora skådespel på vers, "Herod", "Paolo & Francesca" samt "Ulysses" ha ju gjort stor lycka på scenen, men jag sätter honom högre som lyrisk poet än som dramaturg. Bland våra yngre litteraturkritici är Arthur Symons helt visst den mest framstående. Han är äfven han skald, men sysslar mest med litteraturkritik. Han har företrädesvis ägnat sig åt vår klassiska litteratur, men äfven en hel del åt utländsk. Om jag skulle jämföra honom med någon skandinav, vore det närmast med Georg Brandes i hans ungdom. Samma starka principfasthet som aldrig låtit sig förtröttas.

— Och ni själf då, mr Gosse?

Mr Gosse var så blygsam att han mycket ogärna ville tala om sig själf.

Jag tar mig dock friheten att nämna att utom en stor mängd litteraturhistoriska och kritiska uppsatser i engelska och amerikanska tidskrifter föreligga från hans hand i bokform bland annat tre band dikter, ett arbete "Seventeenth century studies", tre volymer essayer, "Gossip in a library", "Questions at issue" and "Critical Kit-Kats", samt en "Short history of english litterature". Dessutom redigerar han ett ståtligt arbete, en världslitteraturhistoria, hvars grekiska, franska och engelska samt österländska delar redan utkommit och i hvilken Georg Brandes skall skrifva om den skandinaviska litteraturen.

Under det vi sutto och samtalade, hade jag länge och väl i mitt minne sökt efter hvem det var som mr Gosse till sitt yttre liknade så ofantligt mycket. Att det var en svensk författare, det visste jag, men hvem? Slutligen fick jag tag i det. Naturligtvis Viktor Rydberg. Det är en alldeles slående likhet, om man undantager att mr Gosse är något längre och magrare samt bär glasögon. Jag sade honom detta.

— Ja, sade han, ni är icke den förste som sagt mig detta. Det hände mig en gång något ganska egendomligt beträffande detta. En af mina vänner hade kommit till Stockholm just i de dagarne då Rydberg dött, och han skref hem till mig: "Jag tror folk i Stockholm ha blifvit vridna, man ser ditt porträtt i alla bokhandelsfönster".

Paul Fyr.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

The New Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica: Volume XXIX. (Messrs. Adam and Charles Black and 'The Times.')

The unsigned article on Mr. Thomas Hardy is an interesting bit of psychology.

In all his work (says the writer) Mr. Hardy is concerned with one thing, seen under two aspects; not civilisation, not manners, but the principle of life itself, invisibly realised in humanity as sex, seen visibly in the world as what we call nature. He is a fatalist, perhaps rather a determinist, and he studies the workings of fate, or law (ruling through inexorable moods or humours), in the chief vivifying and disturbing influence in life, woman. His view of women is more French than English; it is subtle, a little cruel, not as tolerant as it seems, thoroughly a man's point of view, and not, as with Mr. Meredith, man's and woman's at once. He sees all that is irresponsible for good and evil in a woman's character, all that is untrustworthy in her brain and will, all that is alluring in her variability. He is her apologist, but always with a reserve of private judgment. No one has created more attractive women of a certain class, women whom a man would have been more likely to love or to regret loving. In his earlier books he is somewhat careful over the reputation of his heroines; gradually he allows them more liberty, with a franker treatment of instinct and its consequences. 'Jude the Obscure' is perhaps the most unbiassed consideration in English fiction of the more complicated questions of sex. There is almost no passion in his work, neither the author nor his characters ever seeming able to pass beyond the state of curiosity, the most intellectually interesting of limitations under the influence of any emotion. In his feeling for nature curiosity sometimes seems to broaden into a more intimate communion. The heath, the village with its peasants, the change of every hour among the fields and on the roads of the English countryside which he has made his own, the Dorsetshire and Wiltshire 'Wessex,' mean more to him, in a sense, than even the spectacle of men and women in their blind and painful and often absorbing struggle for existence. His knowledge of woman confirms him in the suspension of judgment; his knowledge of nature brings him nearer to the unchanging and consoling element in the world.

The Literary World,
Sep: 26. 1902.

Western Mercury
March 2 1895
Plymouth

PEN PICTURES OF MEN AND WOMEN OF NOTE.

THOMAS HARDY.

I first saw Thomas Hardy some ten or eleven years ago at a little dinner in the House of Commons.

[illegible] the chief impression I have of the first meeting is of a figure very slight, very brown, very quiet; above all things, very dim. Mr. Hardy in those days used to wear a short brown beard; and all you could see in the outer expression of all the world of wild imaginings, passionate indignation, tender sympathy, and thoughts too deep for tears which are in this man's rich and sad soul, was that the eyes were peculiarly soft and tranquil, and the face had the ultra-quietism of one reared in the silent creed of the Quakers or amid the unechoing silences of the thinly inhabited fields of rural England. It was many years afterwards when I saw him again—at least seven or eight—and then it was at the graveside of a friend we had both known. And the impression then which seemed to me to come from the face of the great novelist was pain. The beard had been discarded; and you saw the chin, not very broad, and not very strong, but in complete assonance with the delicately chiselled and sensitive face. But the upper part of the face—there it was that you saw the whole vast story of thought and sad reflection and tearful outlook on the moving tragedy of human life, written by the pen of life and thought—that pen which bites to a depth the etcher can never reach, and in letters that neither time nor change can efface.

In some respects Thomas Hardy is the most impersonal of novelists. The stern self-repression of his art—his determination to stand outside his characters and remote from them; his idea that the novelist should be, in appearance at least, a passionless and impartial chronicler—leaving to life and men and women the task of telling the story and suggesting the moral—all these things establish a strong likeness between the ideas of Thomas Hardy with regard to art and the life-long gospel preached by Gustave Flaubert. And yet Thomas Hardy is the most personal of writers. Between the lines of nearly every story you can read the central facts of this man's nature and experiences. This frigid chronicler—this impartial and almost cruelly passive spectator of the drama of life—has his gospel very clear, very firm, and, above all things, throbbing with human feeling. It would be inappropriate to place over his tomb the same epitaph as that which, with his own hands, was fashioned by that terrible Irishman who bullied the most powerful, rode triumphant in the car of popular affection, and broke the heart and the life of more than one woman. But until his heart has also turned to dust Thomas Hardy will never cease to feel the æva indignatio which the sight of wrong and suffering begets in him.

He belongs to somewhat the same style of race as that which appears in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—the race of sturdy villagers who have an ancestry as long and as remarkable as that of the squire or the baron in the neighbouring halls; but have no heritage of the wealth of English life beyond their sturdy limbs, their stout hearts, and the recollections of the legends and the characters of the generations which have gone before. It might have been better for Thomas Hardy that he had inherited acres and sovereigns from his people; but for English literature he received from them a heritage much more precious. It is sometimes laughingly said by some of those who know his people that it is not Thomas Hardy who has written his books, but his father or his mother. It is certainly true that it is from their lips he heard the tales of the personages of old village life which he has turned, by the alchemy of his strong genius, into that wondrous gallery of rural portraits and village tragedies which every lover of literature in the world knows so well.

T. P.

AUGUST 20, 1903

OVER-ABOUNDING GRACE.*

By the Rev. J. D. JONES, M.A., B.D., Bournemouth.

* Preached in Union Church, Putney, and printed from reporter's notes.

"But where sin abounded, grace did abound more exceedingly."—*Romans* v. 20.

THE message of my text suggests to me a battlefield. It speaks to me of a conflict that has been proceeding ever since time began, that is proceeding now, that is proceeding everywhere, that is proceeding in your heart and in mine. It mentions the combatants: they are sin upon the one side, and grace upon the other, and the prize for which they contend is the human soul.

The Bible does not ignore sin; it notes all the distressing and painful facts of life. But it sees a force mightier than sin, counteracting it. There is a shallow and superficial optimism which speaks of everything being as it should be in this best of all possible worlds. Whenever I hear a person talking thus, I feel I would like to give him a month in a London slum; I would compel him to dwell as the poor have to dwell, to sleep as the poor have to sleep, herded together like swine, and to feed as the poor have to feed, upon a wretched and uncertain crust. I would make him come into direct touch with the terrible facts of life, with the misery with which the world is teeming, and beneath which it is groaning, and I venture to say he would not talk any more about everything being as it should be in the best of all possible worlds. The fact is, the pessimism of Thomas Hardy or of the author of the "City of Dreadful Night" is infinitely truer than stupid and shallow optimism of that kind. Take Hardy's or Thompson's most melancholy passages, and you can parallel them out of this Book. Take this out of St. Paul: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." Take this from St. John: "The whole world lieth in the Evil One." Take this from Isaiah: "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even to the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and festering sores." You may search your pessimistic literature through, and you will find nothing in it more expressive of the world's misery and woe than those passages out of Holy Writ; and yet for all that the Bible is not a pessimistic book. Its prevailing note is not that of melancholy or of despair, but out of its pessimism, so to speak, it emerges to a confident, calm, and courageous optimism, and the reason for that is this—it sees not simply sin; it sees grace. It sees sin as clearly as Thomas Hardy, for instance, sees it, but it sees something that Thomas Hardy does not see—it sees the grace of God at work upon the hearts of men, healing, saving, redeeming, sanctifying them. The Bible perceives that grace is mightier even than sin. "Where sin abounded, grace doth abound more exceedingly."

SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

TO-DAY.

Mr. Hardy, whose new serial is to be published in an American magazine, adds the climax to the literary associations of Adelphi Terrace—a row of stately old houses standing on an eminence over the Thames at the foot of Adam Street, Strand, and commanding on clear days a view of Kentish hills. Adelphi Terrace contains at least two literary clubs, the Savage and the Arundel, and in one of the houses now occupied by the Savage, or next door, lived David Garrick. It was in Adelphi Terrace that Mr. Hardy served his articles with an architect—architecture being the profession designed for his life work.

* * * *

The Sphere - Aug 190 1901.

Literary Letter Two

It is at no time safe to generalise from a day's experience of an unknown land. In the *New York Times Saturday Review*, for example, there recently appeared a paragraph in which it was stated that a party of London pilgrims on a visit to Mr. Hardy "found that the Wessex country was not intrinsically romantic and beautiful, but could only move as viewed through the illusions produced by the novelist."

Mr. Hardy having seen this paragraph sends me the following communication, which I am only too pleased to publish :—

rather

"This statement is ~~very~~ unfair to Wessex, and, indeed, quite inaccurate, as will be evident when it is explained that the party of visitors did not go near the "intrinsically romantic" spots so ~~fully~~ described in the novels, but like almost all tourists adhered for the most part to the London highway and the branch highway passing through ~~Higher Bockhampton~~ which is rather impressive and lonely than "romantic" or "beautiful." Had they, for instance, visited Shaston or Shaftesbury, Bullbarrow, Nettlecombe Tout, Dogbury Hill, High Stoy, Cross in Hand, Bubb Down Hill, Toller Down, Wynyard's Gap, and a dozen other such places for inland scenery, and the coast cliffs between Swanage and Lyme Regis for marine, such a remark could not have been made. But then, these ~~fairly~~ spots lie miles out of the regular way, and few of them can be reached except on foot. The pilgrims were not absent from London much more than twelve hours altogether, returning there the same evening; and it is utterly impossible to see the recesses of ~~the Wessex~~ country in such a manner, not to mention those adjoining.

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"THE WESSEX OF THOMAS HARDY."

SIR—Some unusually distinct misstatements are made by your critic of *The Wessex of Thomas Hardy*, by Professor Windle, in your impression of the 9th inst.

He says:—

"Mr. Hardy, by the application of this name [Wessex] to Dorsetshire has done an historical wrong which it will be very difficult to undo. . . . . If Wessex . . . . is to be identified with a special shire, every historian knows that the honour is due far more to Hampshire than to Dorsetshire."

So far from my ever having identified Wessex with Dorsetshire, I have invariably shown that I do not so identify it, but make it to include six counties; I have described Winchester under the old name of Wintonceaster as its capital; have mentioned the Thames as its northern boundary; and, above all, have exhibited its area in a map whose outline coincides with that given to the old kingdom by historians of early England.

He says:—

"A passage is actually quoted [from a book of mine] as to the finding of a buried Roman soldier in a garden at Dorchester, which is absolute nonsense in every line so far as an interment of the Romano-British period is concerned."

If it were nonsense it would not, perhaps, much matter in a work of imagination. But it so happens that several such skeletons were unearthed by myself many years ago, lying precisely as described, one having three urns and a bottle standing in contact with its breast and a fibula resting on its forehead. The urns, which I still possess, are of the well-known Romano-British pattern, of which many examples may be seen in museums; and the fibula also matches those usually found in such collections and labelled as of the same period.

Your reviewer's remarks upon the place-names, too, are full of misrepresentations, though I cannot here enter into the necessary detail for explaining why. Altogether I fail to see any justification for these inaccurate statements, which are made, moreover, concerning the writings of a person who is not the author of the book reviewed. THOMAS HARDY.

April 11, 1902.

[Professor Windle's book deals exclusively with Mr. Hardy's writings, and was composed with his generous assistance. It was, therefore, impossible to criticise it without criticising Mr. Hardy. Of course, Mr. Hardy well knows the limits of the old kingdom of Wessex, and just now and again has a word to say on its component parts; but practically he has made Wessex identical with Dorsetshire, and has thereby done an historic wrong to an ancient and valuable name. Mr. Hardy strenuously claims, and with much justice, to have given new *popular* life to a name which hitherto for many centuries had been used and known only by scholars. The popular view cannot fail to be that Wessex is almost, if not quite, conterminous with Dorset. Out of fourteen of the "Wessex novels," the scenes of eleven are laid entirely in Dorsetshire, two of the others are altogether outside of Wessex, and the third has Boscastle as its centre. The surnames, such as Gillingham, Hinton, Melbury, Winterbourne, &c., are, as a rule, derived from Dorsetshire place-names, or are of well-known Dorset use. Professor Windle gives a list of eighty-two slightly altered place-names that are but thinly disguised from their originals. Out of a list of eighty-two it is found that sixty-four are in Dorsetshire. Another book of about 300 pages has just appeared, called *The Wessex of Romance*, which is also exclusively about Mr. Hardy and his writings. The opening chapter is entitled "The Wessex People;" the first words are, "Frequently the term a *Dorset* labourer," &c. The writer also says, "Dorchester is the arterial centre of the Wessex novels." Both these books treat almost entirely of Dorsetshire.

As to the account in the *Mayor of Casterbridge* of the constant finding at Dorchester of—

"Some tall soldier or other of the Empire who had lain there . . . . for fifteen hundred years; mostly found lying on his side in an oval scoop in the chalk, like a chicken in its shell, his knees drawn up to his chest . . . . an urn at his knees," &c.,

the whole account is an impossibility as far as any known interments at Roman stations are concerned. Your reviewer has not only taken part in, or conducted, excavations of interments of the Neolithic, bronze, iron, and historic ages in Yorkshire and the Midlands, but has had the honour of helping in the notable Dorsetshire excavations of Romano-British date made by the late General Pitt-Rivers; and, though not a native of the west, is well acquainted with the admirably arranged Dorchester Museum. Your reviewer was aware, from Dr. Windle's book, that Mr. Hardy had himself found interments at Dorchester, and further, that he read a paper on the subject to the Dorset Field Club in 1884, which was not, however, printed in their Transactions. It is, however, as well to be accurate, and such a disposition of the remains of "a tall soldier of the Empire"—as described with much detail by Mr. Hardy—is certainly without any parallel.—THE REVIEWER.]

Guardian. April 16. 1902

The Daily Chronicle.

July 4th. 1904.

The Napoleon fever, which has caught so many contemporary Englishmen—Mr. George Meredith, Sir William Butler, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor among the number—has now got thoroughly into the blood of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The "Dynasts" gave the hint; and now, day after day, the British Museum receives Mr. Hardy, who there keeps tryst with "Boney" and the friends—and the enemies—of "Boney." The literature of the Napoleonic legend is a large one, but its fascinations are proof against all fatigues where, as in these cases, the interest approaches a passion.

* * *

Mr. Hardy's Country.

Recently a party of London gentlemen, as chronicled in a cable dispatch to THE TIMES SATURDAY REVIEW, made a pilgrimage to Wessex to visit Thomas Hardy, and observe the country which has been made so familiar to readers of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Woodlanders," "Far from the Madding Crowd," &c., and it is related that the pilgrims found that the Wessex country was not intrinsically romantic and beautiful, but could only move as viewed through the illusions produced by the novelist. Mr. Clive Holland, one of the pilgrims, has reproduced his impressions for the benefit of the readers of The Critic, with some fine views, a map, and a recent portrait of Mr. Hardy. Mr. Holland devotes considerable space to describing the itinerary of the unfortunate Tess. The following passage will serve to show how he has handled his subject:

N. Y. Times Sat. Review

Some absurd paragraphs have been circulated as professing to describe the house of Mr. Thomas Hardy's recently-deceased mother, in Dorset. I happen to know that the interior is cosy in the extreme, being that of an ordinary old country homestead of seven or eight rooms, with a range in the kitchen and grates elsewhere, the walls being twice as thick as those of a modern "villa." The stabling has been lately pulled down. Freestone floors and thatched roofs are common hereabout for antiquated country houses and parsonages, though not for the newer cottages, because of the expense, brick and slate being much cheaper.

T.P's Weekly. 29. 4. 03

The Lady's Pictorial.

June 4th. '04.

A RECENT issue of a monthly publication, entirely devoted to literature, contains the portraits of three famous mothers, that is, of three women made famous by their sons. These are Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Hardy, and Mrs. Spencer. It is curious that there is always more interest attaching to the mothers of men of distinction than to their sires, even if they have been men of some mark. It is said that most men who achieve greatness inherit their ability from their mothers, and it is noteworthy that nearly all distinguished men have been greatly attached to their mothers.

Your seat will be in Saloon

Your Brake will be No.

Whitefriars Club.

Pilgrimage to Wessex.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29th, 1901.

Prior for the Day ... FRIAR CLEMENT SHORTER.

Chairmen of the Saloons:—

A	FRIAR CLEMENT SHORTER	- -	Non-Smoking.
B	,, RICHARD WHITEING	-	Non-Smoking.
C	,, ROBERT LEIGHTON	- -	Non-Smoking.
D	,, F. J. CROSS	- -	Non-Smoking.
E	,, W. SENIOR	- -	Smoking.
F	,, DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL		Smoking.

ARTHUR SPURGEON.
J. FARLOW WILSON. } *Hon. Secs.*

It is with even more than my habitual humility that I rise in the presence of this well-reputed confraternity—the White Friars, or Augustinian Canons, of a golden monastic rule. A pilgrim on life's by-ways, smooth or thorny, I go seeking that shrine of ancient sanctity, the Compostella of our general quest. You have received me for a night within your gates, have made me free of the rites of your order, have extended to me the entertainment of this hospitable refectory. And now, refreshed in spirit as in body, I resume staff, scrip and scallop-shell, and would proceed upon my way, clasping, to no ungrateful breast, believe me! your viaticum—a gracious recollection. But ere I leave you, the custom of your house prescribes that out of the fulness of my heart I speak. My lord abbot, my brothers, to that ordinance I bow.

Broadly speaking, and employing the word poet in its broad sense of creative artist, there are, I conceive, of poets two varieties:—there is the poet who makes others live with his own life, and he who himself lives with the lives of others. Doubtless absolutely to divide the one class from the other is impossible; for, whether

[about 1900]

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by error of judgment, or by necessity real or supposititious of his art, the poet of the first order has often made use of the forms and methods proper to the second. None the less, in either case, the essential characteristic remains. I live with the life of Manfred, or Count Maddalo's associate, not less that there is interposed betwixt us the thin figment of a mask or travesty. And so it is with that writer whom I select to-night as my type of the creative artist of the first class—the artist who makes me live with his, or her, own life. That writer is Currer Bell; for, from first to last of her two masterpieces, am I not impelled to endure the experience of the unhappy governess,—friendless, poorly endowed with nature's outer gifts, and yet glorious, almost divine, by virtue of that very intensity of life which makes her suffering so keen? Almost divine, I say; for it is a life greater than a woman's.

We live through those drear school-days with the charity-child; share with her in those flouts and spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes; are with her on the day when, self-contained and stoical, she sets her face to meet the world. And, gentlemen, the story has its lesson. For, if ever after this we fail in courtesy or chivalry to dependent girl or woman, we have at least no more the plea that we knew not what we did. Or, again, we escort her through the passion and delirium of her night wanderings in the streets of La Villette, we brush with her the garments of unconscious friends assisting at the night-fête, we fling ourselves beside her wayworn and

despairing at the confessional, we plunge with her into darkness, and we wake from trance to mystification, gazing on household furniture long familiar to our childhood. And, as we do all this, do we not feel that, quit for its pains, one hour of life so brimful and intense as this would justify the Roman's "Vixi"? And then, forthwith, we almost cease from bewailing her sufferings. For what is there we all desire so much as fuller life? And *that* she had! The subsidiary characters of her life-dramas, those who with her took part in the interchanges of existence, her Emanuels and her Rochesters—these we know not at all as they appeared to contemporaries. We know them only as they appeared entranced, transfigured, glorified, revealed by the light of ardent passion in an imaginative girl.

Thus much, then, for the poet who reveals his own life—reveals it in a form so moving and so poignant that perforce his readers live with it themselves. And now as to that other poet, who lives with the lives of other men—whose function is to shadow forth those lives within the tissue of his work, like wondrous moving figures in some web of many devices from the Fatal Sisters' loom. Of these poets the great exemplar, as I need not say, is Shakespeare. Now, unlike the creators of the Brontë and Byron type, it is of the nature of these poets that they leave their lives to us a blank. They give us Hamlet, Alceste, and the Wonder-Worker; they withhold from us Poquelin, Shakespeare, Calderon. Almost would they seem to have had no life of their

Mrs. Williamson,
Miss Winifred Graham.

own, so inward, so vicarious has it been. For the Sonnets of Shakespeare, what are they? A riddle to which we all of us hold keys, and none the master-key. The Life of Shakespeare by Mr Sidney Lee—with respect I name it—its wealth of knowledge, treasure of research, do they not leave us in respect to Shakespeare's heart and mind, to all that was vital and essential in his being,—do they not leave us, I ask you, precisely where we were? And if *they* leave us so, what hope is there for the biographer to come? So much, then, for the contrast between the poet who makes us live with his own life, and him who himself lives with the lives of others. But, gentlemen, it is not of Shakespeare, or of broad generalities, that I presume to speak to you to-night—not of Shakespeare, but of a poet or literary and creative artist of the Shakespearian type or dynasty. I allude to the author of *Jude the Obscure;* and I now propose, with your permission, to touch upon a point or two which have struck me in my study of his work.

I have called him a writer of the Shakespearian type, and I conceive that, as regards his genius, nothing is more remarkable than its essential and unadulterate dramatic quality or nature. His artistic life is lived in the lives of others; these, not his own experience or personality, are the substance shadowed forth in his work. And, if we except some portions of the one monotonous and sadly-tinted volume of his verses, we might read his works from end to end and discover

scarce a single unmistakable and well-authenticated expression of personal feeling. The puppets are before us; the showman is concealed, These live, and play their parts, and dree their weirds. But we behold no more than in real life the hidden hand which moves men to their doom. In this respect I conceive that the author is the most essentially and purely dramatic writer who has appeared in our literature since Shakespeare's age. Do not, I pray you, misunderstand me. I am alive to the wide gulf, in nature no less than in degree, which divides our Shakespeare from our Hardy. Shakespeare, working in a medium of golden verse, gave us poetic ideals; Hardy, an artificer in plain home-spun prose, has given us prose actualities. The balance of advantage is unquestionably, perhaps enormously, on Shakespeare's side. None the less I am bold enough to say that there are certain points also in which Hardy has the best of it. For, to any one who feels their power and truth at all, these prose actualities of character must necessarily come nearer than do Shakespeare's actualities transplanted and set in the translucent air of an ideal world. But of course the most striking point of difference between the two authors is this: that Shakespeare has presented the kingdoms of the earth and all their hierarchies; Hardy but one stratum of the social formation in a single province of England. Yet, hold again! the wonder here is that this humble material should suffice him for the creation of a world ~~or a type of human creatures~~. And that it *does* suffice I by these of human creatures, a type of manhood & of womanhood.

presents here maintain. That from it, even as Adam from the red earth, he has created a being staunch and serviceable, as faithful, tender, loving, true and kind, as much in all respects a man, as Gabriel Oak; and that out of it, as Eve from the man's rib, he has called forth a woman, proud, bewitching, virginal, high spirited, as she—the queen rose of his Gulistan—who makes her shepherd lover blest.

Perhaps it is chiefly as masters of the great art of words that there is no comparison possible between the greatest of all poets and the greatest of English novelists. Hardy's homespun prose is adequate for his purpose; that is much, and that is all. There are no "household words," no flowers of speech in Hardy: there is little or nothing detachable in his works, or quotable as of universal application. We must read him always for the matter, and for the medium seldom or never.

I have spoken as yet but of two of his characters. The brood of his imagination, his fancy's progeny, though bountiful enough, is doubtless less surprisingly abundant than that of certain other distinguished or great novelists: I might instance Scott, De Balzac, and Jókai. It is also, than most of these, less highly-coloured. But here it behoves us to distinguish between the healthful and the hectic flush, to discriminate the ensanguined tint of native soundness from bedaubing or bedizenment of theatrical artifice. This much I state as my belief: that in the principle of life transmitted and received the characters of the Wessex Novels yield to

none. Nor is there in their case conceivable any question of bastardy, any hesitation as to literary paternity. This vigorous race of men and women is, in the human family, a race apart; they reveal themselves as of one blood, begotten of one sire on the authentic Muse of feigning. In this connexion I have mentioned Scott, and doubtless in universality of sympathy, as in geniality of temper, Hardy, so much the deeper metaphysician of the two, falls short of Sir Walter. On the other hand in the art of exhibiting a character, as in that of constructing a story, he leaves him simply nowhere. Nor again do we find him, as we find Scott, miss the effect he aims at, or require us to take the will for the deed in respect to his characters, or fail blankly and drearily in "atmosphere." If the mere construction of Shakespeare's tragedies has won the admiration of a great critic, no less worthy, I believe, of enthusiastic admiration is the construction of Hardy's romances.

At the time when, still in the flush of earlier manhood, our novelist set out on his career—writing his idyll of the greenwood, his drama of the farm, his dainty comedy of a clever woman's duel with society—at that period he was full, I fancy, of a sense of joy, and power, and beauty in the world. "Full of a delightful pantheism," says our phrase-master and delicate appreciator, Edmund Gosse. Yet even then, even thus early, there had welled up, from beneath the cheerful noise and bustle of life and movement, a single sound of a discordant and

ominous prognostication. It was a sob of woman's anguish, woman's heart-break, in a story more moving and more piteous than the story of Philaster's page—the tale of the too loving, too defenceless, blue-eyed maid:

"'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away."

From the year 1878, of the chronicle of Egdon Heath, he threw in his lot finally with tragedy. And it is notable that in tragedy he remains faithful to the type which had already been so powerfully foreshadowed. Not for him the vulgarism of Newgate records or Old Bailey charge sheets; not for him the curiosities or the memorabilia of signal or abnormal obliquity. For, for all the tragedies he has written, he has few if any villains. Indeed, if memory serve me, he has given us few if any characters whom in real life we would hesitate to meet; not one, except the base-born Dare or De Stancy, whom we should refuse to receive into our service. No; his tragedy is of another type than that of crime. It is the tragedy inherent and innate in character, that for which *no one is particularly to blame*. And this, I think, is the only hopeless tragedy, the true tragedy of despair.

Yet here again his tragic motive or principle is differentiated from that of the old Greeks—from that of the old Greeks as seen in its great typical specimen, The Oedipus. For it is not in external circumstances or coincidence that he finds that immortal and

almighty something in our life which makes for misery. Not there he seeks the impassive Juggernaut, the ineluctable ἀνάγκη; he seeks and finds it in ourselves. And not in our faults either, nor in darkened chambers of our lives; but simply in our natures. For who made Elfride loving and not circumspect; who clothed Eustacia in her sensuous nature, her beauty rich and passionate as southern night and palpitating stars; who bade the great untutored heart of Henchard love pigmy souls, and love them to their hurt and to his own; who prompted Jude and prompted Sue to walk, unblamed in nature's sight, outside the social order to their doom? Alas!

> "Who order'd that their longing's fire
> Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?
> Who render'd vain their deep desire?
> A God, a God their severance ruled!
> And bade betwixt their shores to be
> The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea."

This is the riddle timeless as our destiny,—the old human pain and void perplexity of thinking, suffering man. And here, I deem, is stuff enow for tragedy!

But, gentlemen, there are those among us who have found what, though it fail to solve the riddle, may suffice to render its pressure bearable. They have found this in religious faith, in the path of duty, in affection, at the worst in stoicism. Mr Hardy, so far as we can read him in his works, is among none of these. He rises the Lucretius

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of his age. He is of those whom, for us literary men, James Hinton typifies. To the bottom of his heart and soul he feels the sufferings of his fellow-men. He gazes, undeceived indeed, yet slow, unwilling to believe, upon the "mystery of pain." But, unlike Hinton, he neither attempts nor accepts solution of that mystery. For him all systems, creeds, philosophies, religions, are, in effective outcome, so much physic for the dogs; idle narcotics, vain nepenthes, which have lost their soothing charm; beacons, of old set high aloft, but now burnt low, fast sinking to extinction, and fated to enlighten or enkindle nevermore! So deep a gloom broods o'er this little world of beating hearts, whose only stars are the twin stars of Youth and Love.

And now by your sufferance, gentlemen, I have glanced at one or two outstanding features in a great contemporary genius. Of necessity I have left much unsaid; but already the liberal provision in time which you have made for me is exhausted. Permit me, nevertheless, so far to trespass on your patience as to ask you yet one question.

Gentlemen! when this infant century shall have grown old; when this new birth so lately launched, like some fair, full-sailed galleon on a boundless sea, freighted with hopes with possibilities untold,—when this young well-graced century of good report shall lose (as lose it must) the rose of youth and blamelessness, shall reach and pass its prime, and shall draw near its close, by what I ask you then will its lost youth be best remembered here in

England? Or, more specifically, by what will its lost youth be best remembered by those who then shall fill *our* places—for we, I think, shall revel and shall rhyme no longer;—by those who then shall worship, as we now worship, in temples of Apollo and The Nine; who shall rejoice, as we rejoice, in conquests of the unconquerable mind; shall suffer for the truth (for thus much Truth has in all ages required of her lovers); shall spend their lives, rejoicing so to waste them, to tend and serve and keep alive the sacred altar-flames of Wisdom and of Beauty? By what, in brief, will the infancy of this Twentieth Century be best remembered by the men-of-letters of its old age? I have posed my question: let me risk an answer; you will rectify it.

I answer, then, that in that distant time, much that to-day seems complicated and confused will have settled into clearness and simplicity; much that bulks largely or looms grandiose now will have perished or have sunk to insignificance. And then, looking fondly back, through the perspective of the years, perhaps the young enthusiast of the future will hail our period and our social system as "Hardy's Age" and "Hardy's England," associating both with their most gifted son.

This may be so; but who shall undertake to dart his glance athwart the hazards and catastrophes of Time? Yet *this* I trust, and to this faith I bind my credit:—That so long as English heaths shall bloom empurpled with the consummated year, so long as English downs spread far and wide their grassy undulation, so long as

English cliffs rise proud and milk-white inviolate to the besieging brine; so long as hearts of Englishmen beat true in love, kindle and are enthralled by woman's witchery, so long as these things are shall the name of Thomas Hardy be remembered by his countrymen—remembered, ay, and cherished as a dear possession!

Gentlemen, by your courteous indulgence I have borne witness to the faith that is in me. I thank you for a gracious hearing.

"THE PASSING OF THOMAS HARDY"

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T.P.'s Weekl

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LA VIE INTELLECTUELLE
A L'ETRANGER

THOMAS HARDY

Le Siècle — *1 April 1901*

Pourquoi, pourquoi faut-il que les plus grands artistes, ceux qui ont reçu le don d'émouvoir et de charmer, l'emploient, si souvent, à nous torturer ! Des tragédies comme *Œdipe-Roi*, des drames comme *King Lear*, des romans comme *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Jack*, *Crime et Châtiment*, nous font souffrir si intensément par la représentation vivace des souffrances de leurs héros ou de leurs héroïnes, que nous sortons du théâtre ou du livre, le cœur serré, l'esprit en deuil, en proie à une obsession d'images douloureuses. Et n'est-il pas étonnant que cette obsession douloureuse, nous la recherchions, que nous aimions à voir souffrir nos semblables et que nous puissions arriver à jouir de leurs souffrances. On se demande si l'esthéticien hollandais, M. Herckenrath, n'a pas eu raison d'affirmer que le plaisir que nous prenions aux représentations tragiques et aux récits pathétiques n'était qu'une manifestation du primitif instinct de férocité de l'espèce humaine, subtilisé et raffiné par la civilisation. Ne pouvant plus, dans nos états policés, vivre de meurtre et nous abreuver du sang de nos ennemis, nous nous contentons d'aller voir un drame ou de lire un roman cruel. Et les dramatistes et les romanciers sont comme les chefs et les prêtres barbares qui conviaient périodiquement leur peuple et leurs fidèles à des fêtes sanglantes...

Voilà ce à quoi j'ai songé, l'autre soir, en finissant de lire quelques-unes des œuvres du grand romancier anglais, Thomas Hardy. Rarement je n'avais ressenti pareille émotion ni pareille dépression. C'est avec un véritable sentiment de détresse que j'avançais dans ma lecture. Je savais si bien que Jude, le brave, le noble, le libéré, allait payer cher son affranchissement et que Sue, cet être si merveilleusement vivant, si richement doué à l'âme si large, à l'esprit si compréhensif, allait, broyée par une surhumaine détresse, être rejetée dans les ténèbres des superstitions, allait se condamner elle-même au pire supplice par les supplices infligés par elle à l'homme qu'elle avait si profondément, si uniquement aimé. Et Tess, la pauvre petite Tess, si blanche, si douce, si candide, si abandonnée ! Nous savons, à n'en pas douter, le mal qu'elle va pâtir et nous voudrions l'arrêter, arrêter l'implacable chaîne des causes et des effets qui va écraser impitoyablement cette âme si chère, nous voudrions au moins nous arrêter nous, jeter ce livre et aller respirer, loin, dehors, où nous ne soyons pas obligés d'assister à de pareilles catastrophes et de voir, devant nos yeux, des êtres qui nous sont devenus amis, mis à la question ! Mais nous ne pouvons ! Comme le meurtrier qu'attire invinciblement, dit-on, le lieu où il a commis son crime, nous revenons dans la chambre de torture et nous n'avons de cesse jusqu'à ce que nous ayons entendu les hoquets de l'agonisante et que nous ayons vu couler les larmes brûlantes de ceux qui lui furent proches...

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Thomas Hardy est l'un des maîtres romanciers de l'Angleterre contemporaine. Né en 1840, il avait d'abord été passionnément attiré par l'architecture, et, entraîné dans le grand mouvement qu'avaient suscité Ruskin, Rossetti et les autres frères des *Préraphaélite Brothers*, il publia de nombreux et pénétrants essais sur l'architecture préraphaélite. Ce n'est qu'en 1871 qu'il s'essaie dans le roman et qu'il révèle à ses contemporains et à lui-même son intime étalent. A partir de ce moment, il ne s'est plus arrêté. Avec cette étonnante fécondité qui caractérise les romanciers et les romancières de l'Angleterre, il a fourni tous les ans presque sa couple de récits. Depuis les « *Desperate Remedies* » jusqu'à « *Jude the Obscure* », son talent est allé sans cesse en se virilisant, en s'élargissant, en s'humanisant. Ses chefs-d'œuvre sont, à mon sens, « *Pair of blue Eyes* », « *Tow on a Towne* », « *Far from the madding Crowd* », « *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* » et « *Jude the Obscure* ». Les trois derniers de ces romans ont été traduits en français. C'est d'eux que je m'occuperai avant tout, pour permettre à mes lecteurs de me suivre.

En Angleterre, on range d'habitude Thomas Hardy parmi les romanciers rustiques : il est, avec George Moore, le maître du genre. Il est certain que nul, parmi les romanciers contemporains, ne connaît mieux et n'a su peindre avec des couleurs, je ne dirai pas plus éclatantes, mais plus justes, la campagne anglaise, surtout ce Dorset où il est né et dont il a si profondément pénétré la physionomie et le caractère. Visiblement, Hardy, comme tant de ses compatriotes, a passé la majeure partie de sa vie loin des villes. Il a vécu familièrement dans la nature, avec la nature et avec les paysans. Les paysages qu'il nous a dessinés d'un crayon si sûr ont été le cadre habituel de son existence, avant de devenir ses modèles. Il a frayé avec ses personnages, en compagnon ami, avant de songer à les portraicturer. Et c'est pour cela qu'il arrive d'habitude à ce naturel parfait qui est aussi loin du magnifiement que de la satire caricaturale, danger inhérent au genre même, puisque d'aussi incomparables artistes que Georges Sand et Guy de Maupassant n'ont pas su l'éviter entièrement.

Mais Thomas Hardy est plus, est mieux qu'un romancier rustique. Bien qu'il ne cite ni Spinoza, ni Stuart Mill, c'est un maître ès psychologie. Il sait, sans doute, nous représenter merveilleusement l'esprit moyen en quelque sorte des fermiers, des bergers, des bergères, des laitiers et des laitières du Dorset qui forment comme le chœur de ses romans dramatiques. Mais il n'en va pas de même de ses protagonistes. Là, Hardy choisit en général des âmes exceptionnelles qui tentent de s'élever au-dessus de leur milieu, qu'ils dépassent de toute la hauteur de leur moralité ou de toute l'intensité de leur énergie sentimentale et passionnelle, et dont elles abhorrent les idées mesquines et les conceptions surannées. Mais elles ont germé dans ce milieu et le fonds de sentiments qu'il a déposé en eux ne se laisse pas détruire sans des luttes violentes et de tragiques conflits. Et c'est l'une des sources de l'intérêt profondément humain des romans de Hardy que la bataille qui s'élève dans ces êtres d'élite entre ce qu'ils furent et ce qu'ils sont devenus, entre les ténèbres de leurs idées anciennes et l'aurore de leurs idées nouvelles dont la couleur rosée est si souvent, hélas, une lueur crépusculaire, annonciatrice de la défaite et de la mort. Par la création de ces protagonistes, dont il fait visiblement les interprètes de son propre idéal, Hardy s'élève bien au-delà du roman villageois. Nous voyons dans ces esprits neufs sourdre les conceptions de vie les plus audacieuses et les plus imprévues. Ils ont, en somme, à lutter contre une couche de préjugés moins épaisse que les esprits bourgeois. Ils sont plus proches de la vie naturelle, qui n'est entravée ni par les dogmes ni par les conventions sociales que les êtres qui étouffent dans les fournaises des capitales. Et c'est ainsi que ce romancier rustique rejoint sans effort ni artifice les plus téméraires de ses confrères citadins du continent.

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Ce n'est pas du premier coup que Thomas Hardy s'est élevé jusqu'à cette audace. Le premier livre que j'examine, « *Far from the Madding Crowd* ou « *Barbara* », comme l'appelle la traduction française, n'a rien de subversif. C'est la lutte de deux individualités, également fortes, bien que profondément différentes : Gabriel Oak, le berger et Barbara, la jeune fermière. Montrer comment l'énergie et la pureté morales d'un homme s'imposent peu à peu à une jeune femme bouillonnante de vie, de coquetterie et d'orgueil, comment cet homme, après avoir pu légitimement aspirer à la main de la jeune fille, en est réduit à entrer à son service, comment il s'élève graduellement de cette position subalterne, veille avec la plus scrupuleuse conscience sur les intérêts matériels et spirituels de sa maîtresse, comment, lorsque celle-ci est entraînée à donner son cœur et sa main à un libertin indigne, il oublie sa jalousie torturante pour ne songer qu'à l'aimée, et comment il finit par obtenir celle à laquelle il avait à jamais renoncé — c'est là la fin que s'est proposée Hardy. Il est, ce roman, très moral, très anglais de par le caractère d'Oak, mais particulier cependant de couleur et d'accent par la description minutieusement exacte de la vie rustique et par la création du personnage de Barbara, qui a déjà quelque chose de l'ensorcelante Sue et dans laquelle la coquetterie, la réserve orgueilleuse et l'énergie passionnelle qui la précipitent, tête baissée, dans les bras d'un soudart débauché, forment un tempérament extraordinairement vivant et singulièrement attachant.

Et puis, voici venir *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. Cela, c'est le chef-d'œuvre de Hardy, l'un des chefs-d'œuvre du roman moderne. Nous la voyons grandir, la petite Tess, si indiciblement charmante, près de sa mère Joan, d'une si admirable insouciance, près de ses frères et sœurs à qui elle sert de gardienne et de tutrice, près de son ivrogne de père dont un antiquaire a tourné la tête en lui révélant qu'il descend, lui, Jack Durbeyfield, le pauvre revendeur, des chevaliers d'Urbervilles, l'une des plus anciennes et les plus illustres familles de l'Angleterre. Cela ne lui tourne pas la tête à elle, la petite Tess, qui n'en va pas moins, le lendemain de cette révélation sensationnelle, porter les raches au marché, expédition qui

par sa maîtresse, cédée à la famille sur cheval, son unique richesse. Et pour expier son péché, elle consent, elle, la fière et la droite, à aller intéresser en la faveur des siens, une riche étrangère, portant le nom de ses nobles ancêtres. C'est là le tournant de sa route douloureuse. Au lieu de la parente, elle est reçue par son fils qui accueille sa petite parente en libertin dénué de tout scrupule, la fait placer au château de sa mère comme gardeuse de la basse-cour et finit par s'emparer d'elle. Elle s'est donnée à lui, sans amour, par ignorance, un soir de lassitude et de désespoir. Et lorsque l'irréparable est consommé et que s'annoncent les inévitables conséquences de sa faute, elle part, sans rien vouloir accepter de son méprisable séducteur. Elle revient chez elle, élève son enfant et le perd, et lui administre elle-même, sur son lit de mort, le sacrement du baptême et obtient du pasteur apitoyé la promesse que, s'il ne lui était pas permis de l'enterrer chrétiennement, « cela reviendrait au même » pour l'âme du pauvre bébé. Et Tess se reprend alors à la vie. Elle se gage dans une laiterie où réside en même temps qu'elle, un apprenti fermier, le fils d'un pasteur, Angel Clare, un jeune indépendant qui, ayant cessé de croire, a refusé de devenir ecclésiastique et qui veut mener la libre vie de l'agriculteur.

L'inévitable arrive ; les deux êtres, supérieurs l'un par la culture, l'autre par la beauté « s'attirent invinciblement. L'incomparable idylle que cet amour qui germe en pleine nature, parmi les paisibles bêtes nourricières, parmi les bonnes odeurs du foin parfumé et du lait mousseux ! Et Angel Clare, résolue à rompre entièrement avec son passé, de se rénover totalement par un mariage avec une fille de cette terre à laquelle il va vouer toutes ses énergies, demande à Tess de partager sa vie. Elle refuse. Elle sait, croit savoir qu'elle n'a pas le droit d'être heureuse. Sans doute, elle n'a jamais aimé Alec. Elle avait été prise et ne s'était jamais donnée. Elle ignorait, dans sa candeur, la faute qu'elle avait commise et ne savait pas combien l'homme est indulgent pour les pires débordements de ses pareils et impitoyable pour les défaillances les plus excusables de la femme. Elle refuse néanmoins, bien que l'amour qu'elle ressente pour Angel la remplisse, toute. Alors il devient pressant et Tess, sentant qu'elle ne pourra pas résister, demande conseil à sa mère. Celle-ci l'engage avec son ordinaire insouciance, à accepter et à ne rien dire. Et elle accepte, le mariage a lieu et voici les deux amants-époux seuls pour la première fois. Alors, lui, éprouve le besoin de confesser à l'aimée un péché de jeunesse, une passion passagère pour une femme indigne. Et Tess, heureuse d'avoir quelque chose à lui pardonner et sentant combien le pardon lui a été facile, raconte, elle aussi, son histoire, toute sa douloureuse histoire. Mais l'effet n'est pas le même. Après son récit, Tess est devenue pour Angel une étrangère. C'était là la vertu, la chasteté virginale qu'il était allé chercher au sein de la nature. Il ne songe pas aux circonstances qui ont accompagné, qui ont causé la chute de Tess, la candeur qui la lui fait confesser comme s'il ne s'agissait que d'une peccadille. Ce n'est plus Tess, sa petite, sa douce petite Tess qui est là, debout, devant lui. Il s'enfuit plein d'horreur de cette chambre où s'est écroulé son bonheur et quelques jours après, il part pour le Brésil, sans que Tess ait essayé de le retenir, de s'excuser, acceptant tout avec une absolue soumission, de la part du bien-aimé. Et alors, recommence pour elle la lutte. Elle essaye de gagner sa vie. Elle se soumet aux plus durs labeurs, sans rien demander aux parents de son mari. Mais la fatalité met une seconde fois sur son chemin Alec d'Uberville. Celui-ci touché par la haute piété du pasteur Clare, père d'Angel, s'est converti et avec le zèle d'un néophyte, il va, de village en village, confesser les hontes de son passé. Mais, dès qu'il revoit Tess, son ancienne nature se réveille en lui. C'est elle-même qui, partageant l'agnosticisme de son mari, lui fournit des prétextes pour renoncer à son apostolat. Et, une fois repris par sa passion, il se jure de triompher une seconde fois. Il offre d'abord à Tess de l'épouser, mais elle lui répond qu'elle a un mari. Elle lui écrit à ce mari des lettres déchirantes, des appels qui auraient ébranlé un cœur de roche, mais tout reste sans réponse. Et la destinée continue son œuvre de destruction. Son père meurt et sa mère et ses frères sont réduits à la dernière misère. On les chasse de leur maison et, sans abri, ils dressent leur tente en pleine campagne jusqu'à ce que Alec recueille toute la famille chez lui. Angel Clare, cependant, après de nombreux déboires, revient en Angleterre. Son père lui remet les dernières lettres que lui a adressées sa femme. Et enfin, trop tard, cette âme si fière que la douleur a roidie jusqu'à la cruauté la plus barbare, est touchée par cet amour fidèle, par cette immense détresse. Il se met à la recherche de sa femme et il la retrouve la maîtresse d'Alec d'Uberville. Elle en revoyant l'époux, le si ardemment, le si vainement attendu, le si uniquement aimé, sent enfin la révolte sourdre en son âme et elle s'élance vers son double séducteur et le tue. Puis, elle va rejoindre son Angel, et tous deux errent à travers la campagne, heureux enfin, conscients de l'immense bonheur qui était si proche d'eux et à côté duquel ils ont passé, jusqu'à ce que la justice retrouve leur piste et que Tess, la blonde, la chère petite Tess, expie sur l'échafaud le crime d'Alec, le crime d'avoir été pauvre et belle...

Lisez, si vous ne l'avez lu déjà, ce merveilleux récit et lisez aussi *Jude l'Obscur* que je n'ai plus le temps de vous analyser et qui conte ce qu'il en coûte à un pauvre ouvrier de campagne d'avoir rêvé la science et d'avoir rêvé l'amour, ce qu'il en coûte à Jude et à Sue d'avoir voulu vivre en libres amants, en dehors du mariage et quand vous en arriverez à la scène où *Petit père le Temps*, le fils de Jude, se tue et tue son frère et sa sœur parce qu'ils étaient trop », je vous défie de n'être pas ébranlé jusqu'au plus profond de votre être .Je ne connais rien de plus pathétique dans toutes les littératures que les pages qui nous décrivent Tess errant dans la plaine de Salisbury et celles qui nous retracent le châtiment que s'impose et qu'impose à son ami Sue, après la mort de ses enfants. Il y a, dans ces romans « rustiques » une protestation aussi ardente contre les crimes de la société que dans *Résurrection*. Encore un coup, lisez-les, et, après y avoir puisé l'une des plus intenses jouissances esthétiques que livres contemporains puissent vous donner, sachez aussi en tirer l'enseignement qu'ils suggèrent, sans phrase, sans déclamation, par la minutieuse et scrupuleuse représentation de la réalité vraie.

VICTOR BASCH.

Le Siècle

LUNDI 1er AVRIL 1901

British Weekly,

The death is announced of William Tinsley, the publisher. He had long been out of business, but he had an active course in his time. Two years ago there were printed at Bournemouth a series of recollections by him. They are slovenly enough, and not very trustworthy, but yield some interesting matter. Mr. Tinsley took a special interest in Thomas Hardy's first novel, "Desperate Remedies," and published it. He also purchased the copyright of Mr. Hardy's second novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree." He says: "I almost raved about the book, and I gave it away wholesale to pressmen and any I knew interested in good fiction. But, strange to say, it would not sell. Finding it hung on hand in the original two-volume form, I printed in a very pretty illustrated one-volume form. That edition was a failure. Then I published it in a two-shilling form with paper covers, and the edition had a very poor sale indeed. And yet it was one of the best press noticed books I ever published." Mr. Tinsley also produced in his magazine Mr. Hardy's third novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes." Mr. Tinsley also published George Meredith's "Rhoda Fleming," and says that it had a very poor sale.

May 8th. 1902.

Sphere, July 5. 1902.

The *Fortnightly Review* for July has an article by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, on *Monna Vanna*, the famous play by Maeterlinck, the stage performance of which has just been prohibited in England by Mr. Redford, the Censor of Plays. Here is the way in which Miss Alma-Tadema writes of Maeterlinck's great drama :—

In *Monna Vanna* he gives us the very soul of drama—singleness and nobility of theme, unity, and concentration. The play unfolds and expands before us like a plant which, from a simple root pregnant with life, grows stem and leaf until we are shown the complex beauty of the flower.

Meanwhile there has been a very judicious protest published in the *Times* and signed by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and other well-known writers, against the action of Mr. Redford.

The Queen, Aug. 30. 1902.

In his book "The Wessex of Romance" Mr Wilkinson Sherren tells us that the Grammar School at Dorchester, in Dorset, was established by a certain Thomas Hardy, an ancestor of all the Dorset Hardys, to which family belong both the Wessex novelist of the same name and the heroic friend of Nelson

The Daily Chronicl

Sep: 5th. 1902.

After October 4 the books of Mr. Thomas Hardy are to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan, who already publish the Colonial edition of them. A seven years' agreement which he had with Messrs. Harper comes to an end on that date, but this firm will continue to be his American publishers. Before we get a new novel from Mr. Hardy we shall probably have a three-and-sixpenny edition of the existing stories.

THE SOCIETY OF DORSET MEN IN LONDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GUARDIAN. 24 1902?

Sir,

Some unusually distinct misstatements are made by your critic of "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy", by Professor Windle, in your impression of the 9th, instant.

He says, "Mr Hardy, by the application of this name (Wessex) to Dorsetshire has done a historical wrong which it will be very difficult to undo.....If Wessex is to be identified with a particular shire, every historian knows that the honour is due far more to Hampshire than to Dorsetshire."

So far from my ever having identified Wessex with Dorsetshire I have invariably shown that I do not so identify it, but make it to include six counties; I have described Winchester under the old name of Wintoncester as its capital; I have mentioned the Thames as its northern boundary; and, above all, have exhibited its area in a map whose outline coincides with that given to the whole kingdom by the historians of early England.

He says, "A passage is actually quoted (from a book of mine) as to the finding of a buried Roman soldier in a garden at Dorchester which is absolute nonsense in every line so far as an interment of the Romano-British period is concerned."

If it were nonsense it would not perhaps much matter in a work of fiction. But it so happens that several such skeletons were unearthed by myself many years ago, lying precisely as described; one having three urns and a bottle standing in contact with its breast, and a fibula resting on its forehead. The urns,

16th April 1906.

Treves' name should henceforth be printed upon the official note heading as a past president of the Society of Dorset Men in London. (Applause.) Other distinguished names would follow as other Presidents came on, and they would thus form an important list of past presidents.

The HON. SECRETARY intimated that that had already been done. Sir Frederick Treves had been consulted, and he wished his name entered as a past president

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LUNDI 1er AVRIL 1901

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THE SOCIETY OF DORSET MEN IN LONDON.

which I still possess, were of the well-known Romano-British pattern of which many examples may be seen in museums, and the fibula also matched those usually found in such collections and labelled as of the same period.

Your reviewer's remarks upon the place-names, too, are full of misrepresentations though I cannot here enter into the necessary detail for explaining why. Altogether I fail to see any justification for these inaccurate statements, which are made, moreover, concerning the writings of a person who is not the author of the book reviewed.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Thomas Hardy.

16th April 1906.

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un soir de lassitude et de désespoir.
que l'irréparable est consommé et que
sent les inévitables conséquences de
elle part, sans rien vouloir accepter d
priable séducteur. Elle revient che
ve son enfant et le perd, et lui admir
même, sur son lit de mort, le sacr
baptême et obtient du pasteur apito
nessé que, s'il ne lui était pas perm
terrer chrétiennement, « cela revien
même » pour l'âme du pauvre bébé.
reprend alors à la vie. Elle se gage
laiterie où réside en même temps q
apprenti fermier, le fils d'un paste
Clare, un jeune indépendant qui, a
de croire, a refusé de devenir ecclés
qui veut mener la libre vie de l'agri

L'inévitable arrive ; les deux é
rieurs l'un par la culture, l'autre pa
té « s'attirent invinciblement. L'in
idylle que cet amour qui germe en
ture, parmi les paisibles bêtes no
parmi les bonnes odeurs du foin p
du lait mousseux ! Et Angel Clare,
rompre entièrement avec son pass
noyer totalement par un mariage
fille de cette terre à laquelle il va vo
ses énergies, demande à Tess de
vie. Elle refuse. Elle sait, croit sa
n'a pas le droit d'être heureuse.
elle n'a jamais aimé Alec. Elle ava
et ne s'était jamais donnée. Elle ign
sa candeur, la faute qu'elle avait
ne savait pas combien l'homme est
pour les pires débordements de se
impitoyable pour les défaillances le
sables de la femme. Elle refuse
bien que l'amour qu'elle ressente
la remplisse, toute. Alors il devie
et Tess, sentant qu'elle ne pourra
demande conseil à sa mère. Celle
avec son ordinaire insouciance, à
à ne rien dire. Et elle accepte, le
lieu et voici les deux amants-époux
la première fois. Alors, lui, éprouv
de confesser à l'aimée un péché d
une passion passagère pour une
gne. Et Tess, heureuse d'avoir quel
lui pardonner et sentant combien le
a été facile, raconte, elle aussi,
toute sa douloureuse histoire. Mais
pas le même. Après son récit, Tess
pour Angel une étrangère. C'était
la chasteté virginale qu'il était al
au sein de la nature. Il ne songe
constances qui ont accompagné, qu
la chute de Tess, la candeur qui la
fesser comme s'il ne s'agissait que
dille. Ce n'est plus Tess, sa pet
petite Tess qui est là, debout, d
s'enfuit plein d'horreur de cette
s'est écroulé son bonheur et qua
après, il part pour le Brésil, sa
ait essayé de le retenir, de s'excuse
tout avec une absolue soumission,
du bien-aimé. Et alors, recomme
la lutte. Elle essaye de gagner sa vie. Elle se
soumet aux plus durs labeurs, sans rien de-
mander aux parents de son mari. Mais la fa-
talité met une seconde fois sur son chemin Alec
d'Urberville. Celui-ci touché par la haute pi-

penny edition of the existing stories.

THE SOCIETY OF DORSET MEN IN LONDON.

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

MR. THOMAS HARDY PRESIDENT.

The fourth annual meeting of the Society of Dorset Men in London was held on Friday evening at the Holborn Restaurant, London, the Chairman (Mr. J. Swmburne-Hanham) occupying the chair. There was large attendance of members.

THE PRESIDENT FOR 1908.

The CHAIRMAN, who was received with applause on rising to propose the next resolution, said a very pleasant task had been committed to him in the duty of proposing the election of a President for the ensuing year. Sir Frederick Treves—(applause)—who had served them three years with such conspicuous success, was, he would not say no longer willing to serve, but he thought, in the interests of the society, a change would be good. He (the Chairman) was not sure whether that was so or whether it was not. So the committee had cast around to find a proper person who, in their judgment, would be President of the Society of Dorset Men in London, and their choice had fallen upon Mr. Thomas Hardy. (Cheers.) He was a well-known man, with a long tradition behind him and a present reputation, and he ventured, in the name of the committee, to propose his name to them for election as President of that society for the coming year. He felt that it was quite superfluous on his part to add anything to the recommendation of Mr. Hardy's name. His name stood outside Dorset, outside England, outside Europe, and even outside every English-speaking land on the face of the globe. (Applause.) He felt, therefore, that he could not do better than simply propose his name to them and call upon Mr. Watkins, who was so instrumental in obtaining his consent, to second the proposition of his election. (Applause.) He might say of his own knowledge that Mr. Hardy, like a great many other big men, was a retiring one, and rather shrank from conducting them in the big dinner they would have. Mr. Hardy gave them their motto "Who's afraid?" but he was not quite sure that he was prepared to act up to that maxim in this instance. He (the Chairman), realising what a great honour it would be to the society if Mr. Hardy would undertake this position, begged Mr. Watkins to go down to Dorset to see him in his own house. He was pleased to think Mr. Watkins did do that, and on Saturday night he was glad to receive a telegram that Mr. Hardy had consented to serve if elected. (Cheers.) The HON. SECRETARY, in briefly seconding the resolution, said on such an occasion he should not make the artistic blunder of attempting to paint the lily, for it would be no less to-day to discuss Mr. Hardy and his virtues before Dorset men. But he was full of Dorset and full of that society. (Applause.) He knew their every movement. He knew every step they had taken. He had followed them upon the road—(cheers)—and they had had from time to time letters from him encouraging them. The only thing Mr. Hardy feared was that he might not be able to do justice to the society. If the members did not find him attending at many of their meetings they would perfectly well realise that it was not because he did not want to come. The Hon. Secretary had pleasure in seconding the election of Mr. Hardy as President. (Applause.) The election was made by acclamation.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES' PRESIDENCY.

The CHAIRMAN said a very distinguished man had been their President, and he was sure they were none of them willing to turn their backs upon an old friend who had served them well during the past three years and was the first President of the society. (Applause.) Sir Frederick Treves had made an excellent President. He had taken a keen interest in their doings, had been present at all the dinners held since the start, and in every respect it would be difficult to find a better President than he had been. They desired that night to pass a vote of thanks to him for his services, and he therefore moved:—

"That the members of the Society of Dorset Men in London in annual general meeting assembled hereby heartily thank Sir Frederick Treves, Baronet, G.C.V.O., C.B., LL.D., &c., for having been their first President, re-affirm their pride in him as a Dorset man, wish him long life and good health, and look forward with pleasure to his frequent presence at the annual dinners and other gatherings of his fellow Dorset Men in London." (Applause.)

Mr. E. BARNES said that no words were necessary to second such a vote of thanks; Dorset people were always grateful. When a gentleman of the position of Sir Frederick Treves came forward to act as President, and did it for three years, the very least they could do was to give him a hearty vote of thanks. It was something in the formation of a new society to get so distinguished a man. The Chairman, in speaking of Mr. Hardy, had said he was known all over the world. If the name of Mr. Hardy was so far known he was sure the name of Sir Frederick Treves was known in several other worlds besides. (Laughter and applause.) Sir Frederick Treves had given prestige to their movement, and he (Mr. Barnes) was glad they were going to suggest to him that, although he ceased to be President, he would not cease to take an active interest in the society. He was sure the resolution would be unanimously carried, because he knew how greatly Sir Frederick's services had been appreciated. (Cheers.) The vote was accorded amid hearty applause.

Mr. FOOT proposed that the society now begin a list of past presidents, whose names should be retained with the title of the society. He wished to move that Sir Frederick Treves' name should henceforth be printed upon the official note heading as a past president of the Society of Dorset Men in London. (Applause.) Other distinguished names would follow as other Presidents came on, and they would thus form an important list of past presidents.

The HON. SECRETARY intimated that that had already been done. Sir Frederick Treves had been consulted, and he wished his successor [illegible] as a past president.

Monthly Gentleman

Mr. THOMAS HARDY is the president of the Society of Dorset Men in London, and to their Year-book, which has just been published, he gives a foreword which may be taken as a plea for societies of this type. He recalls the time, more than forty-five years ago, when, "in the somewhat reckless method "of becoming a Londoner that was perhaps "more common then than now," he was a lonely young man wandering about the London streets or "hastening off to Drury "Lane or the Princess's Theatre to see "PHELPS or CHARLES KEAN in a Shakspearean "tragedy." Then there were no county societies that might help beginners in London, though Mr. HARDY can recall cases in which something of the kind might have saved promising youths from ruin. Mr. HARDY has sometimes been accused of darkening the shadows in his pictures, but it is good to hear his belief that his Society "is but one "symptom among many of the general growth "of human altruism noticeable everywhere." Few men have done nobler service than he to foster the growth, and when he speaks of those who are pre-eminently grateful for the existence of the Society—the Dorset mothers who hope that it will help their sons to bear the severance from home—we may cast back with a wistful sympathy to Mr. HARDY's own early experiences. And yet, had he fallen among friends, with all their comfortable distractions, what might have been the course of the genius that has given us such strenuous and melancholy masterpieces? We must regret the hardships that such men as HARDY and GISSING suffer, but they do not end with mere endurance. If altruism would tend to make sleek citizens of us, it bears another hue when it is associated with their sympathies and aspirations. And even societies that permit Dorset men or Lancashire men to associate will not make London easy.

16 March 1908

Free Lance,

And Afterwards.

Would anyone care to say off-hand what is Thomas Hardy's place in literature? While dealing with the importance of prose fiction, it is a question that may well be considered, for Thomas Hardy, of all modern writers, is the most Shakespearean. The "Westminster Gazette," referring the other day to the death of the novelist's mother, said:—"Mrs. Hardy, the aged mother of Thomas Hardy, lived the quiet life in the little cottage where her son was born, and which she clung to just as the mother of the French President prefers her old home." The unconscious significance of the comparison is very striking. The mother of the French President, the mother of the English novelist—does the comparison seem any other than simple and natural? And if not, does it not point to an esteem of Thomas Hardy's work beyond all the praise of it that has yet been put into words? Truly, Mr. Whiteing need not tremble for fiction.

16th April 1906.

The Daily Chronicle, March 31st 1904.

IS FRANCE DECADENT?

Striking Denials by Europe's Eminent Men.

EULOGISTIC TRIBUTES.

The directors of "L'Européen," a weekly Paris journal, have instituted an inquiry which has been productive of remarkable expressions of opinion from eminent men in various European countries. The question put to the contributors to this symposium was, "Is France decadent?" and the directors of the journal state that their inquiry was instituted in consequence of incessant assertions and suggestions in France itself that the country was on the down grade.

The testimony that has been received in reply is all in the opposite direction.

Mr. Thomas Hardy writes from Dorchester that in his opinion France is not decadent. "Her history seems to me to take the form of a serrated line, and a true judgment of her general tendencies cannot be founded upon a momentary observation; it must be based on entire periods of variation. That which maintains France in the position of more than a nation is her unique faculty of assimilating new ideas and of emancipating herself promptly from those which are found unfruitful."

The Academy, May 17th. 1902.

Correspondence.

M. Maeterlinck's Apology for Nature.

Sir,—In your review of M. Maeterlinck's book you quote with seeming approval his vindication of Nature's ways, which is (as I understand it) to the effect that, though she does not appear to be just from our point of view, she may practice a scheme of morality unknown to us, in which she is just. Now, admit but the bare possibility of such a hidden morality, and she would go out of court without the slightest stain on her character, so certain should we feel that indifference to morality was beneath her greatness.

Far be it from my wish to disturb any comforting fantasy, if it be barely tenable. But alas, no profound reflection can be needed to detect the sophistry in M. Maeterlinck's argument, and to see that the original difficulty recognized by thinkers like Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Haeckel, &c., and by most of the persons called pessimists, remains unsurmounted.

Pain has been, and pain is: no new sort of morals in Nature can remove pain from the past and make it pleasure for those who are its infallible estimators, the bearers thereof. And no injustice, however slight, can be atoned for by her future generosity, however ample, so long as we consider Nature to be, or to stand for, unlimited power. The exoneration of an omnipotent Mother by her retrospective justice becomes an absurdity when we ask, what made the foregone injustice necessary to Her Omnipotence?

So you cannot, I fear, save her good name except by assuming one of two things: that she is blind, and not a judge of her actions, or that she is an automaton, and unable to control them; in either of which assumptions, though you have the chivalrous satisfaction of screening one of her sex, you only throw responsibility a stage further back.

But the story is not new. It is true, nevertheless, that, as M. Maeterlinck contends, to dwell too long amid such reflections does no good, and that to model our conduct on Nature's apparent conduct, as Nietzsche would have taught, can only bring disaster to humanity.—Yours truly,

THOMAS HARDY.

Max Gate, Dorchester.

Glasgow Herald. April 9th. 1904.

GREAT men are said to owe much to their mothers, and from the information which is now being given on the occasion of the death of the mother of Mr Thomas Hardy the novelist, it would seem that his is a case in point. Mrs Hardy, who, as was reported some days ago, died at the age of 91 in the cottage near Dorchester where she had lived all her life, is described in an authoritative obituary as a woman of strong character and marked originality, with the keenest love for literature, and it is added that "much of her son's work in prose and verse was based upon her memories and opinions." Moreover, she was of an old yeomen stock, who were small landowners in Dorsetshire, and of the type which Macaulay describes in his vivid picture of Monmouth's Rebellion as Dissenters who "had been goaded by petty persecution into a temper fit for desperate enterprise," who "abhorred Popery and adored Monmouth" as "the good Duke, the Protestant Duke, the rightful heir whom a vile conspiracy kept out of his own," and remembered his brilliant progress through the West of England in the summer of 1680. In this rebellion the family of Mr Hardy's mother was implicated, and their house at Melbury Osmund, in Dorsetshire, was entered by the Royalist soldiery after the battle of Sedgmoor, the two daughters escaping by a back staircase into the orchard. In the records of Judge Jeffreys' Bloody Assizes there is said to be mention of one of the family as "absent from home at the time of the Rebellion," but he is not found among the list of those executed. As ancestry like this, as we know well in Scotland, is an inspiring inheritance, and although Mr Hardy has not, like the late Mr Blackmore, placed any of his heroes in the Sedgmoor rising, one can yet see in his work that ancestral influence must have been a strong factor in its production.

TOLSTOY ON WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—I should like to be allowed space to express in the fewest words a view of Count Tolstoy's philosophic sermon on war, of which you print a translation in your impression of to-day and a comment in your leading article.

The sermon may show many of the extravagances of detail to which the world has grown accustomed in Count Tolstoy's later writings. It may exhibit, here and there, incoherence as a moral system. Many people may object to the second half of the dissertation—its special application to Russia in the present war (on which I can say nothing). Others may be unable to see advantage in the writer's use of theological terms for describing and illustrating the moral evolutions of past ages. But surely all these objectors should be hushed by his great argument, and every defect in his particular reasonings hidden by the blaze of glory that shines from his masterly general indictment of war as a modern principle, with all its senseless and illogical crimes. Your obedient servant,

THOMAS HARDY.

The Athenæum, Pall-mall, S.W., June 27. 1904

The Literary World, March 4th 1903

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

XXI.—THOMAS HARDY.

THERE is no personality more elusive than that of the great silent man who lives a retired life at Dorchester. Perhaps the best way of arriving at some comprehension of his character is to read Buchanan's 'The Sad Shepherd,' and to study the portrait that forms the frontispiece to 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' Still, it is no wonder that the critic of *The New York Tribune* said that in 'Jude the Obscure' the hero was in some directions a portrait of the author—not in the story of his life, of course, but in divers turns of thought, and more especially in some of his dislikes.

The few outward incidents of Thomas Hardy's career are well known, for he is one of the few living men who have a biography in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'; and also he has been the subject of two books—one in the 'Contemporary Writers' series, and one by the late Lionel Johnson. But there is little to be gathered from the knowledge that he is descended from John Le Hardy, Governor of Jersey, or that he was born in 1840. Two things only are interesting, first, that he was not put through the routine educational mill of public school and university, and so probably retains more humanity and originality than most men of his class; and, secondly, that when he did take up systematic work, it was as an architect—a fact that is distinctly visible in his story-building.

In 1865 his first sketch appeared in *Chambers's*—that wonderful magazine for discovering unknown talent—and thereafter the love of discerning and depicting the stories of the men and women around him grew upon Thomas Hardy. In 1874 'Far from the Madding Crowd' appeared anonymously in the *Cornhill*, and was commonly attributed to George Eliot; it was a great success, and the designing of houses was put aside for the pen-drawing of Wessex and its inhabitants. Thomas Hardy is, of course, a frequent visitor to London, but his home is in Dorchester, and he is quite indifferent to the social fame that successful novel-writing brings. He always looks a little too grave and distant to be quite at his ease in the midst of the jangle of smart conversation; but at a small literary dinner he becomes at once sympathetic and interesting, and can be both grave and gay. In stature he is short, trimly-built; the face is intellectual, the forehead deeply lined with thought, the dome of the head expansive and thinly-covered with hair. The eyes are meditative, cautious; now and then lighting up with kindly humour, but generally very sad. Mr. Hardy always looks as though he were a watcher, sitting apart from the battle of life, and noting down the defeats of the day. The least comprehensible of all the facts of his biography is that he is a J.P.; if one thing seems more prominent than another in his books and his manner it is that he judges no one, and yet in his own Wessex—the county of Tess—he sits on the bench.

The comparative unpopularity of Mr. Hardy is due to the fact that the great Middle Class, with its suburban villas and its music-halls, is not interested in the peasant; to them there is no magic in woods and heaths, no romance in agricultural labourers who are at once real and idyllic. The fine quality of the workmanship, the intimate sympathy with poor human nature as it is, the country atmosphere and unfamiliar detail of moor and dell, all repel the profuse readers of commonplace novels. They miss the usual apparatus and the pleasant ending: the wicked duke and the beautiful duchess. But amongst the greatest writers and thinkers of the day there are not a few who accord to Thomas Hardy the title of 'master.'

T.

In the same number of the *Quarterly*, Mr. Edward Wright has a careful and sensible study of Thomas Hardy. He sums up: "Mr. Hardy's philosophic creed is that of a sentimental materialist; he is a mighty yet restless and woeful spirit, a prince of modern English literature by reason of his earlier works, but in certain of his later works a misdirected force." There is some point in the comparison between Euripides and Thomas Hardy. It is true that in their women of strange, passionate, and irresistible temperament they display a similar type of heroine, but it is equally true that Euripides never went so far as Mr. Hardy in revolt against the universe. Sketch 27.4.04

Sketch. 27. 4. '04.

The St. James's Gazette,

9. 4. 1904.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

We have to condole with Mr. Thomas Hardy, also, on the death this week of his mother, at the great age of ninety-one. English literature, it is said, through the genius of her son, owes much to her memories and stories.

The Daily Mail,

Feb: 19th. 1904

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S IDEAS.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

Sir,—Your remark the other day that the idea of telling stories in public originated with Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Hand of Ethelberta" is quite correct, although your correspondent Mr. Hume seems to impugn it. That book, published in 1876, gave the notion to the late Mr. W. R. Ralston, who acted upon it frequently.

I may take this opportunity of adding that the same novel contained the phrase, "But that does not come into the story," which appears to have suggested to Mr. Kipling his now popular phrase, "But that's another story."

K

The Globe, 9th April 1904.

An interesting note from Mr. Thomas Hardy corrects some erroneous statements which have appeared concerning his aged mother, whose death occurred recently. Writing to the "Chronicle," the novelist says she was a woman of character in many ways. "The first book that she gave her son, after those merely for the nursery, was Dryden's Virgil, for which she had a great liking. By the time that he was twelve she had him regularly instructed in Latin, and at fifteen in French by a governess. The house in which she died was built by the Hardys more than a century ago, but it passed out of their hands some years back. Yet, though she was the owner of several comfortable freehold houses not far off, she preferred to remain in the original inconvenient one, which she was enabled to do, as long as she chose, by the courtesy of the present possessor."

The Star June 28th. 1904

MR. THOMAS HARDY ON TOLSTOY'S PROTEST.

THE Tory Press were practically unanimous yesterday in ridiculing Count Tolstoy's great moral indictment of war. We are glad to see that Mr. Thomas Hardy is with us in doing homage to Tolstoy's "great argument." Mr. Hardy writes to the "Times" as follows:—

I should like to be allowed space to express in the fewest words a view of Count Tolstoy's philosophic sermon on war, of which you print a translation in your impression of to-day and a comment in your leading article.

The sermon may show many of the extravagances of detail to which the world has grown accustomed in Count Tolstoy's later writings.

It may exhibit, here and there, incoherence as a moral system.

Many people may object to the second half of the dissertation—its special application to Russia in the present war (on which I can say nothing).

Others may be unable to see advantage in the writer's use of theological terms for describing and illustrating the moral evolutions of past ages.

But surely all these objectors should be hushed by his great argument, and every defect in his particular reasonings hidden by the blaze of glory that shines from his masterly general indictment of war as a modern principle, with all its senseless and illogical crimes.

If only all the intellectual leaders of all nations would imitate the example of Mr. Hardy the conscience of the world would soon be educated into such a loathing for war that war would be relegated to an international museum containing the fossils of human folly.

The Star, 28th 6. 04.

The Sketch. 2 NOV. 1904 (corrected)

Mr. Neil Munro tells a curious story of the origin of Mr. Hardy's "Tess." When Hardy was a boy ~~he used to come into Dorchester to school, and he made the acquaintance of~~ a woman ~~there named her husband kept an inn. She was beautiful, good, and kind, but~~ of Dorset married to a dissipated scoundrel who was unfaithful to her. One day she discovered her husband under circumstances which so roused her passion that she stabbed him with a knife and killed him. She was tried, convicted, and condemned to execution. Young Hardy, with another boy, came into Dorchester and witnessed the execution from a tree that overlooked the yard in which the gallows was placed. He never forgot the rustle of the thin black gown the woman was wearing as she was led forth by the warders. A penetrating rain was falling; the white cap was no sooner over the woman's head than it clung to her features, and the noose was put round the neck of what looked like a marble statue. Hardy looked at the scene with a strange illusion of its being unreal, and was brought to his complete senses when the drop fell with a thud and his companion on a lower branch of the tree fell fainting to the ground. The tragedy haunted Hardy, and, at last, provided the emotional inspiration and some of the matter for "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

THE new number of the *Book Monthly*, which is both sprightly and informative, points out that Mr. Hardy did not take to verse late in life. On the contrary,

"after spending many years of his early manhood in excursions into verse, the only kind of literature that attracted him, Mr. Hardy, almost against his will, turned to novel-writing for necessary and practical reasons."

We wish that other venturers *invita Minerva* into new forms produced anything like such notable results.

Athenaeum. March 5th 1904.

above all, of the large and happy section of the reading public which has not yet reached ripeness of years; those to whom marriage is the pilgrim's Eternal City, and not a milestone on the way."

that gentleman over there is Mr. Thomas Hardy?" "Mr. Thomas Hardy?" she replied, with a chilly stare. "Who's he?"

The Daily Chronicle March 31st

Glasgow Herald. April 9th. 1904.

The Literary World, March 1903

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Nature's apparent [illegible] as Nietzsche would have taught, can only bring disaster to humanity.—Yours truly,

THOMAS HARDY.

Max Gate, Dorchester.

writers and thinkers of the day there are no
a few who accord to Thomas Hardy the titl
of 'master.' T.

The Manchester Guardian, 15.10.04.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

A TALK WITH MR. HARDY.

A correspondent who recently went to Dorchester to see Mr. Thomas Hardy has sent us an account of his interview.

Before long they got on to the subject of "The Dynasts." Mr. Hardy said that it did not go very well at first. People were, he thought, startled by the novelty of form and treatment, but every month has brought a greater number of readers. Eminent men, it seems, have written thanking him for the revelation the book has brought them. In America, apparently, they complain that the geography is not full enough. It is also from the United States that come the fiercest objections to the comments of the "Spirits" or "Phantom Intelligences." Someone has sent him from over there a bundle of cuttings in which he is accused in bitter language of having attacked the Christian religion. He declares emphatically that he has done no such thing, and remarks that in America there is distinctly less tolerance and freedom of thought than in England, whatever the reason may be. As to the date when we may expect the other two volumes of "The Dynasts," he said he could not give one. "There is an immense amount of material to compress; but I hope I shall be able to get them done—I hope so."

Asked what he thought of the state of literature to-day, Mr. Hardy said: "The fatal defect of most of it is the absence of a philosophic standpoint, and what lacks that cannot be of the highest quality nor enduring. Descriptions of life, however brilliant or varied, are not sufficient; some reasoned comment is essential on life as a whole, some sustained criticism—the outcome of modern knowledge—on the relations of man to the universe, both now and in the past." He said that he was convinced that a belief in Necessitarianism is very widely adopted by the most thoughtful writers and critics to-day, but that they are not bold enough to express it. "Don't suppose for a moment," he added, "that I am hostile to the Christian religion. I often wish I had lived in the Middle Ages, when the Church was supreme and unquestioned." Mr. Hardy proceeded to express his profound admiration for Ibsen. "Yes," he said, "Ibsen was indeed a revelation, and what an immense loss the English stage has suffered through not giving him a fair chance!" Tolstoy also was mentioned, and Mr. Hardy said that he was a curious mixture, giving us new ideas disguised in old forms of language. Not many English writers were alluded to, but his visitor got the following brief comments:—"How Tennyson could write of life as he did I cannot imagine; Browning also was a mystery of contradictions, but I knew him personally and I am quite sure he was quite genuine in all he wrote."

Speaking of his poetry, Mr. Hardy said: "You are probably aware that I began by writing poetry, but I had to give it up for something more remunerative. Most of my novels, however, were first conceived as poems. With regard to an early one—I think it was "A Pair of Blue Eyes"—I had a letter from Coventry Patmore, to whom I was then quite unknown, saying the tale ought to have been told in verse, as the theme was far more suitable for that medium than for prose."

MAXIM GORKY'S FATE.

1 Feb 1905

A Rising Tide of Protest Against His Execution.

All day yesterday telegrams kept arriving at the office of "The Morning Leader" from men well known in the world of British art and learning, asking that their names should be added to the protest, headed by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Hardy, against the atrocious intention, attributed by the Berlin "Vorwaerts" to the Russian authorities at St. Petersburg, of "handing over Maxim Gorky to the common hangman." The text of the Protest is as follows:—

A STATEMENT IS IN CIRCULATION IN THE GERMAN PRESS TO THE EFFECT THAT MAXIM GORKY, THE EMINENT RUSSIAN NOVELIST, NOW LYING IN A DUNGEON IN THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, IS LIKELY TO BE HANGED AS A CRIMINAL FOR THE OFFENCE OF APPEALING TO THE TSAR ON BEHALF OF THE UNARMED WORKMEN OF ST. PETERSBURG.

ALTHOUGH IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT SUCH A CRIME IS IN CONTEMPLATION, THE POSSIBILITY IS SO APPALLING—ITS REALISATION WOULD BE SUCH A DISGRACE TO HUMANITY—THAT WITHOUT WAITING FOR A CORROBORATION OF THE RUMOR, WE, THE UNDERSIGNED MEN OF LETTERS, MEN OF SCIENCE, AND ARTISTS, FEEL IMPELLED TO RECORD AT ONCE OUR PROTEST AGAINST SUCH AN UNPARALLELED OUTRAGE UPON OUR COMMON HUMANITY.

(SIGNED):

Algernon Charles Swinburne.
George Meredith.
Thomas Hardy. (& many others)

PROTESTS IN BERLIN AND PARIS.

BERLIN, Tuesday.

The Gorky Committee, which has been formed here to inaugurate a strong demonstration in favor of the popular Russian poet, has drawn up an appeal urging that Russian officials have no right to dispose at their will of such a genius.

Gorky, it says, belongs to his high tasks. He must not become the victim of political arbitrariness. The appeal is signed by Dr. Theodor Barth, Gerhard Hauptmann, Prof. Ernst Haeckel, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Walter Leisbikoff, Prof. Max Liebermann, Prof. Oscar Liebreich, Prof. Franz von Liszt, Prof. Simmel, Hermann Sudermann, Dr. Ernst von Wildenbruch, all men renowned in literature, art, science, and politics.

The Globe, Mar. 27. 1905

THE BANQUET TO MR. CHOATE.

To the farewell banquet to the American Ambassador, at the Mansion House, on Friday, May 5, at which the Lord Mayor is to entertain His Excellency in the name of the City, a distinguished company have accepted invitations, including the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Ashbourne, Mr. Balfour, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. A. Chamberlain, M.P., Mr. Morley, Sir H. Fowler, M.P., Mr. Bryce, M.P., Mr. W. Long, M.P., the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, Lord Rothschild, the Speaker, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Kelvin, Viscount Goschen, Mr. Alfred Austin (Poet Laureate), Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the President of the Royal Society, Lieut.-Gen. Sir John French, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Edward Elgar, and the Rev. Dr. Mahaffy.

able ones whose lives have fallen to them in pleasant places; above all, of the large and happy section of the reading public which has not yet reached ripeness of years; those to whom marriage is the pilgrim's Eternal City, and not a milestone on the way."

he said to her when Mr. Hardy was one of the guests, "that that gentleman over there is Mr. Thomas Hardy?" "Mr. Thomas Hardy?" she replied, with a chilly stare. "Who's he?"

March 31st

Glasgow Herald.
April 9th. 1904.

The Literary World. March

The Daily

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taught, can only bring disaster to humanity.—Yours truly,

THOMAS HARDY.

Max Gate, Dorchester.

writers and thinkers of the day there are n
a few who accord to Thomas Hardy the tit
of 'master.'

T.

Note
There is no indication showing to whom
this letter is addressed

[Copy of Original letter – sold at a sale]

The Athenaeum,
Pall Mall. S.W.
July 5. 1907.

My dear Sir,

The difficulty you find (as I gather from your letter) in deciding whether literature can be made a crutch of, or is likely to remain a staff only for you – to borrow Sir W. Scott's metaphor – is one which nobody can solve but yourself, by the aid of experience derived from experiments with publishers, editors, & the public. I am, of course, assuming that commercial results must settle the question for you, since I gather from your letter that you will not go on writing for nothing.

Literature is a precarious profession at the best of times, & in average cases requires a greater expenditure of labour than any other to produce a steady income from— certainly than any trade.

The sale of a book is largely a matter of chance. A book may be good, but not sell; it may be bad & sell well.

My opinion is that you should consult any publisher or publishers you know on the point. They are the only people who have an inkling of the best course, & even they are often wrong.

Of course, the question of following literature for its own sake, without regard of sales, is another matter.

Yours very truly,

T. Hardy.

Glasgow Herald.
Abril 9th. 1904.

The Literary World. March 1903

The Daily ... 31st

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FEBRUARY 12, 1908.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

SPECIAL MESSAGES TO "THE DAILY NEWS."

Thomas Hardy.

"I have known Mr. Meredith for so long a time—forty years within a few months—and his personality is such a living one to me, that I cannot reach a sufficiently detached point of view to write a critical estimate of his great place in the world of letters."

A memorial, the tribute of large numbers of his friends and admirers, is to be presented at his home at Boxhill to Mr. Meredith this morning.

Upon the vellum appear the names of four of Mr. Meredith's old friends and literary colleagues—Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Frederick Greenwood.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, whose new drama, "The Dynasts," has, so far, been the chief literary event of the year, might have been a distinguished architect had literature not asserted her claims upon him. For he studied architecture under Sir A. W. Blomfield long before he made his name as an author, and in the early sixties won the prize and medal of the Institute of British Architects for an essay on "Coloured Bricks and Terra Cotta Architecture," as well as Sir W. Tite's prize for architectural design. Much of his earliest literary work, like his last, was in verse, but all these juvenile productions—with the single exception of the Wessex ballad, "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's"—has long since been destroyed.

Wanted, a Ghost.

It took Mr. Hardy many years to find his way into the front ranks of our novelists, and even to-day, when he is acknowledged to be one of the two greatest masters of the art still living in England, he is not a really popular writer. His outlook on life is too sinister and depressing. Life is so futile, indeed—so, at least, he would have us believe—as to be scarcely worth living. This pessimism has grown more marked with every novel. "If only someone would tell me a ghost story that I could believe," he once declared to Mr. William Archer, "I should be a happier man." Whereupon Mr. Andrew Lang challenged to meet him in discussion and convince him of the existence of ghosts, so that he might write happier books. But the challenge was not accepted.

Hopeless Pessimism.

His morbid philosophy was not so marked in his earlier novels, but the author has not even been able to leave some of these untouched by it in their later reprints. In the latest edition to "A Laodicean," for example, which originally appeared some twenty-three years ago, Mr. Hardy has written as a preface:—"The writing of this tale was rendered memorable, to two persons at least, by a tedious illness of five months that laid hold of the author soon after the story was begun in a well-known magazine, during which period the narrative had to be strenuously continued by dictation, with a premeditated cheerful ending. As some of these novels of Wessex life address themselves more especially to readers into whose souls the iron has entered, and whose years have less pleasure in them now than heretofore, so 'A Laodicean' may, perhaps, help to while away an idle afternoon of the comfortable ones whose lives have fallen to them in pleasant places; above all, of the large and happy section of the reading public which has not yet reached ripeness of years; those to whom marriage is the pilgrim's Eternal City, and not a milestone on the way."

THE TIMES, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1908.

Mr. Thomas Hardy attended a dramatic representation from his "The Trumpet Major" given at the town-hall, Dorchester, by members of the Dorchester Debating, Literary, and Dramatic Society. Included in the performance was a martial song, "Budmouth Dears," which will appear in the third volume of "The Dynasts," shortly to be published.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

We are officially informed that Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Bernard Shaw have been elected honorary members of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, "in recognition of their distinction as fellow-artists, a compliment which does honour to the society." The British Ambassador in Berlin has also been made an honorary member, and Professor Freiherr von Habermann an honorary artist member.

At the society's forthcoming "Exhibition of Fair Women"—opening on February 22 at the New Gallery—many pictures of famous and beautiful women by Millais, Leighton, Fantin Latour, Monticelli, Courtois, Ricard, Sargent, Lenbach, Winterhalter, and others will be shown with the works of members. During this exhibition the International Society's costume ball will take place on March 11.

Sketch, 26/10/1904

There are some interesting literary verdicts in a recently published interview with Thomas Hardy. The only writer for whom Mr. Hardy expresses whole-hearted admiration is Ibsen. "Ibsen," he says, "was indeed a revelation, and what an immense loss the English stage has suffered through not giving him a fair chance." Tolstoy also was mentioned, and Mr. Hardy said that he was a curious mixture, giving us new ideas disguised in old forms of language. Mr. Hardy went on: "How Tennyson could write of life as he did I cannot imagine; Browning also was a mystery of contradictions. But I knew him personally, and I am quite sure he was quite genuine in all he wrote." O. O.

Hour-GLASS – Feb: 27th. 1904.

"Such is Fame!"

The story is told that when Mr. Rudyard Kipling was staying with Mr. Hardy in Wessex on one occasion he was taken by his host to visit a historic spot, of which an old lady acted as curator. Taking the old lady aside while Mr. Kipling was inspecting some of the features of the place, Mr. Hardy whispered to her impressively, "Do you know who that gentleman is?" "No, I don't," she answered, not very encouragingly. "Oh!" said Mr. Hardy; "that is Mr. Rudyard Kipling!" "Mr. Rudyard Kipling!" she replied; "never heard of him!" Not long afterwards Mr. Kipling thought he would astonish her by disclosing the identity of his host. "Do you know," he said to her when Mr. Hardy was out of ear-shot, "that that gentleman over there is Mr. Thomas Hardy?" "Mr. Thomas Hardy?" she replied, with a chilly stare. "Who's he?"

The Western Daily Mercury. 12. 4. 1904

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LITERARY PORTRAITS

By HALDANE MACFALL,

Author of "The Masterfolk," "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer," &c.

II.—THOMAS HARDY.

Through dreamy, sincere eyes, the large soul of Thomas Hardy looks out upon a sad world for which his great heart aches with an infinite pity. He sees the immortals for ever making sport of all poor human things here below. He sighs to think how small a thing is the heroism of the greatest amongst us—nay, even their loftiest ambitions—compared to the vastness of the huge universe of which this earth is but a little drifting star. When all man's endeavour is summed up, what a poor basketful of insignificance it is, set down at the foot of the mountains of time! He sighs at the cruelty of nature that can order so hard a road for the poor wounded feet of man to travel—the poor worn with toil, the rich harassed with discontent, the wise unable to attain more than the scraps of wisdom.

Seeing the world through the grey glasses of pessimism, the light goes out of his heaven. He flinches from the brutality of life—the hawk striking down the linnet, tearing to pieces its exquisite design—the wolf flying at the throat of the lamb—the ferret's crafty attack on the timid hare. Everywhere life taking life. No refuge from the unending struggle. Success in life—what is it but the tale of other hearts broken? What is the rich man's palace but the sign of other homes made desolate? Everywhere is strife, pursuit, sorrow, suffering—the rich trampling down the poor. At the end of all life's striving—the grave! What is commerce but the getting the better of one's neighbour? At every hand the strong overthrowing the weak.

Behind Hardy's kindly, ready laugh, behind his grim sense of humour, behind his demure manner and frank game, we feel this constant dogged effort to drag aside the veil that hides the mystery of life. His large humanity, his love of every created thing, reels from the cruelty of nature, shrinks in horror from the fact of the creation of so exquisite a thing as Life to be destroyed in so horrible a thing as Death.

And it is, perhaps, in his depiction of the agony of the burden that is the destiny of the world's most beautifully created thing, Woman, that the largest sense of his humanity cries out. It is for this brutality of all brutalities that he seems to be most heavily sorrowful. In a series of superb studies of women, of the unsophisticated women of rural life, the country town, and the village, he insists on the tragic burden of their womanhood.

Everywhere he sees sorrow and pain. The very intellect that raises man above the brute, what does it do to bring happiness to poor, stumbling, blundering man? It but dangles hopes and ambitions and joys as lures before his eyes to decoy him into struggling for them, and, in the strife, to push others down. The intellect, man's boast over the brute—it is the crown of thorns! It cannot give happiness, it often brings madness, it is swallowed in the grave of time.

This conviction of the cruelty of nature and of life Hardy has expressed through a series of novels of country life that place him supreme amongst the English masters of the prose pastoral. It may, at first sight, seem strange that the voice of the country side, finding tongue through the genius of Hardy, should compel our minds to dwell on the cruelty of nature. We are accustomed to think of the country as giving us the healthy strong man, the vigorous race. But it is a strange fact that it is not in the towns but amongst the rural folk that melancholy most dwells, and madness finds its largest prey; just as it is a strange fact that the greatest landscape painter of the world was born and bred in the dingy house of a narrow London street; just as we find that the Irish, a merry folk by repute, are at heart amongst the saddest people in the world. There broods always over the country, even in its most beautiful landscapes, a sense of sadness, the hint of a sigh, such as one rarely feels in the toil-worn streets of cities.

The life of the fields is nearer to nature—toil is on a heavier ground—labour is lower, more tedious—longer in yielding its results. The day is more lonely. Death is more insistent, more known, oftener seen, nearer when it comes, hides itself less from the gaze. In London how rarely we realise that anyone is dying! In a village, death brings a solemn dignity and a hush to the smallest cottage—the coming of death sets every tongue a-gossip.

It is through the personality of Thomas Hardy, and in and by his fine novels, that we feel the pathos and the quaint humour of the country side; it is in his pictures of life that we are made to feel not only that the life of the village is as romantic as the life of the stately homes that dominate the village, but we are shyly shewn that the lord who lives in pomp and circumstance in the stately home passes into the handsome tomb as the villager passes into his simple grave, all in the selfsame God's-acre; and the obliterating earth, and the wind and the rain, blot out in time the very record of their virtues in stone, as they wear away the simple tombstones of the poor, and all are in time forgotten.

It is remarkable that it is in England's great pastoral poem, Grey's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," that we find the great pessimistic poem of the English language—pessimistic as the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyám.

As alleviation for the sadness of life, the Eastern genius of Omar Khayyám found wine and a book, a loaf and the love of a girl. The pessimism of the mediæval Church found it in the hope of a future state of bliss. Hardy finds in it a vast pity for all suffering things. The life beyond the drawn curtain of death is beyond his ken—beyond his guessing. He is filled with a wide pity and a generous charity for every suffering thing upon this earth; and in his desire to mitigate all suffering Hardy finds that which makes for the beautifying of life.

The pessimistic genius can never be so stimulating to a vigorous life for mankind as the optimistic genius; nor its impulse so forward urging towards fuller existence and the emancipation of the race. It is the man that believes the Designer to have made a glorious world, the man that looks upon life as a splendid wayfaring, who lifts the world upon his shoulders. The most supremely noble pessimist (and Hardy is near the throne) can at best but sit at the hearth of his sad world and pile up the fire in the hope to mitigate the biting frost for others; but the optimist holds the sun to the earth, and his very joyousness sets the world a-singing.

Born some sixty-three years ago, in his beloved Wessex, that is the background to his pastoral tragedies and comedies, Thomas Hardy was schooled in the art of architecture—indeed, threatened to reach early distinction in the building of churches—but the building of prose was making a more urgent call upon his temperament. At thirty-one he discarded bricks and stone, and some toying with verse, to make his first and most unpromising essay in fiction with a sensational story of the kind then in vogue. At thirty-two, however, with "Under the Greenwood Tree," he entered, haltingly enough, to be sure, into his kingdom, and first uttered the voice of the supreme English master of the pastoral novel. But it was not until his thirty-fourth year that "Far From the Madding Crowd" noised abroad the fact that a genius had arrived amongst us. In his thirty-eighth year came the sublime, the deepest, and the most perfect of his tragedies, "The Return of the Native."

With his fifty-first year he completely changed his manner, and gave us the realistic "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and, four years later, "Jude the Obscure." The supremacy of sheer beauty of artistry had now given place to the domination of the spirit of humanity, of righteous indignation, and of the vast pity which has always stirred his genius. These two books were violently attacked for what is called their "realism," by which the critic and the public generally seem to mean such a treatment of sex as is not the ordinary romantic conception of it in fiction.

As a matter of fact, powerful and great as "Tess" is, some colour was lent to the charge by the tendency on Hardy's part to exaggerate his chief literary defect in these two novels—a defect which is the marked characteristic of the realistic movement—a habit of over-elaborate detail, and of wandering away into unessential descriptions and side-issues from the path of his plot. But the truth was that Hardy had joined the younger men in a supreme effort to break from the cramping convention into which the novel had fallen—for the nineties saw a general movement in letters to break away from the "rose-water" school. "Tess," striking the first strong blow, was bitterly assailed, and had to bear the brunt of the attack. Meredith says somewhere: "Nature will force her way, and you try to stifle her by drowning she comes up not the fairest part of her uppermost." In "Jude the Obscure" there is a suspicion of this unseemliness. But the attack on Hardy was childish. His style, limpid and pure, was never more masterly than in these books; his drawing of character was never more subtle nor more sure. And, to rank immortal, it is on its creations character that the novel must finally stand at the bar of judgment. Hardy rests to-day secure in his bays.

[Next article of the Series: "RICHARD WHITEING."]

T. P.'s Weekly. Feb. 10th. 1905.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

The last bound volume of "Chambers's Journal" (December, 1903, to November, 1904) sets one musing on the fact that ever so many distinguished writers contributed their maiden efforts to this journal. Mr. Thomas Hardy's first contribution to literature, for example, was an article in "Chambers's," which appeared without signature in 1865. It was called "How I built myself a house," an appropriate title for the work of a man whose father and brother had been connected with building, and who had been trained himself as an architect. Carlyle's ambition was to throw as honest workmanship into his books as his father had thrown into his bridges. Certainly Thomas Hardy has fulfilled this ambition no less than the author of "Sartor Resartus."

Express & Star, 8th Feb. 1905.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has been referring to present-day literature, and he says the fatal defect of most of it is the absence of a philosophic standpoint, and what lacks that can neither be of the highest quality nor enduring. Descriptions of life, however brilliant or varied, are not sufficient; some reasoned comment on life as a whole; some sustained criticism—the outcome of modern knowledge—on the relations of man to the universe, both now and in the past, are essential to literature, and these we now look for largely in vain. He is convinced, however, that a belief in necessitarianism is very widely adopted by the most thoughtful writers and critics to-day, but they are hardly bold enough to express it. There is, of course, some excuse for them, since publications prosper more easily by circulating amongst the unthinking many instead of the thoughtful few.

Daily Mail. July 6. 1907.

LITERARY PORTRAITS.

XII.—MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Life, the apophthegm has it, is a comedy for those who think, and a tragedy for those who feel. Novelists divide themselves into these two classes, but the ranks are graded with infinite nicenesses. Roughly speaking, you might say that the to-day thinkers are led by Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Henry James; Mr. Hardy undoubtedly leads those who feel.

And there is about him an air of tragedy; it is not that he is ironical, or even cynical. It is that he is rather a silent man who can be very deeply moved. He is rather sparsely made, rather dark; his features betray if not past sorrows at least past suffering.

Perhaps he ought to live among thick woods—or pernaps that thought only comes to one because he has written a book called "The Woodlanders," and his real temperamental home *is* near the shadows of a primeval camp with immense circumvallations such as rises up at a very short distance from Dorchester town.

For the shadows of these places, like the shadows that Stonehenge casts from its squared, black frames, have in them something moving—something more moving and grim than any that are cast by woodlands. It is impossible to walk much in what is called "Hardy's Country" without feeling odd sensations of being watched by the strange beings who lived in past centuries. You toil up the steep, white down roads in blazing sunshine; the grass is quite green, there are innumerable flowers, corncockles, rock roses, purple, blue, yellow, dull red; it is intolerably still; a hare runs across an infinite field, sloping and waving to the horizon. And suddenly you feel that you are being "watched." You feel that, if you could have turned quickly enough, you would have caught sight of shockheaded, ancient, sardonic ghosts keeping their eyes on you from just over the rim of the mounds and escarpments that, with infinite labour, they digged up and smoothed down, thousands and thousands of years ago—and to what purpose? Merely to make deep shadows on the unruffled planes of the great hills? Assuredly you feel in Hardy's country that life is a thing not of to-day, of yesterday, and of to-morrow, but that it is a thing of infinite gradations of Time melting into slopes and smooth escarpments, waving away for ever. And this spirit, of detachment, of isolation in the midst of these vast planes of space and time, a sort of intimate belief that one of those shadows is his real home seems to attach itself irresistibly to the personality of Mr. Hardy himself.

You may meet him in the streets of Dorchester and hardly notice him; you may talk with him for hour after hour and hardly do more than just keep the conversation going, with a sense of half fatigue. He won't, as the French say, "ring your bell," and you may not ring his. And then, suddenly—just as on the downs you felt that you were being watched—you find that you are in the presence of a man who has watched life steadfastly, mournfully or gloomily, or with a grim sense that mankind makes a very poor business of it in face of the eternal verities that he has contemplated among his downland shadows.

Mr. Hardy, in fact, is the Poet, and the Poet contemplates and feels; he seldom thinks. He may have the ironic spirit; he seldom has the comic gift.

HIS WORKS.

And looking down the list of titles of Mr. Hardy's works, of which the last volume is just issued (The Works of Thomas Hardy. Macmillan. 18 vols. 2s. 6d. net each), how many moving passages—profoundly emotional, gloomy, or tragic—seem to float up to the surface of your memory. "A Pair of Blue Eyes" suggests little; but consider the figure of the magnificent, virile failure, "The Mayor of Casterbridge"; or remember the atmosphere of seclusion, woodsmoke, hidden cottages, and hidden passions in the tiny valleys of "The Woodlanders"; or think of the bitterish irony of that strange comedy "The Hand of Ethelberta."

Every French novelist commences his career with a volume of verses. Almost every English novelist, at one time or another, writes a volume of poems. And there you have the essential difference between the two nations. Maupassant's first volume "Des Vers" is a dry trifle; his stories are incomparable. Mr. Hardy's novels are nearly all faulty in form; but his poems are full of emotion and formally perfect.

Verse, in fact, forces upon its user a form of its own. If he be a French poet he cannot very well go wrong; his ear and his feeling will guide him to his climax and his end. But, when it comes to the novel, we may say that he is always open to fail — for the English novelist seldom has a sense of form born with him and, practically, he has no one to go to to be his guide in the matter. He falls back, as a rule, upon some sort of ready-made plot—upon some variation of a traditional myth; he forces his characters to take a place in this scheme—and there is his story, lacking subtlety and truth to life. He relies upon his temperament to give him fine, sympathetic, or profoundly moving passages—and there, as a rule, is his novel.

So it has always been with Mr. Hardy—he has given us a great number of passages and never a book that is a great whole. But, inasmuch as it is far better to be a poet without a sense of form than a formalist without a sense of poetry, just as it is better to be an ugly woman with a fine temperament than a soulless beauty of classic perfection—because he has the vast sympathy with humanity and the gentle, contemplative nature of the Poet we may rank him with the great English writers, and as one of the greatest of our contemplative poets.

Thomas Hardy.

✣ ✣ ✣

A CHARACTER STUDY.

A friend of mine—one of those people described by Keats as being married to a romance and given away by a sonnet—stopped in the course of a pilgrimage in Wessex at the hotel of a small market town. As he waited for lunch he discussed men and things with a farmer, a cheerful bucolic soul, whose name may have been Gabriel Oak.

"Does Thomas Hardy ever come here?" he asked.

"Thomas Hardy! Thomas Hardy!" and the farmer's face took on the pale cast of thought. Suddenly his countenance cleared. "Ah," he said, with an air of quiet triumph, "you mean Bill Hardy, the pig dealer, a little round-faced man wi' whiskers under his chin. Oh, yes, he comes here every market day."

My friend expressed his satisfaction at the information, and sat down to his lunch with the comfortable sense of a secret possession. Farmer Oak stood before him, delightfully unconscious that he was immortal.

* * * *

For Thomas Hardy shares the privilege of the prophets of old. He loves quiet and obscurity, and he has realised that to be obscure you must dwell among your own people. He knows, too, that to keep the inspiration pure you must drink at the spring whence it issues, and not slake your thirst at the muddy waters of London. And so, when after years of London life, hovering between architecture and literature, he found that he had a career in literature open to him he returned to his own people and there—not far from the little cottage at Upper Bockhampton where he was born, where his mother died recently in her ninetieth year, whence, fifty years ago, he used to trudge to the architect's office at Dorchester, and whither he used to return to burn the midnight oil over the classics and the Greek Testament—he lives in the deepening shadow of the mystery of this unintelligible world. The journey that began with the bucolic joy of "Under the Greenwood Tree," has reached its close in the unmitigated misery of "Jude the Obscure," accompanied by the mocking voices of those aerial spirits who pass their comments upon the futile struggle of the "Dynasts" as they march their armies to and fro across the mountains and rivers of that globe which the eye of imagination sees whirling like a midge in space. Napoleon and the Powers! What are they but puppets in the hand of some passionless fate, loveless and hateless, whose purposes are beyond all human vision?

O Immanence, That reasonest not
In putting forth all things begot,
Thou build'st Thy house in space—for what?

O Loveless, Hateless!—past the sense
Of kindly-eyed benevolence,
To what tune danceth this Immense?

And for answer comes the mocking voice of the Spirit Ironic —

For one I cannot answer. But I know
'Tis handsome of our Pities so to sing
The praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing
That turns the handle of this idle Show.

Night has come down upon the soul of the writer as it came down over the sombre waste of Egdon Heath. There is not a cheerful feature left, not one glint of sunshine in the sad landscape of broken ambitions and squalor and hopeless strivings and triumphant misery. It is as the voice of one who is without God and without hope in the world—of one who sits, not carelessly like those gods of old, but sadly "looking over wasted lands" and hearing the doleful song of humanity "steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong, Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong." Labour and sorrow, a little laughter, disillusion and suffering—and after that, the dark. Not the dark that flees before the radiant dawn, but the dark whose greatest benediction is eternal nothingness. Other men of genius, most men of genius, have had their periods of deep dejection in which only the mocking voice of the Spirit Ironic answered their passionate questionings. Shakespeare himself may be assumed to have passed through the valley of gloom in that tremendous period when he produced the great tragedies; but he came out of the shadow and "The Winter's Tale" has the serenity and peace of a cloudless sunset. But the pilgrimage of Thomas Hardy has been downward, ever downward. The shadows of the prison house have closed around him with relentless stealth. There is no return to the cheerful day. The journey we began with those jolly carol singers under the greenwood tree has ended in despair.

* * * *

And yet what a journey it has been! What companions we had by the way, Tranter Dewey taking off his coat to the dance, Farmer Oak in the midst of his sheepfold looking up to the stars for the hour of night, Giles Winterbourne and Marty South planting the young larches amid the deep silence of the woodlands, Michael Henchard, magnificent in his rude, elemental strength, most impressive in the hour of his utter discomfiture and desolation—above all, the companionship of Nature which is the true scent of his abiding hold. Nature is never a mere picturesque background for the human play. It is the most potent personality. Light, said the Impressionists, is the chief person in a picture. Nature is the chief actor in the Hardy drama—Nature, vast, sentient, mysterious, upon whose bosom the brief human figure is tossed like driftwood in its passage from eternity to eternity. One feels here as in Wordsworth's poetry—to which the poetic prose of Hardy is the complement—that

The mighty Being is awake,
And doth with her eternal motion, make
A sound like thunder, everlastingly.

Out of that immensity and mystery of Nature poor humanity emerges to play its rôle, and that a sad one. For even the gleams of joy—and what humour is more rich, more reminiscent of the Shakespearean vintage than that of the Wessex rustics?—are shadowed with the sense of doom that makes our triumphs trivial and happiness itself a jest. "'Justice' was done and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) had finished his sport with Tess." In that sentence we have an epitome of Thomas Hardy's conception of human life—a creature in the hand of an impenetrable Fate, cold, passionless, indiscriminating, whose justice is a mockery, to whom virtue is nothing and vice nothing, and from whose grim ironic grasp we escape to utter darkness and silence.

* * * *

I have said that Hardy's concept of nature is complementary to Wordsworth's. It is the shadow of the deep valley, cast by the mountain on whose sunward slopes the light still sleeps. The spirit of Night broods over all—majestic, mysterious, ominous. Night and the twilight—Jupiter casting the shadow of Tess as she digs in the allotment, the pageant of the stars passing before the rapt gaze of St. Cleeve, the breath of the night wind awaking the thin music of the heath or stirring the woodlands to a richer symphony, the primeval monoliths, terrific, awesome, instinct with meaning and mystery in the vast and suggestive twilight—this is the atmosphere in which the figures move on to a destiny as inscrutable as Night.

He is the antithesis of Meredith, whose voice is of the morning, and whose vision is of the day. Life, it has been said, is a comedy to him who thinks and a tragedy to him who feels. Meredith is the mind looking out with quick and thrilling interest upon the play of life; Hardy is the heart wrung by its agonies, "an infant crying for the light." To Meredith Nature is a joyous companion filled with the spirit of immortal youth; it is "The Lark Uprising" of whom he sings. To Hardy it is a merciless Fate, uttering itself in the hoot of the night-owl.

He is the Millet of literature, sounding the same note of the sorrow of the earth, working in the same elemental media. It is not his semi-barbaric women that we remember. They are excrescences. It is his peasants, untouched by the centuries, types of the enduring elements of humanity, as Egdon Heath is the type of the earth's ageless story, whom we love—Gabriel Oak, the glass of truth and the mould of manhood; Giles Winterborne, tender and self-effacing, a hero in conduroys; Marty South, nursing her love in secret, and when Death has given to her the object of her devotion crooning by his grave her triumphant grief:

Now, my own, own love, you are mine, and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died! But I—whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and Heaven! . . . . But no, no, my love, I can never forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!

It is this intense insight into the beauty of simplicity and the heart of the humble, this passion for the native and the sincere, combined with the immensity of the stage on which the drama moves, that differentiates the Wessex tales from all other literature and suggests the elemental boldness of Norse legends—Norse legends touched with the shadow of modern thought.

But if he is the Millet of literature, he is Millet without the "Angelus." His peasants are bowed to the brown earth in the mystic light, but no far-off bell tolls a message through the quiet air. And without that message the parallel breaks down at the crucial point, for it was with that throb of the bell in the "Angelus" that Millet rang through the heart of the world and still rings. The laborious day is over, the grey sky still shadows the sombre plain; but there is a rift in the west and a word is borne to the tired heart on the pulsing air. Hope is not gone out of the world.

"Life is ever Lord of Death" says Whittier and with him all those whose eyes turn to the dawn. "Death is ever Lord of Life" says Hardy and with him those whose eyes turn to the sun going down in pitiless gloom. It is the eternal conflict between the optimist and the pessimist, between "Yea" and "Nay," between the upward look and the downward. But the world is with those who are "for the morning" and sing with the lark, not with those who are of the dark and hear only the hoot of the night-owl.

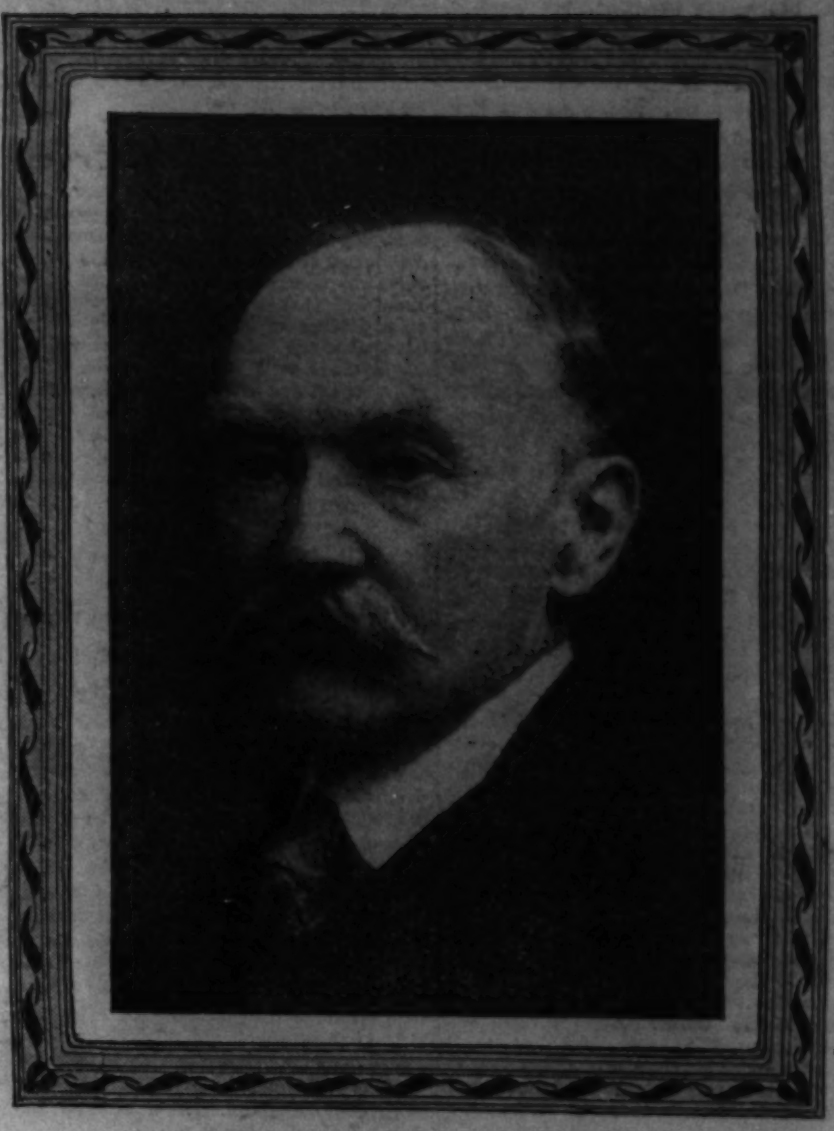
* * * *

If you have the good fortune to meet Thomas Hardy you will find him less gloomy than his philosophy—a small man, alert and knickerbockered, pleasant and companionable, trotting through the streets of Dorchester, talking to its people, glad to show you the scenes his genius has made so memorable, and, having done, jumping lightly on his bicycle, in spite of his 67 years, and riding away, leaving you a little puzzled that the wizard should be so like the plain man. But it is not the wizard you have met. Him you will meet on the spacious heath under the night sky, and by the gaunt ruin of Corfe Castle, wandering among the shadows that haunt the lonely barrow and on the cliffs hard by Lulworth Cove—a presence subtle and pervasive, watching you with a thousand eyes, accompanying you with noiseless tread. For he has performed this miracle. He has printed himself so indelibly upon this Wessex country, has penetrated so deeply to its heart that it seems to speak in his own accents. It is a world whose realities have become charged with the magic of his dreams.

A. G. G.

[In answer to many correspondents, we are able to announce that the "Character Studies" will be duly issued in book form.]

The Man of the Week.



MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Born in Dorsetshire on June 2nd, 1840, Thomas Hardy received his early education in the local schools, learning Latin and French from private tutors, and finishing his scholastic course in King's College, London. The career of an ecclesiastical architect was marked out for him, and he was articled in 1856. In 1863 he was the prizeman of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Meanwhile he had commenced verse-writing, which he relinquished for prose (for a period) in 1867. From the publication of "Under the Greenwood Tree" in 1872, Mr. Hardy's career forms a brilliant chapter in the annals of English Literature.

MR THOMAS HARDY.—(at Aberdeen)

At Glenburnie Park, where we went to see the pictures, I had the honour of a few words with Mr Thomas Hardy. On being asked by some ladies as to his impressions of Aberdeen, he had chaffed them on its being a city of snows. He said to me that he was deeply struck by the energy and earnestness of the people. They are so unlike the apathetic people of the south, although, of course, he admitted that in his own Wessex also character is drawn very sharply. He spoke of the granite houses. Reader's of Mr Hardy's novels know how interested he is in architecture, and he was himself in early life an architect. Mr Hardy likes the red granite, and thinks the grey would be improved by a mixture of the warmer colour. But he does not dogmatise, nor does he undervalue the northern severity. "The atmosphere keeps you up," he said. The chief recollection he carries from Aberdeen, as I have said, will be of the energy and earnestness of its people. In Mr Murray these qualities are embodied in an intense form. "Does the Art Gallery pay you, Mr Murray?" asked a cynic in a car. "Jeemes," said the Rhodes of Aberdeen in reply, "I have a soul as well as a body, and this appeals to whatever is good in me." His name is borne by the wings of fame to London.

M.

THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.—The proceedings of the Institute of Journalists yesterday included a visit to Mr. Thomas Hardy at Max Gate, Dorchester, where they were personally received by Mr. and Mrs. Hardy. The members to the number of about 150 having had tea in the garden, Mr. Sanderman tendered Mr. and Mrs. Hardy their best thanks. He said when it was proposed to come into the Wessex country one and all desired to take advantage of the opportunity. He could assure Mr. Hardy that not only in England but in Scotland his name was held in the highest respect. When Carlyle received some members of the Press he rather turned his nose up at them and talked about them as belonging to "a mechty puir profession," but he felt sure Mr. Hardy, as Carlyle would have, had he lived until now, when he remembered what journalism had done to raise itself in the eyes of the public, to raise its own standard, and to look after those dependent upon them, would have a very different conception of journalism. They all warmly thanked Mr. Hardy for his great kindness in allowing them to break in upon his retirement and in receiving them so kindly. The vote of thanks was seconded by Mr. Beale, Mayor of Bournemouth, and supported by Mr. Hunt, of Dublin. The latter said they cherished the name of Hardy in Dublin, and they would be delighted if Mr. Hardy would honour them with his presence there at the next year's conference. The vote of thanks was carried with cheers. Mr. Hardy said he was delighted to receive the institute, and was only sorry they had not longer time to see more of the scenery in the middle of the county. If ever they should come that way again, he hoped they would go along some of the prominences, such as Bulbarrow and High Stoy, and other places that were pretty well known. They would then say Dorset had some scenery worth showing. A drive through the Hardy country followed.

The Times. Sept 2. 1905

ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

(Gazette / Journal) — (April 7. 05)

GRADUATION CEREMONY.

A DISTINGUISHED COMPANY.

The principal event in the life of the university student—the ceremony of capping the graduands, honorary and ordinary—was performed yesterday in the beautiful Mitchell Hall, Marischal College, by Principal Marshall Lang in presence of a large and fashionable company of ladies and gentlemen. Unusual interest attached to this year's graduation ceremony on account of the large number of distinguished men who attended to have the honorary degree conferred upon them. The Senatus, at its meeting in February, resolved to confer four honorary D.D. degrees and five LL.D. degrees, but in consequence of the presence in the city for the opening of the Sculpture Gallery to-day of a number of gentlemen distinguished in the world of art, the Senatus added other six names to the list of LL.D. degrees. Although the ceremony did not start until noon, the seats reserved for friends of the professors and the students and for the general public were well filled at 11 o'clock. The south gallery was reserved for the guests of the professors, and the north gallery for the friends of the students. The honorary and ordinary graduands occupied the front seats in the body of the hall, the seats in the middle of the hall being given up to the undergraduates—ladies in front, and gentlemen behind—while a large area at the back was reserved for the general public. The demand by the public for tickets was far in excess of the seating accommodation, and a placard had to be posted up announcing that no more tickets were available.

THE DEGREE OF LL.D.

Professor Kennedy introduced the honorary graduands for the LL.D. degree.

The great reception of the day was reserved for Mr Thomas Hardy, who was introduced as one who, "wherever English literature is read, is known and honoured as a great novelist and poet." The cheers that greeted the name of the eminent author were loud and prolonged, and were followed by the hearty singing of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow."

MR THOMAS HARDY.

Let me next introduce one who, wherever English literature is read, is known and honoured as a great novelist and poet—Thomas Hardy. (Loud applause.) Perhaps it is not the least of his successes to have done for Wessex what Scott did for the Border and the Highlands. (Applause.) He has described the scenery; the placid rustic folk; their instinctive wisdom, wary of the soil; their ways, thoughts, and morals; the effects of collision with the modern struggle for life and the traditions of the noble dames of Wessex as only one could do who knew and loved what he described. (Applause.) I shall not be so rash as to attempt an estimate of his powers or of their sources. Whether one agrees or disagrees with his ideas, no one can deny his strenuous sincerity, his desire to clear all cant out of his reader's minds, his great imaginative faculty, his command of irony, humour, and pathos, his vivid presentation of incident and subtle development of character. (Applause.) Some students of his works think they detect affinity with George Eliot. And in his choice of obscure subjects and forces of life he often reminds one of Balzac, the maker of the human comedy. It is permitted to hope that Mr Hardy does not intend to forsake entirely the novel for the drama. One may also express, not a criticism but a wish, in a figure borrowed from himself, that his genius may more often lead us by quiet waters in the Vale of Tempe, and refrain, except when the catastrophe requires it, from driving us through the gaunt wastes of Thule. I present Mr Hardy. (Applause.)

HONORARY DEGREES.

DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF DIVINITY (D.D.).

Rev. Enrico Bosio, Principal of the Waldensian College, Florence.

Rev. William Ralph Inge, M.A., Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford.

Rev. Alexander Miller, M.A., B.D., United Free Church, Buckie.

Rev. James Wiseman, M.A., The Rectory, Buckburn, near Aberdeen.

DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS (LL.D.).

John B. Bury, M.A., Litt.D., LL.D., Professor of Modern History, University of Cambridge.

Commendatore Alberto Galli, Director-General of the Pontifical Museums and Galleries, Rome.

Thomas Hardy, author.

Francis John Haverfield, M.A., Tutor and Lecturer of Christ Church, Oxford.

The Right Hon. Donald James Mackay (Lord Reay), G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., LL.D.

John Theodore Merz, Ph.D., D.C.L., member of council of Durham College of Science, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Edward Robinson, B.A., keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A.

Joost Marius Willem Van der Poorten Schwartz, (Maarten Maartens), author.

John Struthers, C.B., B.A., Secretary of the Scotch Education Department.

Aberdeen Evening Gazette
April 8th. 1905.

THE

CELEBRATIONS IN ABERDEEN

Impressions of a London Visitor

Experienced travellers say that even the Orient Express is not so comfortable as they found the special train of sleeping carriages from Euston to Aberdeen. And seldom has a train crossed the border with so distinguished a company. One of the carriages was known as the Academy carriage, as it contained six members or associates of the Royal Academy. In another were Lord Reay, Mr Bryce, Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, and Lady Colin Campbell, who is the art critic of the "World." The chief figures in a third sleeper were Mr Thomas Hardy and Mr Maarten Maartens, [illegible]. In the splendid sleeping carriages we had a smooth run, but the early morning was cold, and we lost a little time in Cumberland and Westmoreland on account of the snowstorm. Two breakfast cars were added at Stirling, and nearly all the passengers enjoyed a good meal soon after passing Perth. Mr Thomas Hardy, with pensive face and simple manner, sat in a smoking room and chatted of many things. This was the first visit of many of the passengers to Aberdeen, and they were greatly interested in the snow-clad hills and later in the dark cliffs. . . . . Mr Bryce, who is so closely associated with Oxford, joins in honouring Aberdeen for being the first University to publicly recognise Mr Thomas Hardy's services to literature. I observed that he applauded when the novelist with the grey moustache, the thick grey eyebrows and the clear, meditating eyes ascended the platform, and there was great gusto in the cheering by the students and in their thunderclap when the cap was placed on his head. Mr Hardy himself was outwardly unmoved. His face was placid rather than triumphant as he sat at the table signing the roll, and yet he must have been gratified by the welcome of so many eager young men.

The Academy. June 30th '06.

"Who's Who" tells us that Mr. Thomas Hardy "relinquished architecture for literature," but that he has not forgotten his first love was shown by an interesting paper on church restoration, written by him for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and read by a deputy at the general meeting on Wednesday. He is a great advocate of the policy of "masterly inaction" which was pursued with such success by an apathetic century now past, and states that were he practising as an architect he would not undertake a church restoration in any circumstances. Of the more open abuses in so-called restoration, he told many tales, among them the following:

"The chancel of a church not a hundred and fifty miles from London has in one corner a vault containing a fashionable actor and his wife, in another corner a vault enclosing the remains of a former venerable vicar, who abjured women, and died a bachelor. The mural tablets, each over its own vault, were taken down at the refurbishing of the building, and refixed reversely, the stone of the theatrical couple over the solitary divine, and that of the latter over the pair from the stage. Should disinterment ever take place, which is not unlikely nowadays, the excavators will be surprised to find a lady beside the supposed reverend bachelor, and the supposed actor without his wife. As the latter was a comedian he would probably enjoy the situation if he could know it, though the vicar's feelings might be somewhat different."

"Such facetious carelessness," Mr. Hardy added, "is not peculiar to our own country. It may be remembered that when Mrs. Shelley wished to exhume her little boy William, who had been buried in the English cemetery at Rome, with the view of placing his body beside his father's ashes, no coffin was found beneath the boy's headstone, and she could not carry out her affectionate wish. This game of Monumental Puss-in-the-Corner, even when the outcome of no blundering, and where no reasons can be pleaded on artistic or other grounds, is, indeed, an unpleasant subject of contemplation by those who maintain the inviolability of records. Instances of such in London churches will occur to everybody. One would like to know if any note has been kept of the original position of Milton's monument in Cripplegate Church, which has been moved more than once, I believe, and if the position of his rifled grave is now known. When I first saw the monument it stood near the east end of the south aisle."

Mr. Hardy quoted Sherborne Abbey as an example on a large scale of the banishment of memorials of the dead, to the doubtful advantage of the living. The human interest in an edifice ranks before its architectural interest, however great the latter may be, and therein lies the whole difficulty of restoration. The ideal method, he thinks, would be to enclose the ruined church in a crystal palace, covering it to the weathercock from rain and wind, and to build a new church alongside. "But," he adds, "even a parish entirely composed of opulent members of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings would be staggered by such an undertaking." The only example of such a work that we can recall is the wooden house of Peter the Great, on the island of the Citadel of St. Petersburg, which Catherine II. enclosed in stone, but that is on a comparatively small scale.

Clipping from N. Y. TIMES.

JUN 13 1908

A PORTRAIT PAINTER OF REAL WOMEN.

An Inquiry Into the Humanity and Femininity of Thomas Hardy's Heroines—They Are Not Clever, but They Are Women, and Are Often Captivating—Chiefly Concern Themselves with the Business of Loving and Being Loved.

By GRACE ALEXANDER.

"WHEN all is said and done and the truth told," says Thomas Hardy in his story of Lady Mottisfont, one of the "Group of Noble Dames," "men seldom show much self-sacrifice in their conduct as lords and masters to helpless women bound to them for life." Again, with a fineness of apprehension that amounts to a sixth sense, he explains the distressful silence of one of his heroines, when forced upon a terrifying question by her man persecutor, by reminding us that language, having been invented by men chiefly for the expression of their own thoughts, is often despairingly inadequate to women for the expression of theirs. In these two observations—many, many others like them could be cited—we find the keynote to Hardy's treatment of his women characters. It is one of delicate and unbroken, one might almost say of chivalric, sympathy. Looking into the world he has seen that it is the woman, usually, who suffers and the woman who pays, and seemingly with a kind of obligation resting on him he writes as though to offer her artistic compensation, if such there may be. Too faithful a realist—in the higher sense of that word—to give women in his novels a lot easier than that which they enjoy in life, he still manages to throw about them a kind of mantle of protection, an air of gentleness and pity, not only for those of noble mold, but also for the weaker and the more heartless, for even these, he seems to feel, are largely what the men whom they have loved have made them.

In no single instance does he betray harshness or even impatience. He bears with Grace Melbury's whims, seeing that they are largely the result of her father's vanity in sending her away from sequestered little Hintock to a fashionable boarding school; he is compassionately tender with wayward Bathsheba—surely a favorite child!—persuading us that she has sound sense at bottom, and will outgrow her folly and marry good Gabriel Oak in the end; for the cold pride of Eustacia Vye he has only pity, and he smiles like an indulgent parent on the fickleness of Laodicean Paula. What his women suffer, they must suffer through fate or through their own weakness or wickedness—he finds no pleasure in meting out the punishment. How different from Thackeray's method with Becky Sharp, with its pleasure in the preliminary crack of the whip ere it descends on the back that he has bared for the blow! Hardy's heroines pay the full penalty of the law for all their faults and frailties, but as he pronounces sentence on them there is a quaver in his voice, and one suspects that he would pardon them quite if he dared.

In his somewhat less than a score of novels, Hardy has painted somewhat more than a score of full-length portraits of women; seven of the novels are in title directly devoted to such portraits. In what is in some respects his greatest novel, though by no means the most popular, "The Return of the Native," the first of the six "books" is entitled "Three Women." Beside his women his men are, for the most part, poor, paltry figures. There are exceptions, of course, in Gabriel Oak, Bathsheba's faithful shepherd in "Far from the Madding Crowd"; in the fugitive reddleman in "The Return of the Native"; in the high hearted Trumpet Major, and in the Mayor of Casterbridge, that "man of character." Giles Winterborne in "The Woodlanders" is a fine, true rustic, and though with holden eyes, "no pipe for fortune's finger," a tragic type. But clearly the preponderance of Hardy's sympathy is with his feminine characters. It needs little study of them to discover with what rare painstaking they have been drawn, and how large and charitable is his attitude toward them. Yet with all his feeling he never sinks into the crude haranguer of women's rights but bears himself simply as an artist portraying womanhood of the most widely varying types, oppressed by inexorable social conventions, and seeking to demonstrate the harshness if not indeed the positive injustice of some of those conventions.

Compared with the women of Hardy's novels, those of Meredith appear a shade too intellectual and clever. Hardy has given us but a single clever woman in the present-day sense of the word—Ethelberta, whose "Meters by Me" took social London by storm. Tess's pretty answer to her husband's question, "Which fingers are mine?"—when they were washing their hands in the same basin—"They are all yours," is as far as feminine brilliancy in the Hardy régime is likely to go. As a rule, Mr. Hardy leaves cleverness altogether out of the feminine compound, being perhaps a trifle old-fashioned in his notion of what that compound properly contains. In competition with Jane Austen's women, his seem almost destitute of humor and play of fancy. Any diner-out would rather take in Miss Austen's Lizzie than clinging, blue-eyed Elfride, "with no more presence than a kitten;" practical Elizabeth Jane, or simple-souled, fragrant Anne Garland. Humor and wit are qualities in which the Hardy heroines are positively lacking, a lack for which no Hardy enthusiast will apologize when he recalls how few women of his acquaintance really possess either in notable quantity. In his men, Hardy has provided humor in abundance—we have only to bethink ourselves of gay Grandfer Cantle and his poor-spirited grandson Christian—"but the rames of a man"; of Tess's father and his "noble skellingtons"; of the ancient maister in "Far From the Madding Crowd"; of the peasants in "The Trumpet Major" and their ludicrous preparations to welcome "Boney"; and many more. The women of George Eliot, possessing undoubtedly a brooding fullness of conception and a mellowness that the Hardy heroines do not have, yet must yield their place to them in vivid dramatic quality and in intimate individuality. One set of portraits has been made from composite photographs; each of the others is a single, sharply clear, unmodified study.

The fine fact about Hardy's women characters is that they are always women, neither more nor less than that. And there is scarcely a phase of femininity—barring the brilliantly intellectual—that he has not delineated. Imperious, self-sufficient Paula Power, clicking her messages on the telegraph in her restored mediaeval castle—Paula, who might almost have been an American girl—is far removed indeed from timid Elfride, "the perfume and suppliance of a minute"; and both seem but distantly related to Lady Constantine, loving her young star-gazer all too passionately in "Two on a Tower"; and none of these is closely akin to Bathsheba, serenely observing her charms in a hand-glass as she sits perched on a moving van, quite unaware that she is being spied on, or to Fancy, in that exquisite pastoral "Under the Greenwood Tree," who is just what her name suggests. Still further, we have quite a new type in Mistress Betty Dornell, one of the noble dames whose "bright eyes rained influence" over eighteenth century Wessex, and who eloped with her lover by night, riding on a pillion behind him, and eloped back again when he would not kiss her because she was breaking out with the smallpox.

Family relations come in for a fair share of attention. In Cytherea, whose rather lurid adventures fill the pages of "Desperate Remedies," we have a pleasant exhibition of sisterly regard; in Mrs. Yeobright, mother of the "native," Clem Yeobright, who returned to lonely Egdon Heath, a beautiful example of maternal affection. "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved," a sheer flight of fancy, illustrates well-defined feminine values. Tess is a good daughter to her drunken, vain father, and Elizabeth Jane is most dutiful to her father until a piteous misunderstanding parts them.

One and all, the Hardy heroines are abundantly dowered with beauty; there

are no plain women in this sisterhood. And without exception they are named in delicate recognition of the important part that names bear in aiding the reader to get at the outset precisely the right impression of the character to be presented. Such a name as Fancy certainly suits a girl who is "a fine figure o' fun"; Anne Garland is a posy in itself. Paula Power's name seems to echo her pride; Eustacia's, the hauteur of this princess of Egdon Heath. We are not surprised to find that Miss Aldclyffe has a tragic history.

But being true women, Thomas Hardy's heroines are mostly concerned with the business of loving and being loved. Open any of the novels at random and you are likely to come on some delicate observation or some penetrating comment on a mood of feminine love, as when speaking of the difference in significance between a man's clothing and that of a woman. Hardy remarks that that of the latter is instinct with her personality—"touch but the nem of her garment and the delicate creature is there before you." Hardy's women do not resemble Dorothea Brooke, with her vague yearnings for a wider horizon; they do not seek to help dried-up Casaubons complete keys to the world's mythologies; they draw no plans for cottages for the poor. Unlike Romola, they have no Savonarolas. They are sometimes gay, often wistful, seldom aspiring, and they have little desire for improvement. They have almost no self-knowledge, not resembling in the least the heroines of Mr. Henry James, who find such delight in analyzing their own emotions by the aid of the microscope. They are not self-wise. And often—perhaps for this very reason—they find life a tragedy which leaves them helpless and appealing. They are pathetically simple. They find life a tragedy, but never—he spares them this keenest pang—never do they find it mean. A certain nobility of endurance marks the demeanor of them all. Even poor Fanny Robin, throwing ineffectual morsels of snow against the barrack windows of Sergeant Troy, bears what she must then, and later on goes to shame and death in a kind of sad dignity; even when the wronged Bathsheba opens her coffin, Fanny lies cloaked in an innocence that though it evokes despair, does not fail of respect.

It is in their attitude toward love that the Hardy heroines most strongly resemble each other—they are of a mind on that matter, gentle and simple alike; Paula in her castle and Tess the dairymaid are own sisters there. Both love with an all-giving, unquestioning faith. All in all, women owe to Thomas Hardy a unique debt of gratitude for the fullness and the fineness of his comprehension of them. And in particular must they feel this gratitude for that supreme expression of beautiful, loyal love that falls from the lips of Marty South as she stands by the grave of Winterborne, which she and the easily vexed Grace Melbury had until now adorned together: "Now, my own, own love, you are mine and on'y mine; for she has forget 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I—whenever I get up, I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down, I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider-wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name, let me forget home and Heaven! But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man and did good things!"

THOMAS HARDY AS A "FORCE."

In "T.P.'s Weekly" for June 30th is published, as the 13th article under the heading "Forces," the following interesting biographical sketch and discerning and appreciative estimate of Thomas Hardy as novelist and poet. It will be received with pleasure by all Wessex folk who entertain a just pride for their distinguished countryman:—

Mr. Thomas Hardy was born at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester, on June 2nd, 1840, now over sixty-five years ago. And it is interesting, in view of his distinguished career as a novelist of the countryside and of that portion of south-western England which he has literally reincarnated under the title of Wessex, to trace how entirely in his case the accident of birth has served him in good stead by providing an early foundation of knowledge and environment for his ultimate success.

THE HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD.

The little village of Bockhampton, almost hidden away amid the trees and leafy lanes of Wessex, is scarcely more than a collection of a few cottages, and the traveller to it seems to suddenly, as it were, detach himself from the outer world and step into that of long ago. The hamlet in which the great novelist of rural life was born hangs on the confines of Thorneycombe Wood, skirting Bockhampton Heath, which latter is not dissimilar to its famous prototype, the awe-inspiring Egdon Heath, which latter is so eloquently and even lovingly described by Mr. Hardy in several of the Wessex novels. Here still stands the picturesque house in which he was born, and where his childhood days were spent; literally far from the madding crowd, and with all the glamour of nature, and the peaceful interests of country life environing him. An examination of his works clearly shows how much this environment must have influenced him both in his trend of thought and also in his attitude to life generally. Many have criticised the novelist's frankness in the treatment of the sex question, but this unconventional attitude regarding life in general is rather that of the native frankness of the persons among whom he lived for so many years, and whose point of view must have influenced insensibly a sensitive and observant nature such as that of the future novelist.

STUDYING ARCHITECTURE.

At the age of seventeen Mr. Hardy was articled to an ecclesiastical architect of Dorchester named Hicks, and it was in pursuance of this calling that he enjoyed many opportunities of studying not only architecture, which has often had a prominent place in his books, but also the countryfolk whose types he has been so successful in delineating. It is not too much to say that this professional training has had a very powerful formative influence upon his work as a writer, and has contributed much to the cohesion and—if one may be permitted to use the term—the architectural symmetry of his novels. But even whilst at Dorchester the future novelist was carefully studying, side-by-side with architecture, the best poetry and literature of classic and more modern times. And when, three years later, in his twentieth year, he migrated to London, and attached himself to the modern Gothic school, working under Sir Arthur Blomfield, the eminent painter and architect, he pursued his study of modern languages at King's College. The fact that Mr. Hardy was successful in gaining the prize and medal of the Institute of British Architects in 1863 for an essay on "Coloured Brick and Terra-cotta Architecture," and in the same year the prize given him by Sir W. Tate for architectural designs, goes far to prove how unqualified a success might have been his in quite another walk of life to that to which he ultimately devoted himself.

THE FIRST NOVEL.

The influence of Sir Arthur Blomfield, a painter of note as well as an architect, had doubtless something to do with his young pupil's rapidly acquired love of Art; and, indeed, it is said that after winning Sir W. Tate's prize Mr. Hardy almost decided to abandon architecture for Art criticism. Throughout his novels many paint-like descriptions of women and natural scenery are to be found which no doubt owe their origin to the art influence under which their author fell in his earlier years. His first novel, "The Poor Man and the Lady," was never published and probably never will be, having been suppressed at Mr. Hardy's own request, although accepted for publication on the advice of Mr. George Meredith. But it was not long before he had finished a second story, "Desperate Remedies," which first saw the light through the agency of Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, in 1871.

HIS POETRY.

His first published article appeared without signature in "Chambers's Journal" on March 18, just forty years ago; it was entitled, "How I Built Myself a House," and was of a semi-humorous character. But previous to this Mr. Hardy had written a considerable amount of verse, all of which, we believe, with the exception of one poem, "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's," was unfortunately destroyed. He, as have many other writers, commenced with poetry, and he has, on several occasions, stated how great a fascination this form of literary expression has always had for him. The same characteristics and qualities which distinguish Mr. Hardy's prose has distinguished his published volumes of poems, "Wessex Poems," "Poems of the Past and the Present," and even his most recent and less successful experiment in dramatic verse, "The Dynasts." In all of these there is the same nicety of construction, deep thought, and happy phrasing when dealing with Nature or Nature's children. And one is tempted in reading much of his verse to wonder whether England in gaining a novelist may not, in a sense, have lost a poet.

THE FINAL CHOICE.

However, Mr. Hardy's final choice between architecture and literature as a profession was not made until three years later, after his marriage with Miss Emma Lavinia Gifford. That year was made notable, at least to those who are ever looking and hoping for the appearance of a new writer of power and distinction, by the publication of an anonymous serial in the pages of the "Cornhill Magazine" entitled "Far from the Madding Crowd." From this time forward Mr. Hardy devoted himself entirely to literature, and it was not long before those of critical mind and even the less critical reading public became aware that into the ranks of then living British novelists had suddenly stepped one possessed of genius, of a wide outlook upon both the tragedies and comedies of rural life, and also a writer keenly sensitive to the beauty and deeply steeped in the customs and life of a then little known district of South-Western England.

BEAUTY OF FORM.

The particular quality which largely distinguishes Mr. Hardy's power as a writer has been admirably summed up in an article which he contributed in 1888 to "The Forum" (New York), entitled "The Profitable Reading of Fiction." In this he states that beauty of form is as essential to a masterpiece of literature as it is to one of painting or sculpture, and that this excellence in literature is capable of giving to the sensitive and trained mind almost an equal pleasure. It is in this beauty of form, as well as in virility, that Mr. Hardy's works stand out as those of a master in his craft. But many people doubtless care very little for this almost super-excellent balance and constructive skill, who still appreciate him as a wonderful story-teller. In most of his books he has revealed with extreme clearness the comedy, tragedy, and underlying romance of the life of the rustics in Dorsetshire and the contiguous counties. And he has painted with a masterly touch the downs and streams, lush meads, and woods and moors of Wessex, and the people who live and have their being amid these surroundings. So that even the town bred may know something of them.

THE APPEAL OF THE MOORLAND.

It is not only in the depiction of the life and actions of Wessex peasantry that Mr. Hardy has become a force in the English literature of the late Victoria era and of the present day, but it is because he also possesses so complete a knowledge of Nature in her varying moods, and how these self-same moods affect the simple minds of dwellers in the county of his birth. To him a vessel out at sea conveys a germ idea of the immensity of space surrounding it; of the call of the waters; of the free, fresh air, and of the music of the winds. And thus the wild, bleak moorland, with its alternating seasons of rain, wind, mist, snow, sunrise and sunset, summer drought, and winter frost, has an emotional value unrealised by most, and he has learned all these things have a place not only in Nature's work but also in their effect on the lives of men. I have no space to quote extensively, much as one is tempted to make extracts to prove his power. But in "Far from the Madding Crowd" and in "The Woodlanders" dozens of passages could be excerpted which prove conclusively Mr. Hardy's wonderful command, not only of the niceties of pure English, but of the knowledge which goes to the making of true word-pictures of rustic scenes and characters.

HIS SHEPHERDS.

Mr. Hardy's power as a writer comes largely from his wide sympathy with Nature in all her varying moods, and his ability to use these moods as a background for the purpose of illuminating the distinguishing characteristics of his types, as well as assisting in the mise-en-scène of the complete word-picture. Amongst all the characters which appear in his novels, none exceed in truth and dignity of depiction those of the shepherds. And in the studies of character which, in many cases, are like finely etched portraits, strewn amongst the pages of his books, the workmanship and the vividness is very striking and remarkable. Gabriel Oak, of "Far From the Madding Crowd," is the great portrait of a Wessex shepherd, who seems to live in the pages of this novel very largely, because underlying his phases of character one sees something of the fatalism which distinguishes so much of Mr. Hardy's works and Mr. Hardy himself, giving Gabriel a stern and silent power of endurance in adversity which was the characteristic of the stoic of Roman times.

A SERIES OF WORLD PICTURES.

It would take far more space than is at my command to deal at all adequately with the less apparent reasons which have tended to make Mr. Hardy one of the chief forces in literature of his time, but I may state in conclusion that in him we have the qualities which go to the making of the great writers of all time; the ability to see life clearly and to seize upon the field which, largely untrodden as yet by others, yields the material for idyll and tragedy alike: such as are found in the district which has come to be known as "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy." Added to his great sympathy with Nature and his vast knowledge of her effects upon the mind and the character of the peasants with whom he chiefly deals, he possesses a dramatic skill which enables him to present these tragedies and comedies of peasant life as singularly complete, impressive, and moving pictures. The humanity which breathes in all his stories is a part and parcel of the man himself. And in the keen clear eyes which, however, have somewhat of sadness in them; the spare figure; the extremely sensitive face that, when not in repose, lights up very remarkably; we have indications of the man and the qualities which have gone to making of a unique prose style and the successful carrying out of a series of romances of almost Balzacian or Zolaesque proportions, and of almost unequalled power. No modern writer stands in the same category as Mr. Hardy, for no one of recent times has so successfully put upon paper portraits and incidents of country life, which have the value of historical data. To have created a province, and to have provided from amongst its inhabitants such a gallery of portraits and such a series of word-pictures as Mr. Hardy has done is not only a great achievement, but in my opinion very materially advances his claim, not only to the immortality of letters, but to a widely admitted right to be esteemed one of the greatest forces of the day in English literature.

Dorset Chronicle July 1905

Dorset Chronicle. July 1905.

The city of Aberdeen has a double excitement in front of it at the beginning of next month; that is to say, the conferring of degrees and the opening of the new sculpture gallery, which is believed to be the most important in the British Isles. To this latter function it has been arranged that a number of eminent men honourably associated with art and art literature should be invited. I understand that Mr. George Frampton, R.A., Mr. Orchardson, R.A., and Mr. Armstead, R.A., have accepted on behalf of the Royal Academy, while Mr. Arthur Symons and other critics will also be present at the opening of this gallery in the granite city.

As this event synchronises with the distribution of degrees all these distinguished personages will be able to attend that particular function, concerning which the interesting fact obtains that Mr. Thomas Hardy is to receive the degree of LL.D. This is an honour to Mr. Hardy, but still more is it an honour to the university. It is an extraordinary thing—and a discreditable one—that the degrees at their disposal, which have been given to many literary men with scarcely any imaginative gifts, and which have been given also to many a dull and dreary politician, should have been withheld by Oxford and Cambridge from Mr. Hardy, one of the very great writers not only of our time but one of the great writers of English literature of all time.

Sphere. 1.4.1905

things unutterable lie in the simple statement: "At the table, they [*i. e.*, the Italians, but something similar is said of the French elsewhere] touch no meate with the hand, but with a forke of siluer or other metall, each man being serued with his forke and spoone, and glasse to drinke." His was in many ways another England; but who does not recall Pepys, muffling his face in his mantel, or proud, on occasion, to wear his hat ceremoniously indoors?

CHARLES HARRIS.

THE DYNASTS.*

It is a century since the epos of the Napoleonic wars filled the thoughts of mankind, and we are now only beginning to understand the events of those portentous years, and to view them in their true historical perspective. It may well be that another century shall pass before men are able to view in true literary perspective, and to praise aright, the colossal drama which Mr. Thomas Hardy has consecrated to the Napoleonic theme. When the first section of "The Dynasts" was published, some four years since, the impression made by it was chiefly one of bewilderment. The second section deepened that impression, and brought with it a more definite sense of the power displayed. With the third section, now completing the work, we become conscious of a precipitation, still somewhat cloudy, of the æsthetical, ethical, and philosophical elements hitherto held in solution, and we feel that a great task has been worthily performed. How worthily, and to what enduring effect, the distant future must be left to decide. Here, at least, is the vision vouchsafed to one of the greatest spirits of our time, brooding for many years over one of the most extraordinary themes presented by the history of the modern world. That the outcome of such a preöccupation should be mere futility we cannot for a moment believe. Whatever deductions criticism may hereafter make for ruggedness of form, incoherence of structure, and preposterous scenic investiture, there will always remain the sense of a great conception, powerfully presented, and endowed by its creator with a strange kind of life.

The three parts of "The Dynasts" comprise nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes. The human characters are numbered by the hundreds, and to these are superadded the Phantom Intelligences that hover over the scene, and discourse upon it *sub specie æternitatis*. It is to them that we must turn for whatever poetry we may expect to find in the work, for only a scant fraction of its bulk is to be described as being poetry at all. Mr. Hardy's intellectual mastery is such that he can at times force poetry to his will, but the product is never quite without traces of the violence employed. We feel about him as we feel about Emerson and Whitman, that the stuff of poetry is in him, but coupled with the obstinate determination not to submit to its formal restraints. The poetical high-water mark of the entire work was probably reached in the comment of the Chorus of Pities upon the Walcheren expedition in Part II. (quoted in THE DIAL, May 16, 1906). Nothing quite equal to that in haunting and melancholy beauty is to be found in the volume now at hand. And yet there are single lines of infinite suggestiveness, such as the pathetic

> "Disasters mostly have to do with me"

of the Empress Marie Louise; brief passages of biting force or amazing vision, such as these words of Davout at first sight of Moscow:

> "What scores of bulbous church-tops gild the sky!
> Souls must be rotten in this region, sire,
> To need so much repairing!"

or these of the Spirit of the Pities upon the field of Waterloo:

> "Between the jars
> Of those who live, I hear uplift and move
> The bones of those who placidly have lain
> Within the sacred garths of yon grey fanes —
> Nivelles and Plancenoit, and others nigh,
> Where faith is vibrant still — through untold years.
> Their dry jaws quake: 'What Sabaoth is this,
> That shakes us in our unobtrusive shrouds,
> As though our tissues did not yet abhor
> The fevered feats of life?'"

Probably the finest long passage is offered by the last monologue of Napoleon, fleeing for his life after the final defeat of his insensate ambition. It is midnight, he is drowsing in the saddle, and the voice of the Spirit Ironic penetrates to his consciousness with the question:

> "So I would ask, Ajaccian Bonaparte,
> Has all this been worth while?"

Here is the monologue in full:

> "O cursèd hour,
> Why am I stung by spectral questionings?
> Did not my clouded soul incline to match
> Those of the corpses yonder, thou should'st rue
> Thy saying, Fiend, whoever thou may'st be! . . .
> Why did the death-drops fail to bite me close
> I took at Fontainebleau? Had I then ceased
> This deep had been unplumbed; had they but worked,
> I had thrown three-fold the glow of Hannibal
> Down History's dusky lanes! — Is it too late? . . .
> Yea. Self-sought death would smoke but damply here!

*THE DYNASTS. By Thomas Hardy. Part Third. New York: The Macmillan Co.

If but a Kremlin cannon shot had met me
My greatness would have stood: I should have scored
A vast repute, scarce paralleled in time.
As it did not, the fates had served me best
If in the thick and thunder of to-day,
Like Nelson, Harold, Hector, Cyrus, Saul,
I had been shifted from this jail of flesh,
To wander as a greatened ghost elsewhere.
—— Yes, a good death, to have died on yonder field;
But never a ball came passing down my way!

So, as it is, a miss-mark they will dub me;
And yet — I found the crown of France in the mire,
And with the point of my prevailing sword
I picked it up! But for all this and this
I shall be nothing. . . .
To shoulder Christ from out the topmost niche
In human fame, as once I fondly felt,
Was not for me. I came too late in time
To assume the prophet or the demi-god,
A part past playing now. My only course
To make good showance to posterity
Was to implant my line upon the throne.
And how shape that, if now extinction nears?
Great men are meteors that consume themselves
To light the earth. This is my burnt-out hour."

The seven acts which this closing section of the work comprises deal with the Russian expedition, the final passages of the Peninsular campaign, the defeat of Leipzig, the exile to Elba, and the Belgian campaign that ended on the field of Waterloo. Many scenes of subordinate interest are interspersed, taking us, now to London, now to Malmaison, now to the Wessex coast, now to Vienna and Schönbrunn. The stage-directions are more amazing than ever, as the following examples witness:

"The unnatural light before seen usurps that of the sun, bringing into view, like breezes made visible, the films or brain-tissues of the Immanent Will, that pervade all things, ramifying through the whole army, Napoleon included, and moving them to Its inexplicable artistries."

"Thereupon a vision passes before Napoleon as he lies, comprising hundreds of thousands of skeletons and corpses in various stages of decay. They rise from his various battlefields, the flesh dropping from them, and gaze reproachfully at him. His intimate officers slain he recognizes among the crowd. In front is the Duke of Enghien as showman."

The imagination that stage-directed the second part of "Faust" did not transcend the possible to this extent. As for the Phantom Intelligences, the Spirits of Rumour, and of the Pities and of the Years, the Spirits Sinister and Ironic, they are present everywhere, commenting singly or in choral unison upon the scenes, as they are successively enacted upon the earthly stage.

If it is to these Phantom Intelligences that we must look for the poetry of Mr. Hardy's work, it is to them also that we must turn for its philosophy. As those who have read the earlier sections of the work already know, this is a philosophy that embodies the central doctrine of Schopenhauer — the doctrine of a blind, unconscious, and aimless will immanent in all things, and unwitting of any definite purpose. "Why prompts the Will so senseless-shaped a doing?" asks the Spirit of the Pities; and the Spirit of the Years makes answer:

"I have told thee that It works unwittingly,
As one possessed, not judging."

Whatever light the author has for the darkness of his fellow-men, perplexed by the seemingly meaningless tragedy of existence, must be sought in that impressive "After Scene" in the Overworld, when Europe is visible only in the dim distance, and the Phantom Intelligences alone occupy the stage.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.

"Thus doth the Great Foresightless mechanize
In blank entrancement now as evermore
Its ceaseless artistries in Circumstance
Of curious stuff and braid, as just forthshown.
Yet but one flimsy riband of Its web
Have we here watched in weaving — web Enorme,
Whose furthest hem and selvage may extend
To where the roars and plashings of the flames
Of earth-invisible suns swell noisily,
And onwards into ghastly gulfs of sky,
Where hideous presences churn through the dark —
Monsters of magnitude without a shape,
Hanging amid deep wells of nothingness.
Yet seems this vast and singular confection
Wherein our scenery glints of scantest size,
Inutile all — so far as reasonings tell."

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES.

"Thou arguest still the Inadvertent Mind, —
But, even so, shall blankness be for aye?
Men gained cognition with the flux of time,
And wherefore not the Force informing them,
When far-ranged aions past all fathoming
Shall have swung by, and stand as backward years?"

Here may be noted Mr. Hardy's point of departure from the Schopenhauerian conception of the Will. With the German philosopher, the Will may attain to consciousness only in its individual objectification, and then only to the effect of an act of negation and consequent world-annihilation; with the English poet the Will may become conscious in its cosmic character, and acquire positive purpose wherewith to shape a more rational world. The distinction is fundamental. And thus the Will is invoked by the Pities in chorus:

"We hold that Thy unscanted scope
Affords a food for final Hope,
That mild-eyed Consciousness stands nigh
Life's loom, to lull it by and by."

The Spirit Ironic interposes a last objection:

"As once a Greek asked I would fain ask too,
Who knows if all the Spectacle be true,
Or an illusion of the gods (the Will,
To wit) some hocus-pocus to fulfil?"

And the final answer of the Pities is thus voiced:

"But — a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair."

This, if less ecstatic in utterance, is at one with the Chorus Mysticus that brings "Faust" to its sublime close. It is the impressive last word to mankind of a spirit that has faced life steadily, swept all illusions from the field of its vision, and yet has preserved the faith to believe that the world-process may eventuate in an ultimate good.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

e Aberdeen Free Press.

April 11. 1905

From the bracing atmosphere of Aberdeen the visitors who had passed so enjoyable a week-end there in connection with the opening of the Sculpture Gallery re-entered London this morning in a dreary drip of rain. Mr Thomas Hardy, who had shaken off a chill during his visit to the fine air of the north, left Aberdeen in cheerful spirits. With several other guests, ladies and gentlemen, he passed an hour in chat in the train, and he lingered later with another group. He recalled his old friendship with William Minto, whose grave in Aberdeen he visited yesterday, and he agreed that Minto was unhappy in leaving the London which he loved. The great novelist was up early enough this morning to join a group in a smoking-room before the train reached London. With a smile in his pensive, sad eyes, he listened to the vivacious talk of his friend Mr John Malcolm Bulloch, while Mr Arthur Symons, the poet and critic, sat beside him, and Mr Robinson of Boston stood at the door. The journey was thoroughly comfortable. Several of the passengers by the train de luxe confessed that they had slept soundly till the attendant—continuing Mr Murray's hospitality to the end of the journey—knocked at the door of their berth and handed in a welcome cup of tea. It was with reluctance that the week-enders called a cab at Euston.

THOMAS HARDY'S LATEST PRODUCTION—MAGNUM OPUS OR MONSTROSITY?

THOMAS HARDY'S gigantic work, "The Dynasts," a great metrical drama for mental performance, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes, is at last completed. When Mr. Hardy's plan to interpret Napoleon, the "Christ of War," and his era in a huge trilogy extraordinary in its abandonment of conventional methods, was first announced four years ago, many regarded the enterprise as the bizarre idea of a once great writer in his years of decline. The first part of this play was adjudged in this light by the majority of critics; when the second part appeared favorable voices were heard; and with the appearance of the last volume some critics have hailed the work as the most remarkable literary production of a quarter of a century, and a companion-piece in grandeur of conception to Goethe's "Faust." Most reviewers are, however, sorely puzzled by the philosophy and overwhelmed by the bulk of the book. Some, fewer in number, regard the scheme, in spite of its immensity, as inferior to the least of Hardy's novels. His prose, the Boston *Transcript* maintains, is everything that might be expected of him, but his verse is certainly

have walked the stage of imagined nu-

or more truly understood or reverenced than is Egdon Heath by those who have read that immortal chapter. For if the description is marvelously minute, it is also marvelously broad. We learn the aspect of the place in every light by day and in the deepening twilight, when

engrossing narratives, splendidly conceived and executed with skill (speaking here only of the story teller's art) unsurpassed by any novelist. Where are there better thrills than at the gargoyle episode in "Far From the Madding Crowd," the gambling by the

not poetry, nor is "The Dynasts," in more than a general sense of the word, a drama. "It is interesting, because it is the work of Thomas Hardy. That is all." Even Mr. Hardy's most eulogistic admirers admit that his verse is crude, and that he has not observed traditional rules of the drama. Judged by conventional canons, "The Dynasts" is undoubtedly a failure. Few lovers of literature have patience to wade through three closely printed volumes of verse. One of Hardy's stoutest champions, the editor of an eminent literary weekly, confessed to the present writer that he had not met a single person in the many coteries of his acquaintance who could boast that he had actually read the staggering production. It may, however, be said that "The Dynasts" shares the fate of being appreciated by only a few, in a measure, with the second part of "Faust," and with "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." Possibly "The Dynasts" is a failure only in the sense in which the masterpieces of Goethe and Milton are also failures. In the presence of a work of such physical and spiritual dimensions, contemporary criticism can only admit its confusion, and leave it to the future to view the Titanic structure in its proper proportion. We have no standard by the side of which we can measure the importance and the message of Mr. Hardy's work as a whole; we cannot tell whether, to a certainty, it is a monstrosity or a bold essay into hitherto unexplored dimensions of art. Whatever the final verdict may be, there can be no questioning that both attempt and achievement are colossal and unique. The editor of *The Times Saturday Review of Books* (New York), Dr. William Bayard Hale, was among the very few who from the first discerned behind the unprecedented and bizarre form of Mr. Hardy's undertaking a conception "worthy to be matched for daring against any enterprise of the human mind." He, too, must have felt the importance of gaining a vantage ground from which it would be possible to view the work with a sense of proportion. His review, he tells us, was purposely delayed for several weeks that any undue enthusiasm might abate. His opinion is therefore deliberate. "The Dynasts," Dr. Hale affirms, "must take its place as one of the noblest creations in literature. It is a work of colossal significance and staggering power. So far from being difficult or obscure, once the slight effort necessary to understand its form has been made, it is a piece of writing as clear, as easily followed, and as absorbing in its limpid course as any well-written novel. The magnitude and seriousness of its purpose (which is that of displaying the whole life of Europe, the life of ruler and peasant, from the year 1805 to 1815, and to display that multiform and variegated life in its complicated unity, as a manifestation of the unconscious restlessness of an Immanent World-Will) might be expected to overwhelm the imagination alike of author and reader, and to divest the earthly scenes recorded of their vitality, humor, pathos, and interest. This, however," the writer goes on to say, "is not the case."

"Mr. Hardy has nowhere, in his most realistic novels, pictured forth the actualities, even the small and mean or the humorous details of life, with greater vivacity. We see Napoleon taking snuff and sipping grog; we hear him coughing in his tent; we observe the vicar of Durnover twice remove his pipe from his mouth, spit perpendicularly, and twice speak; we hear the Leipsic clocks imperturbably strike nine as the battle which is to decide the fate of Europe begins; we see the little King of Rome kicking in the arms of his attendant; we behold the remnants of the Grand Army, with icicles dangling from their hair and clinking like glass lustres as they walk, until they sink to freeze, crouching around fires, Sirius and Orion flashing like stilettos from above; we see a howling dog with a white cockade tied to its tail cross the front of a royalist battalion at Grenoble; we march with soldiers; we tramp with the rabble camp-followers; we listen to the Emperor, to English statesmen, to London citizens and villagers, among them our old friend Cantle; we are present on the field of Waterloo with a sense of actuality which the best effort of Victor Hugo or of Stendhal comes not near of giving. There could not possibly be more intimate realistic pictures of life—a more realistic picture of life—than is afforded in these thousand pages."

The wonder of the work, Dr. Hale continues, is not the immensity of the scope, but its sense of unity of the human drama. This unity, in Hardy's conception, consists in the assumption that all existence and all life is a mode of an Immanent Will—a thing itself unconscious, insentient; an Inadvertent Mind; a Great Foresightless; a vast fermenting vat; "an automatic Sense, unweeting where or whence"; "a Knitter drowsed, whose fingers play in skilled unconsciousness." The human figures of the drama are puppets, endowed with a false sense of their own importance and independence.

"Mr. Hardy in this work tells the story of the Napoleonic episode as it has never been told, either in history or fiction, before. But he tells it only as an illustration of the fatuity of man's belief that he is free. 'The Dynasts' is a drama the most terrible ever written of life's irony.

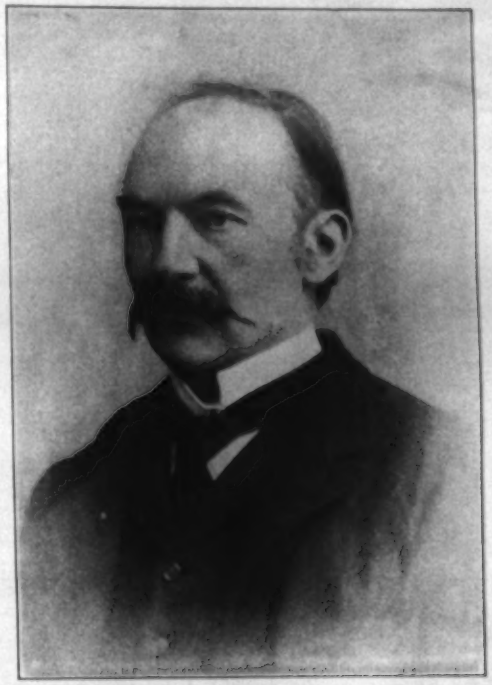
COPSE-WARE.

Now it is the brute imbecility, now the bitter humor, of events. You watch the ambition of a man engulf a dozen nations and millions of individuals in catastrophe, and end in its own defeat. That makes a sentence. Fancy it expanded into three volumes of realism such as nobody but Thomas Hardy could write, and you get an idea of the vividness of the story. But you are never allowed to lose yourself in realization of the life of peasants or of rulers, of soldiers and seamen, in time of war, nor in the ordinary historic appreciation of the particular events of the Napoleonic struggle. On every other page you are summoned to a point of vision 'far in the Unapparent,' whence you behold armies crawling like caterpillars on the surface of an unperturbed and ancient globe. Or where you behold Europe as a prone figure of which the Alps form the vertebrae, and the branching mountain chains the ribs, the Spanish Peninsula forming the head of the écorché, the lowlands a gray-green garment half blown off, and the sea around a half-disturbed bed on which the figure lies. Or whence you see an unnatural light fall upon the earthly scene, bring into view, like breezes made visible, filaments or brain tissues of the Immanent Will, ramifying through all things and all men, and moving them to its inexplicable artistries.

"Such a thing was never before conceived by a writer of an imaginative story, nor put in such ghastly vividness by a pantheistic philosopher. The idea of a cosmic drama, of justifying the ways of God to men is, of course, not new. It was the idea in the mind of the writers of the Book of Job, and after a fashion in that of the author of 'Faust,' and of 'Paradise Lost.' The problem was big enough for Job; what he and his friends were concerned about was the relation of human actions to consequences—the question of rewards and punishments. It was big enough for the Greek dramatists, who debated the conflict of man's desire and Fate's designs. But this conception of a Fate which is unconscious of itself, which consists of that whose restless agony it itself decrees; this vision of history as the palpitation of the anatomy of a slumbering cosmic brain—has at all events not until now got itself into imaginative literature."

The Quarterly Review, on the other hand, holds that the influence of Hardy's philosophy on the drama is chiefly negative. Still "The Dynasts," in its opinion, "is the most notable literary achievement of the last quarter century. It is certainly unlucky for the critic of the mechanical school," the reviewer goes on to say, "that at the very moment when he has decided that the study drama could not exist, the most remarkable and absolute example of such a thing which has ever been written should see the light."

The Evening Post is one of the organs which gladly and frankly repudiated their former superficial and inadequate appreciation of Hardy's venture. With pleasure the reviewer traces in the drama a development away from the depressing pessimism of the



THE MASTER IRONIST

Thomas Hardy's recently completed Napoleonic drama, "The Dynasts," is the uncouth and gigantic embodiment of the great novelist's ironic philosophy.

poet-novelist's former years. The change in his point of view is forcibly brought out in the final scene when the Spirit of the Years, the Spirit of Pities, and the Spirit Ironic express their several conclusions of the events chronicled in the drama. First the Spirit of the Years speaks:

"Thus doth the Great Foresightless mechanize
In blank entrancement now as evermore
Its ceaseless artistries in Circumstance
Of curious stuff and braid, as just forthshown.
Yet but one flimsy riband of Its web
Have we here watched in waving—web Enorme,
Whose furthest hem and selvage may extend
To where the roars and plashings of the flames
Of earth-invisible suns swell noisily,
And onwards into ghastly gulfs of sky,
Where hideous presences churn through the dark—
Monsters of magnitude without a shape,
Hanging amid deep wells of nothingness.
Yet seems this vast and singular confection
Wherein our scenery glints of scantest size,
Inutile all—so far as reasonings tell."

The Spirit of the Pities replies with a faltering, yet audacious question:

"Thou arguest still the Inadvertent Mind,—
But, even so, shall blankness be for aye?
Men gained cognition with the flux of time,

And wh[illegible] the Force informing them,
When [illegible]ged aions past all fathoming
Shall ha[illegible]swung by, and stand as backward year

To the concluding question of the Spirit of the Years: "To what tune danceth this Immense," the Spirit Ironic replies:

"For one I cannot answer. But I know
'Tis handsome of our Pities so to sing
The praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing
That turns the handle of this idle Show!

As once a Greek asked I would fain ask, too,
Who knows if all the Spectacle be true,
Or an illusion of the gods (the Will,
To wit) some hocus-pocus to fulfil?"

Here, the *Evening Post* reviewer goes on to say, most readers of Mr. Hardy's novels would have expected the debate to end, leaving us in the temper of ironic agnosticism. But the last lines of the vast panorama are not given to the Spirit Ironic, but to the Chorus of Pities. Sometime, somewhere, the poet foretells in their strain, Mind shall immanate the Great Foresightless

"But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair!"

THE CHIMERA OF A NATIONAL THEATER

THERE are many to-day, it seems, who see the salvation of dramatic art in America in the completion of the much discussed "New Theater," which now seems assured, and is nearing erection. The necessity for such a national institution seems to be generally felt. A movement has even been started toward putting the idea of a new National Theater before the next Democratic Convention in Denver with the purpose of placing it as a plank in the platform. Mr. Lewis W. Leach, chairman of the National Theater Committee, in a communication addressed to *The Dramatic Mirror*, recalls McKinley's promise during his first presidential campaign to aid the establishment of such an institution. The "art" theater in Chicago, by the grace of a group of millionaires, which failed after twenty weeks' trial, was the nearest approach to a National Theater that America has seen, and the New Theater which is to be erected in the city of New York promises, we are told by its friends, to be to America what the great national playhouses are to Germany and France. Yet there are many to whom this plan of artificially fostering the American drama seems a chimera, a delusion, in which cause and effect are strangely confused. It is a mistake, they hold, to believe that a committee of millionaires can buy for us a national art, or a party platform decree one. Even if Roosevelt and Morgan were to exert their combined influence towards this consummation, they would probably discover that art developments are governed by intrinsic laws inscrutable and beyond control.

At the very best, the "New Theater" will for many years be only an interesting experiment. Its founders are identical with those who have fathered and fostered the Metropolitan Opera House. In fact, Mr. Heinrich Conried was originally destined to be at the head of the enterprise. C. H. Meltzer, Mr. Conried's associate and friend, therefore evidently speaks with authority when he outlines in *The Theater Magazine* the plans and policies of the institution. He attempts to overcome the scepticism that faces at the present moment the artistic aims of its crusaders. "It takes some time," he remarks, "to accustom oneself to anything so unusual, so unprecedented, in America, as a millionaire who regards drama as an instrument of morality and a means of culture. How much more time, then, must it not require to persuade one's self that twenty or fifty millionaires have banded themselves together for the purpose of uplifting and protecting drama?" Neither, we are told, have the actors in this country revealed much sympathy with the movement, possibly because they have lain too long under the heel of the "Theatrical Syndicate" to have much faith, hope or charity left in them, while the press, Mr. Meltzer affirms, has observed an attitude of hostile neutrality.

The New Theater, he assures us, will not be a rich man's plaything; nor is there the slightest intention on the part of the directors to compete with the Syndicate or its adversaries. Let is also be recorded,

THOMAS HARDY AS A "FORCE."

In "T.P's Weekly" for June 30th is published, as the 18th article under the heading "[illegible]," the following

In most of his books he has revealed with extreme clearness the comedy, tragedy, and [illegible] underlying romance of the life of the rustics in Dorsetshire and [illegible] contiguous counties

those of a master in his craft. But many people doubtless care very little for this almost super-excellent balance and constructive skill, who still appreciate him as a wonderful story-teller.

[illegible] one of the very great writers not only of our time but one of the great writers of English literature of all time. Sphere. 1.4.1905

are no plain women in this sisterhood. And without exception they are named in delicate recognition of the important part that names bear [illegible] reader to get at the outset right impression of the ch presented. Such a name a tainly suits a girl who is " o' fun"; Anne Garland is a Paula Power's name seem pride; Eustacia's, the hau princess of Egdon Heath. surprised to find that M has a tragic history.

But being true women, T dy's heroines are mostly co the business of loving and Open any of the novels at you are likely to come on s observation or some penet ment on a mood of femin when speaking of the differ nificance between a man's c that of a woman. Hardy re that of the latter is instin personality—" touch but the garment and the delicate there before you." Hardy's not resemble Dorothea Brook vague yearnings for a wid they do not seek to help Casaubons complete keys to mythologies; they draw no cottages for the poor. Unlil they have no Savonarolas. sometimes gay, often wistf aspiring, and they have little improvement. They have self-knowledge, not resembl least the heroines of Mr. He who find such delight in anal own emotions by the aid of scope. They are not self- often—perhaps for this ver they find life a tragedy w them helpless and appealing pathetically simple. They tragedy, but never—he spare keenest pang—never do t mean. A certain nobility o marks the demeanor of ther poor Fanny Robin, throwing morsels of snow against windows of Sergeant Troy. she must then, and later shame and death in a kind nity; even when the wre sheba opens her coffin, cloaked in an innocence th evokes despair, does not fa

It is in their attitude tow the Hardy heroines most semble each other—they ar on that matter, gentle and Paula in her castle and Te maid are own sisters there with an all-giving, unquest All in all, women owe to Th a unique debt of gratitude ness and the fineness of his sion of them. And in par they feel this gratitude preme expression of beautif that falls from the lips of as she stands by the grav borne, which she and the Grace Melbury had until together: "Now, my ow you are mine and on'y n has forget 'ee at last, alth you died. But I—whenev I'll think of 'ee, and wh down, I'll think of 'ee. plant the young larches I none can plant as you whenever I split a gad, ar turn the cider-wring, I could do it like you. If your name, let me forg Heaven! But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man and did good things!"

COPSE-WARE.

Country Life. April 15. 1905.

TO speak of "copse-ware" is instantly to recall the "Woodlanders" of Hardy's Wessex. Indeed, we might question whether those Wessex woods of Little Hintock, the copse-ware workers, the Melburys and the Winterbournes who ruled in that sequestered woodland "outside the gates of the world," do not, for some of us, live more vividly than do the inhabitants of any merely geographical county. Who does not gladly enter the homestead of Melbury, the village timber merchant, that faded Georgian house "in whose reverberations queer old personal tales were audible, if properly listened for"; and thence step out into the big quadrangle, piled with stacked timber, faggots, hurdles, and other products of the wood, to listen to the slow talk of the Wessex woodmen, gathered about the blazing fire of "gadends" in the large spar-house? Thus remotely do Hardy's woodlanders stand, viewing life with a sturdily independent outlook from their forest village.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1907.

THOMAS HARDY.

A PERSON named Lindsay Garret administers, through the medium of The Monthly Review, criticism and admonition to Mr. Thomas Hardy. He informs him that his "descriptions are overloaded"; that he is a victim of "futile realism"; that he frequently "overtaxes his powers," and with various and sundry deliverances from the mouth of equally discerning genius strives to set the author of "The Return of the Native" on the highway to real literary achievement.

Coincident with this remarkable exhibition, another person, one who is permitted to write a weekly "literary" article in The London Daily Mail, solemnly records the hitherto undiscovered, unsuspected truths:

Mr. Hardy's novels are nearly all faulty in form, but his poems are full of emotion and formally perfect. * * * He falls back, as a rule, upon some sort of ready-made plot—upon some variation of a traditional myth; he forces his characters to take a place in this scheme—and there is his story, lacking subtlety and truth to life.

That is actually what the man says. There has been made no mistake in reprinting it. It is not the case that, to get the man's meaning, each sentence is to be understood in the exact opposite to what it reads. He doesn't say that Mr. Hardy's poems are queer things, but his novels are formally perfect, or that his plots are the most original and forceful in fiction, while his characters are the most vital that have walked the stage of imagined human action since the days of the Greek dramatists.

Of course, The Daily Mail man never read a page of Hardy; that is obvious. But, with the least disposition in the world to carp at British critics, without (in an elegant phrase which Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge can probably trace to Shakespeare) the slightest "grouch," one is impelled to wonder at the state of literary thought in a country whose greatest writer is the subject of criticism so inane as this.

What could be more superficial criticism than to charge Mr. Hardy with overloading his descriptions? It is quite true that the Wessex novels are full of description. Nature is lavishly taken advantage of. Every situation, every important act, has its scenic background. But it is always as a background for the human drama that the descriptions are employed. And who familiar with Hardy can fail to remember what vividness, what completeness, the author's careful painting of the landscape and toning of the atmosphere gives to the action?

Take such a scene as the introductory chapter of "The Return of the Native." It would indeed be hard to find in all the range of imaginative writing a scene so carefully, so elaborately worked up. It is only a heath—the unthinking traveler would describe it in a sentence and have done. But under the magic of Hardy's hand, so rich is that monotonous landscape seen to be, that no spot on earth is better known or more truly understood or reverenced than is Egdon Heath by those who have read that immortal chapter. For if the description is marvelously minute, it is also marvelously broad. We learn the aspect of the place in every light by day and in the deepening twilight, when it seems to rise to meet its ancient lover, the night; we allow our eye to follow out of sight the line of the old Roman road and our imaginations to go back and back, (for the heath lies unplowed, unpopulated from the beginning,) till, when in the second chapter, "humanity appears upon the scene, hand in hand with trouble," we seem to see rising from the ground vast primeval figures, an Adam and an Eve almost, with primitive passions, ready to play their parts in an episode of the dateless, immemorial human drama.

It is so throughout all Hardy's work. Wherever there is description, it is for a definite purpose. The rise of landscape in painting has been the subject of historical study. The rise of the landscape in literature would make a subject for equally interesting investigation. Stevenson was a finished artist in this line, but Hardy is supreme. It is noteworthy that almost all of the Wessex novelist's action takes place out of doors. His acquaintance with Nature, his weather-wisdom and woodcraft, his knowledge of country scenes, sights, sounds, and smell, is prodigious. He does not air it. But when he wants to he colors his scenes magically with the very mood that answers to the action about to take place. He is immensely particular in his description of his people. He describes them not once alone, but in many scenes and attitudes and costumes. Would any one excise such an "overloaded description" as this, or would he prize it as he prizes Keats's "Ode to Autumn"?

He looked and smelt like Autumn's very brother, his face being sun-burned to wheat-color, his eyes blue as cornflowers, his sleeves and leggings dyed with fruit stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of cider which at its first return each season has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among the orchards.

As for plot, was there ever such another as that of "Desperate Remedies," with its group of changed identities and of miscarried letters, the doctored photograph, the mysterious fire, the fatal confusion at the train, the chain of circumstantial evidence, and the resolution of puzzles absolutely beyond guessing in a manner at once natural and inevitable? "Desperate Remedies" is a neglected book—we have the word of Edmund Gosse for it. It is by no means Mr. Hardy's best, but it is one of the most skillfully constructed tales in the language. Perhaps it seems to be especially exciting as a yarn because, being its author's first book, it is not mature with the deeper genius of the later ones. When you come to think of it, the plot of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" is singularly original; "The Well-Beloved" is absolutely unprecedented. And all are dashing and engrossing narratives, splendidly conceived and executed with skill (speaking here only of the story teller's art) unsurpassed by any novelist. Where are there better thrills than at the gargoyle episode in "Far From the Madding Crowd," the gambling by the

light of the fireflies, or the frying out of the adder's oil, in "Return of the Native," or at the meeting of Knight and the Cribbite in "A Pair of Blue Eyes"?

Mr. Hardy would not accept any credit for the innumerable situations of intense dramatic interest which mark his books, such as the midnight procession in "Desperate Remedies," the precipice scene in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," the closed door in "Return of the Native," Bathsheba and Fanny's coffin in "Far From the Madding Crowd," Giles and Grace at the but in "The Woodlanders," or the return of the sailor in "The Mayor of Casterbridge."

Mr. Hardy would say that the situations made themselves. And when one calls to mind these and a hundred more unforgettable scenes in these great books, it is somewhat warming to think of the ignorant insolence of a critic who ventures to talk of characters forced to take their place in a ready-made plot.

The characteristic which makes Hardy difficult for the unthoughtful is the characteristic that chiefly establishes his right to a place among the world's greatest imaginative writers—his Detachment. He is the dispassionate recorder. He breathes the breath of life into a character and then leaves him to work out his own destiny. His people do the things which by virtue of their character they must inevitably do. The novelist never forces, never blames nor praises, them. With an Olympian aloofness he watches them struggle in the web of their own actions. He has, of course, no heroes.

England doesn't deserve Mr. Hardy. It doesn't appreciate him. It is incompetent to criticise him.

It is a pity so many people know only "Jude" and "Tess," two worthless books, nauseating in their false and decadent "realism" and salacity—books in no wise typical of their author's life work.

M.A.P., May 26th. 1906.

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Hardy and Dorchester.

THE statement in your pleasant note on Mr. Hardy that he is better known in Dorchester as a magistrate than a novelist reminds me (writes a correspondent) of a curious conversation I had with some Dorchester dignitaries a dozen years ago. They had chatted freely about "Passon" Barnes, the Dorsetshire dialect poet, and I casually remarked that I supposed they took even a greater pride in Mr. Hardy. The Dorchester councillors looked blankly at each other. "Oh, it's Hardy, the architect, you mean," one said after a pause. "Well, I never heard of his making much money out of his building business." "And he never will," said another. "Whenever I take a drive I meet him walking along the roads, and as often as not he's just staring in front of him as if he were sleep-walking. I don't wonder he gets no business." Such were the opinions of Dorchester councillors on the great man who has immortalised their council in "The Mayor of Casterbridge."

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DARKNESS AND DAWN!

A WEEK-NIGHT MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

"How precious is Thy lovingkindness, O God! And the children of men take refuge under the shadow of Thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house; and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures."—*Psalm* xxxvi. 7, 8.

I did not expect an exquisite passage like that in the midst of this somewhat repellent psalm. Nor did I expect that, by way of the Black Country, I should come into some of the loveliest scenery in broad England. Nor did I expect that by way of the burning, sandy waste I should reach an oasis of palm trees and springs. The psalm begins in the darkness of an awful night; it ends in the dawning of a gladsome day. It begins in the portrayal of the ravages of sin; it ends in the triumphant announcement of its overwhelming defeat. In the beginning of the psalm we are confronted with the spectacle of things as they are; at the end of the psalm we are permitted the privilege of contemplating the grandeur of things as they will be. And so, I say, the psalm stretches its vast reach between the two extremes of gloom and glory; and the passage of the psalm which I have quoted for my text explains to us the ministry of transfiguration. I think our experience makes us all intimate with the earlier disclosures of the psalm; I do not suppose we have all shared the triumph and blessed assurance of its consummation. But there is no binding fate making us the helpless and irrevocable victims of the gloom. It is our privilege in Christ Jesus to be freed from the paralysing influence of the darkness, and to be made children of this broad and comprehensive day. And so my purpose is just this—and I am embarrassed by the wealth that confronts me—my purpose is to trace the progress of this psalm, and to carefully mark how feeble and helpless hands become changed into the firm and sinewy limbs of spiritual crusaders.

The earlier verses of the psalm are concerned with an analysis of the method and destructiveness of sin. The first four verses describe the successful ravages which sin makes in human life. They give us a diagnosis of evil, from its earliest appearance in the germ to its complete and final triumph. Now how does sin begin? I must take some little liberty with the wording of the psalm before me. I suppose it is one of the most difficult of all the psalms to translate. You will find, if you will look at the marginal rendering in the Revised Version, that for almost every clause the translators have given us an alternative reading which greatly differs from the reading placed in the text. I choose the marginal reading of the first clause of this passage, a rendering which, I think, gives us the germ, the first appearances, the beginnings of sin in human life. How, then, does it read? "*Transgression uttereth its oracle to the wicked within his heart.*" "Transgression uttereth its oracle," speaks within himself in tones of imperious authority, lays down certain assurances, interpolates certain suggestions, and clothes them with imperial authority. One has heard of oracles of conscience, one has heard of the authoritative speech of the moral sense, and I am mystically familiar with it. But here the psalm announces an oracle of the devil. The devil begins his ministry by oracular suggestions, by mysterious whispers, subtle enticements to sin. That is the germinal work of the devil; a mystic, secret oracle seeking to entice the life into ways of sin. The secret enticement is followed by equally subtle stratagem. In the second verse I read of the second step in this degeneracy. "He" (that is the oracle) "flattereth him in his eyes that his iniquity shall not be found out and be hated." Two things the oracle says, and he says them with imperial authority. First, that sin shall not be found out, and secondly, that therefore there is no fear of reprobation. It is only a repetition of a word with which we are very familiar in the earlier portion of the old Book. There will be no penalty; there is no Nemesis; judgment is a fiction; there is no Great White Throne! "He flattereth him that his iniquity shall not be found out and be hated." "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die?" "Ye shall not surely die!" That is the oracle of sin, that is the subtle deception wrought upon us almost every day of our life.

And now I pass to the third step in the great degeneracy. The man has been listening to the secret oracle. He has been flattered by its suggestiveness. He is now persuaded by the enticement, and the moral degradation begins apace. "*The words*"—the first things to be smitten—"*The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit.*" The first thing that happens as soon as a man listens to the devil is that the bloom goes off the truthfulness of his life. He now enters the realm of equivocation and deceit, his seduction begins to show its fruit at the lips. "*He hath left off to be wise*"; then he loseth sense; he does not now exercise common sense; he shuts one eye!" His intelligence is narrowed, contracted and curtailed. "He hath left off," says my psalm, "to be wise"; he has walled up his understanding, and shut out the rays of God's own enlightening presence. But still further: "*He hath left off to do good.*" The loss of brotherhood! He may continue to give money; but he has ceased to give self. The claims of philanthropic service no longer appeal to his spirit, they pass by unheeded and ignored. And now see what further happens in the stages of moral decay. "*He deviseth iniquity upon his bed; he setteth himself in the way that is not good.*" The man now offers himself in positive enlistment on the side of the devil. He uses his mental equipment, his imagination, the finer powers of his mind, in the ministry of sin. "He deviseth iniquity"; his imagination becomes defiled. "He setteth himself in a way that is not good." His will becomes enslaved. You will not be surprised to learn the last clause in this portrayal of the spirit's degradation: "*He abhorreth not evil.*" He has now reached the plain of moral benumbment; his moral palate has been defiled; the distinction between sweet and bitter is no longer apparent, sweet and bitter taste alike. He has no abhorrence of evil, and he has no sweet pleasure in the good. He has lost his power of moral discernment; he is morally indifferent, and almost morally dead.

Such is the diagnosis of sin, beginning in the whispered oracle and proceeding to absolute enslavement, passing through the intermediate stages of deception and delight. That is the moral condition of thousands of lives in this city. The appalling tyranny of evil placards itself on every side. It is terrible as some awful plague, overmastering and ubiquitous. You cannot move without being confronted by its domination. It rears its bold and unashamed brow in the form of lust, and drunkenness and avarice, and falsehood, and oppression and cruelty, and overreaching vanity and senseless pride. It is everywhere about us, in every street. It is all round about us, and when we are confronted with its widespread devastation, what can we do? The earlier verses of this psalm, which give what I have called "a diagnosis" of sin, were never more confirmed than they are in the literature of our own time. The literature of our time abounds in analysis of sin. I think most of our novels—at any rate, the majority of those that come my way—have ploughed their weary way through the vile vapours of fierce and steaming wrongs. I do not say they portrayed what is not; they portray what is. If you turn to Thomas Hardy's book, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," or "Jude the Obscure," you will find that Thomas Hardy is just carefully elaborating the first four verses of this psalm. But, then, my trouble is this: that when his mournful psalm comes to an end I close his book in limp and rayless bewilderment. That is where so much of our modern literature leaves me. It goes with the psalmist to the end of verse four, diagnoses and describes sin, and then leaves me helpless and hopeless in the presence of its own gloomy recital. It gives me an analysis, but no inspiration. It gives me a fine diagnosis, but no remedial power. But here is the psalmist contemplating a similar spectacle—the ravages of sin, and he himself is temporarily bewildered; he himself is bowed low in helpless and hopeless mood. What does he do? I am very glad that our Revised Version helps by the very manner in which the psalm is printed. After verse four there is a great space, as though the psalm must be almost cut in two, as though the psalmist had gone away from the contemplation of that spectacle, as indeed he has. He has left his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure" and gone away for awhile. And where has he gone? He has gone that he might quietly inquire whether the evil things he has seen are the biggest things he can find. He goes away with this query upon his lips, Is sin the all-stupendous thing before which all other things shrink away into insignificance and nothing? Is sin the mountain and all other things the molehills? I say this man tears his eyes away from the spectacle of sin, from the fascinating and almost mesmerising spectacle of sin; tears them away, and fixes them in searching, piercing quest of things that are bigger still. When the psalm opens again after the pause, the psalmist is joyfully proclaiming the bigger things he has found. What are they? "*Thy lovingkindness, O Lord, is in the heavens; Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds, Thy righteousness is like the mountains, Thy judgments are a great deep.*" I want you to mark the vastness of the figures in which he seeks to enshrine the vastness of his thought. "Thy lovingkindness, O Lord, is in the heavens, Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." This has been an ideal day for the contemplation of that figure. When I looked out of my window early this morning I thanked God for the symbolism that confronted me. I looked at that broad, cloudless, encircling heaven bending over me like outstretched arms, and my text stole into my mind: "Thy lovingkindness, O Lord, is in the heavens," bending like a mother's arms, the shining, cloudless sky! "Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds," and while I watched the clouds began to gather, the clouds, those vast, changing ministers, now like spotless fleece, now like finest, softest lawn; now moving like dark, heavy battalions charged with thunder and destruction, vanishing in an hour, in an hour returning and eclipsing the genial and welcome blue! Most uncertain of all uncertainties, and yet "Thy faithfulness reacheth even unto the clouds!" Those apparent children of caprice coming and going no one knows how, are in God's loving control, and obey the behests of His most sovereign will. "*Thy righteousness is like the great mountains.*" How majestic the figure! The mountains, the symbols of the Eternal, abiding through the generations; looking down upon the habitations of men, undisturbed, unchanged, unmoved. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains! Not that everything becomes clear when a man talks like that; the mystery remains! "Thy judgments," Thy ways of doing things, "*Thy judgments are a great deep,*" as immense and unfathomable as the incalculable sea. But then one may endure the mystery of the deep when one is sure about the mountain. When one knows that God's righteousness is like the mountain, one need not trouble about the sea. When you know that His faithfulness even ruleth the clouds, you can trust the fickle sea.

Where had he been to discover these wonderful things? He is not recounting a bald catalogue of Divine attributes; he is announcing a testimony born of a deep and real experience. Where has he been? He has been the guest of God. And now I take you into what is the very Holy of Holies in this psalm, the words that I read for our text. "*The children of men take refuge under the shadow of Thy wings.*" He has been there. To my mind that is the most beautiful of all the beautiful figures in the old Book. "Under the shadow of Thy wings." The security of it! The absolute perfectness of the shelter! The warmth of it! The untroubled peace of it! He has been in God's house, sheltering there as a chick under its mother's wings. And then he tells us what he received in the house, what he had when he was a guest, when he was hiding under the wings: "*They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house.*" I have an old Puritan's book upon my shelves, and it occurred to me to take it down and see what he had to say about "fatness." Here is the quaint little phrase: "Fatness is the top, it is the cream of all spiritual delicacies." It is the first, the prime thing! "They shall be abundantly satisfied" with the delicacies of Thy table! "*Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures.*" It is not only what there is upon the table; it is the conversation and the fellowship at the board. Everybody knows that sometimes the best of the feast is the "flow of soul." Thy speech, Thy fellowship, Thy whispers, Thy promises, they just flow out into their souls like a river, and their joy shall be full.

This psalmist, racked by the awful spectacle of sin, and helpless and hopeless before it, turned from it, and hid himself for a while under the shadow of God's wings, and there he was nourished and there he was cherished, and he had a vision of the abiding lovingkindness, which is like the bending heaven, and of the faithfulness and righteousness which are sure as

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mountain heights. And do you wonder that this poor fellow, who had turned away from the sin of the world, cast down and despondent, and who had gone to be the guest of God—that after he had been a while with Him he cried for joy, "*With Thee is the fountain of life!*" He was beginning to feel alive again; he was beginning to feel vitalised and renewed. "I am getting inspired again." And then he added: "In Thy light," my living God, "in Thy light shall we see light" to do our work away yonder in the fields of sin! The very two things he wanted: life and light! Inspiration and counsel! Encouragement and hope! And the promise of the old Book was fulfilled to him as he lay under the shadow of God's wings. It shall be to thee a "spirit of counsel," says the prophet, "a spirit of counsel and might," combined enlightenment and inspiration. As the psalmist turned from the Presence Chamber to confront again the spectacle of depravity, he offered a prayer, and this was his prayer: "*O continue Thy lovingkindness unto them that know Thee, and Thy righteousness to the upright in heart!*" And then, as though he was afraid that when he got back to the waste again, and to the sin again, he himself might be overcome, caught up in the terrible drift and carried along, he added this prayer: "*Let not the foot of pride come against me, and let not the hand of the wicked drive me away.*" Do not let me get into the general tendency of things, and by the general tendency be carried away! He offered a prayer that these cardinal things, the greatest things, might abide with him, and that when he went away into the world's waste field he might be able to stand. And so, my young brothers, this man came out of the secret chamber a knight of God! He goes back, like all men ought to go back to their work when they have been in the Presence Chamber of God. We ought to turn to our work singing, always singing, and the songs ought to be, not songs of strife and warfare, but songs of victory. It was the way Cromwell's Ironsides went into warfare at Dunbar. They went into the battle at Dunbar singing a pean of victory before the fight was won! When the psalmist turns again to the field of warfare, he marches with the phrase upon his lips: "*There are the workers of iniquity fallen! They are thrust down, and shall not be able to rise!*" In that spirit of triumph, with the victory shining in his expectant eyes, he fought and won. My brother temperance reformers, and social workers of every kind, are you daunted? Get you away into the hiding place, and look at your God, and you shall return, not with mournful plaints upon your lips, but with the pean of coming triumph.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE

Sept 7. 1905

THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

PILGRIMAGE TO WESSEX.

RECEPTION BY MR. THOMAS HARDY.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S RECEPTION.

On arriving at Dorchester the large party entered the well-horsed brakes and char-a-bancs provided by Mr. Hammond and were driven to Max Gate. On the pleasant and secluded lawn in front of his residence Mr. Hardy welcomed the party with the utmost cordiality. Every journalist seemed bent on shaking hands with the great novelist, and for a time Mr. Hardy was busily engaged in accepting the greetings of his admiring brethren of the pen. Mrs. Hardy was also present, and was introduced to many of the distinguished journalists in the party. In a large marquee tea was laid, and Mr. and Mrs. Hardy's hospitality was an agreeable feature of the visit. After tea and pleasant sociable converse the journalists gathered on the lawn, and

The EX-PRESIDENT (Mr. DAVID SANDEMAN), mounting a slight elevation and addressing Mr. Hardy, said: Will you kindly allow me, Mr. Hardy, on behalf of these ladies and gentlemen you see here, who are members of the Institute of Journalists, to return you our very hearty thanks for your kindness in receiving us here to-day. When it was proposed to come into the Wessex country one and all of us desired at once to take advantage of the opportunity. In fact so many wanted to come here that we had to divide the excursion into two, and those who are here are delighted that you have been kind enough to receive us to-day. (Applause.) I can assure you that not only in England, which you know better than I do, but also in Scotland, which I know pretty well, your name is held in the highest respect. We read your works with avidity, and we look upon you as quite equal with our own Thomas Carlyle, and, indeed, with our Sir Walter Scott. (Hear, hear.) I was telling our friends to-day at an earlier part of our proceedings that when Thomas Carlyle received some members of the Press he rather turned his nose up at them and talked about them as belonging to a "mechty puir profession." But I feel sure that you living in your day, as Carlyle would have done if he had lived in your day, when you recognise all that journalism has done to raise itself in the eyes of the public, and all that journalists have done to lift their standard and to look after those dependent upon them, will have a very different conception of journalism. (Applause.) We will not make many words about it, but we thank you most sincerely and thank Mrs. Hardy from our hearts for your great kindness in allowing us to break in upon your retirement, and for your hospitable reception on this interesting occasion. (Applause.)

The MAYOR of BOURNEMOUTH (Mr. BEALE) said as an Englishman and as the youngest member of the Institute of Journalists he was privileged to second the vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Hardy for the great courtesy and kindness extended to them.

The EX-PRESIDENT said Mr. Hardy had heard a Scotchman and an Englishman; perhaps he would allow an Irishman to say a few words.

Mr. HUNT, a well-known Dublin journalist, in a few eloquent words offered Mr. Hardy a greeting from the land of shamrock. He had hailed with delight the pleasure of coming there to meet the great writer of Wessex. It was rather a peculiar fact in connection with Dorsetshire that one of their greatest playwrights, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was also born in Dorset,—but it was in Dorset-street, Dublin. (Laughter.) He could assure Mr. Hardy that they cherished his name in Dublin; they had read his works, and they would be delighted if he would come to them when the conference met in Dublin next year. (Applause.) In dear dirty Dublin they would always cherish pleasant memories of dear delightful Dorset. (Laughter and applause.)

The vote was carried with three hearty cheers.

Mr. THOMAS HARDY said: I have such very strong reasons for not making a speech that I will confine myself to a very few words, and simply say I am very glad to see you here. I wish you had a longer time, and that you could see more of the scenery of the county than you will be able to see to-day—the beautiful scenery that lies further in the middle of the county. If ever you should come this way again and will go along some of the prominences, such as Bulbarrow and High Stoy, and other places pretty well known, you will see we have some scenery worth showing. (Applause.)

Mrs. HARDY also expressed her thanks, and hoped the journalists would come again.

The visit, which was of unique interest, then terminated, and the party rejoined the conveyances and proceeded on their drive through the "Hardy country," taking the same route as their predecessors, and re-joining them at Wool. Here there was a vivacious interchange of notes and experiences, and before the special steamed off at 7.20 the Mayor of Bournemouth proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Clive Holland for his services in acting as conductor for the main body. The special arrived at Bournemouth about eight o'clock.

The visit of the Institute of Journalists to Dorset, and to what, in an ever-increasing degree, is becoming to be known as "the Hardy Country," is an event of no little importance as tending to make still more widely famed the natural beauties and unique literary associations of that part of Wessex which has been made the theatre of the world-famous novels. People nowadays like their excursions named and localised. To the Shakespeare Country thousands flock weekly to pay their homage to the Sweet Swan of Avon; through the Scott Country there is a steady stream of admirers of the great Wizard of the North; while Dickens Land draws throngs of lovers of the great master of homely fiction, eager to identify the scenes amid which Pickwick and other immortal figures moved. To the older literary "pilgrimages" there is now added one which, if we may judge by the keen interest aroused among the British journalists—no mean judges in matters of this sort—is likely to prove as attractive as any, and one which if "developed" by the railway companies, as suggested in another column by Mr. C. H. Smith, will bring large numbers of visitors into Dorset. The Wessex novels are read and admired in all parts of the world, and Dorchester folk have no adequate conception of the eagerness with which the various scenes are searched out and identified—not always with correctness, we fear—by the readers of Mr. Hardy's great romances. To the making of the "Hardy Country" the visit of the Institute of Journalists on Friday will largely contribute, and we congratulate the Mayor of Dorchester and the Mayor of Weymouth on their public-spirited efforts to make the "pilgrimage" as pleasant as possible. The literary interest of the visit it would be impossible to exaggerate, especially in view of the fact that Mr. Hardy not only allowed his privacy to be broken into by his brother of the pen but received them with warm hospitality. The journalists, to most of whom Hardy had been but a great name, regarded it as a unique privilege, and the visit to Max Gate afforded a demonstration of professional *camaraderie* as delightful as it was uncommon. Amid the agreeable features connected with the Conference—and the hospitality extended by the civic authorities at Bournemouth was on a scale of unexampled generosity—the visit to Thomas Hardy in his native Wessex stood out in high relief as an event in an altogether different category to the ordinary social festivities of the week. What the British journalists thought of it was shown by the embarrassingly large number who took advantage of the trip. The effect of the incursion of this influential body of skilled writers into this part of Dorset will be to give a splendid advertisement to Wessex and the "Hardy Country." Mr. Smith's suggestion, therefore, is a timely and thoroughly practical one, and we hope the railway companies which serve this district will see their way not only to supply the facilities asked for, but also to make widely known the attractiveness of the district and its unique historical and romantic associations.

The Aberdeen Journal.

March 1st 1905

THE Senatus of Aberdeen University, in its selection of persons on whom to bestow honorary degrees, has followed the laudable precedent it set up last year—that of conferring the LL.D. degree on a distinguished literary man entirely unconnected with the University and the district. Last year, the individual thus exceptionally honoured was Mr William Watson, the poet; this year, it is Mr Thomas Hardy, the novelist. The present choice is as felicitous as was the former; and in again giving recognition to conspicuous literary eminence, the Senatus has acted most worthily. Thomas Hardy is the greatest of contemporary British novelists, with the single exception of George Meredith. His position in the foremost rank of living authors is incontestable. It has been gained by a long series of fascinating works, the qualities of which have those enduring properties that ensure for their author enduring fame. Hardy was fortunate enough to find in his native district abundant material for the exercise of his genius, and with Dorsetshire and the adjoining counties—for which he has revived the ancient name of Wessex—most of his novels are associated. Seldom has peasant life been so graphically or so humorously delineated as in "Far From the Madding Crowd," the novel which, published thirty years ago, first made Hardy known to his countrymen; but peasant life has its trials, its temptations, and its tragedies, and these were no less faithfully—if somewhat grimly—portrayed in such works as "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It is urged—and not without reason—that Hardy is a realist, a pessimist, something of a fatalist; that an undercurrent of "Life's Little Ironies" runs not only through the book so named, but through all his works, finding too forcible and too painful expression for the general taste in "Jude the Obscure." But whatever may be thought of Hardy's philosophy of life, there can be no question of his powers of character-drawing and his faculty for describing natural scenery—some descriptive passages in "The Woodlanders" are unequalled for their exquisiteness and charm. It is matter of regret that Mr Hardy has abandoned novel-writing, for it is extremely doubtful if he will acquire any great popular appreciation as a poet or as a dramatist. But, like many others, he has been seized with the Napoleonic craze—partly manifested in "The Trumpet-Major," by the way—and it is understood that he is engaged elaborating a drama dealing with Napoleon and his time, entitled "The Dynasts," part of which has already appeared. Mr Hardy's possession of poetical and dramatic talents, however, may be reckoned as an additional qualification for the LL.D. degree, the conferment of which should be hailed with pleasure by all those content to admire him as the novelist who has revealed so much of the poetry of natural scenery and the drama of rural life.

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Thomas Hardy.

Von Beda Prilipp.

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reflektiert sehen, und obwohl die Motive des Scheidens und Meidens und Liebens und Sterbens bestehen bleiben und bleiben werden, solange Leben auf der Erde ist, variieren hunderterlei Zwischennüancen und unbestimmt schillernde Übergangsfarben das altvertraute Thema. Es ist die Wechselwirkung des Verwandten auf Verwandtes.

Bisher steht das Ideal der Neuzeit in Kunst und Literatur nur in unbestimmten Umrissen da, und viele seiner Anhänger wandern in ihren Versuchen, es darzustellen, in einem Irrgarten umher. In spitzfindigen psychologischen Analysen vergißt manch einer, daß die Gestalten seiner Dichtungen nicht Glieder einer tadellos funktionierenden Rechenmaschine, sondern Menschen sein sollen und untersucht den Werdegang der Impulse so lange, bis aus dem Pulsschlag des Lebens die lebentäuschenden Zuckungen von Marionetten geworden sind. Dies sind nur vereinzelte Wahrzeichen greisenhaften Verfalls, Ausnahmeerscheinungen der literarischen Umwälzung, die wir zwar in den Symptomen ihrer Entwicklung verfolgen können, deren Ziele jedoch bisher noch in unbestimmbaren Fernen liegen. Zweck dieser Zeilen ist, einen kurzen Abriß über das Werk eines englischen Romantikers zu geben, der in seiner Weltbetrachtung unserer Zeit angehört und der sich zu der erwähnten Umwälzung der Ideale in Kunst und Leben mehrfach bedeutsam geäußert hat.

Das ist Thomas Hardy, der Historiker von Wessex, der Meister der englischen Heimatkunst. Historiker seiner Heimat in dem Sinne, daß ihm Wessex, das alte Reich der Westsachsen, zum Mikrokosmus der Geschichte der Menschheit geworden ist, daß seine Erzählungen in ihrer Gegenüberstellung von Vergangenheit und Gegenwart den Entwicklungsprozeß darlegen, den die dort heimischen angelsächsischen Stämme durchgemacht haben. Das scheint auf den ersten Blick ein enger Kreis für das Schaffen eines großen Dichters. Aber wenn auch die Schar der Bauern und Handwerker, die mit ihren drastischen Äußerungen die einzelnen Begebenheiten so wirkungsvoll erläutern, der Grafschaft Dorset ortseigentümlich sind, so gehören die großzügigen Charaktere, die die Träger der Haupthandlung sind, einer weiteren Gemeinde an. Sie sind meist ebenfalls mit der Landschaft verwachsen, aber ungleich den Nebenpersonen, die voll zu würdigen den Kennern jener Gegend vorbehalten bleiben muß, sind die Helden und Heldinnen auch dem mit den eigentümlichen Verhältnissen von Boden und Bevölkerung nicht Vertrauten ohne weiteres verständlich.

Der Reiz der Weltentrücktheit schwebt um die Landschaft der Hardyschen Romane. Zwar spielen sie mit wenigen Ausnahmen nicht in der neuesten Zeit, sondern vielmehr im eben vergangenen Jahrhundert, wo der Ackerbau noch in weiten Distrikten heimisch war, wo ausgedehnte Waldungen die einzelnen Gemeinden vom Verkehr mit der fernen Stadt abschlossen und infolgedessen mancherlei Sitten, manche Berufsarten aus alter Zeit erhalten waren, mit denen die Neuzeit nunmehr gründlich aufgeräumt hat. Im vorigen Jahrhundert war es für das rückwärts schauende Auge des beobachtenden Dichters noch nicht allzu schwierig, in Ruinen und in der Bauart der Städte Spuren der römischen Kolonisation aufzusuchen und in sommerlicher Mittagsstunde in der Arena des Amphitheaters zu Casterbridge (Dorchester) träumend, in blitzartiger Vision Hadrians Legionäre auf den Stufenkreisen zu sehen, wie sie erwartungsvoll und gespannt dem Gladiatorenkampf zuschauten.

Diese kurzen Rückblicke — das angeführte Beispiel ist dem Roman „The Mayor of Casterbridge“ *) entnommen — haben bei Hardy eine tiefere Bedeutung. Die Erinnerung an das blutige Schauspiel der Römerzeit leitet hinüber zu dem Drama der Erzählung. Nicht nur das Schicksal der totgeweihten Fechter, deren Gebeine längst mit der Erde von Wessex eins geworden sind, ward in jener Arena besiegelt; auch das tragische Verhängnis, dem der Bürgermeister von Casterbridge erliegt, knüpft sich in seinen Zwiegesprächen mit den beiden Frauen, die sein Schicksal unbewußt in Händen halten. Bei beiden Begegnungen sucht er alte Schuld zu sühnen und in beiden Fällen wird diese Sühne mangelhaft befunden und der Schuldige tiefer hinabgezogen. Bei einem Dichter wie Hardy, der den Zusammenhang zwischen der belebten und leblosen Natur — leblos nur für die abgestumpften Sinne des Überkultivierten, der die Fühlung mit ihr verloren hat — so oft und eindringlich betont, ist eine derartige Übereinstimmung zwischen Vergangenem und Gegenwärtigem mehr als das Spiel einer phantastischen Laune. Es ist bei der Betrachtung seines Gesamtwerkes leicht nachzuweisen, daß er einigen Örtlichkeiten einen unheilbringenden Einfluß auf das Schicksal der Menschen zuschreibt, die in entscheidenden Stunden ihres Lebens hierhergeführt werden. Die Arena zu Dorchester ist die eine, eine andre das alte Druidenheiligtum Stonehenge, über dessen nunmehr umgestürzte Steinpfeiler einst in der Keltenzeit auch Menschenblut geflossen sein soll. So künden die Annalen; solch ein Stein aber wird die Ruhestätte der unglücklichen Teß, die dem alten Geschlecht der D'Urbervilles entstammt, nach Hardys Theorie dessen Missetaten mit ihrem unschuldigen Leben büßt. Denn indem sie den Verführer, der an all ihrem Unglück Schuld ist, niedersticht, folgt sie nach Hardy unbewußt den gewalttätigen Impulsen ihrer Ahnen. Der Fatalismus, der dem nur leicht angedeuteten, geheimnisvollen Wirken des genius loci zu Grunde liegt, wird in „Tess of the D'Urbervilles“ scharf betont, so scharf, daß die tragische Wirkung darunter leidet. Denn die häufig wiederkehrenden Erklärungen, wie Teß in diesem oder jenem Augenblick in unbewußter Übereinstimmung mit den Instinkten der Herren von D'Urbervilles gehandelt habe, lassen sie uns nicht mehr als voll verantwortlich für ihr Tun erscheinen und mit der Fähigkeit, sich ihr Leben bewußt, in freier Wahl zwischen gut und Böse zu gestalten, büßt ihr Schicksal das wesentlich tragische Moment ein.

„Tess of the D'Urbervilles“ gehört der späteren Schaffenszeit Hardys an. Doch findet sich das nämliche Thema schon einmal früher in einer der schaurigsten Erzählungen aus der Gruppe der „Wessex Tales“, betitelt „The Withered Arm“. Da wird erzählt, wie die verlassene Geliebte eines Farmers an dessen junger Gattin unwissentlich Rache nimmt. In einer Vision sieht sie die Rivalin, die die Hand mit dem Trauring höhnend vor ihren Augen hin- und herbewegt, und unter ihrem haßerfüllten Griff verschwindet der Schemen. Der jungen Frau aber verdorrt der Arm. Sie trägt den Makel zwölf Jahre lang und ihres Mannes Liebe wendet sich von ihr. Da rät man ihr, ein letztes Mittel zu versuchen und den durch Zauber entstandenen Schaden mittels eines anderen Zaubermittels zu heilen; sie soll mit dem lahmen Arm den Hals eines Gehenkten berühren, und die Frau beschließt, diesem Rat zu folgen. Der aber, der sie heilen soll, ist kein anderer als der Sohn jener Verlassenen, der unter dem Verdacht der Brandstiftung zum Tode verurteilt worden ist. Den düsteren Hintergrund zu dieser grimmen Variation des alten Themas von den Sünden der Väter bildet die öde Egdon-Heide.

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mountain heights. And do you wonder that this poor fellow, who had turned away from the sin of the world, cast down and despondent, and who had gone to be the guest of God—that after he had been a while with Him he cried for joy, *"With Thee is the fountain of life!"* He was beginning to feel alive again; he was beginning to feel vitalised and renewed. "I am getting inspired again." And then he added: "In Thy light," my living God, "in Thy light shall we see light" to do our work away yonder in the fields of sin! The very two things he wanted: life and light! Inspiration and counsel! Encouragement and hope! And the promise of the old Book was fulfilled to him as he lay under the shadow of God's wings. It shall be to thee a "spirit of counsel," says the prophet, "a spirit of counsel and might," combined enlightenment and inspiration. As the psalmist turned from the Presence Chamber to confront again the spectacle of depravity, he offered a prayer, and this was his prayer: *"O continue Thy lovingkindness unto them that know Thee, and Thy righteousness to the upright in heart!"* And then, as though he was afraid that when he got back to the waste again, and to the sin again, he himself might be overcome, caught up in the terrible drift and carried along, he added this prayer: *"Let not the foot of pride come against me, and let not the hand of the wicked drive me away."* Do not let me get into the general tendency of things, and by the general tendency be carried away! He offered a prayer that these cardinal things, the greatest things, might abide with him, and that when he went away into the world's waste field he might be able to stand. And so, my young brothers, this man came out of the secret chamber a knight of God! He goes back, like all men ought to go back to their work when they have been in the Presence Chamber of God. We ought to turn to our work singing, always singing, and the songs ought to be, not songs of strife and warfare, but songs of victory. It was the way Cromwell's Ironsides went into warfare at Dunbar. They went into the battle at Dunbar singing a pæan of victory before the fight was won! When the psalmist turns again to the field of warfare, he marches with the phrase upon his lips: *"There are the workers of iniquity fallen! They are thrust down, and shall not be able to rise!"* In that spirit of triumph, with the victory shining in his expectant eyes, he fought and won. My brother temperance reformers, and social workers of every kind, are you daunted? Get you away into the hiding place, and look at your God, and you shall return, not with mournful plaints upon your lips, but with the pæan of coming triumph.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE

Sept 7. 1905

THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

PILGRIMAGE TO WESSEX.

RECEPTION BY MR. THOMAS HARDY.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S RECEPTION.

On arriving at Dorchester the large party entered the well-horsed brakes and char-a-bancs provided by Mr. Hammond and were driven to Max Gate. On the pleasant and secluded lawn in front of his residence Mr. Hardy welcomed the party with the utmost cordiality. Every journalist seemed bent on shaking hands with the great novelist, and for a time Mr. Hardy was busily engaged in accepting the greetings of his admiring brethren of the pen. Mrs. Hardy was also present, and was introduced to many of the distinguished journalists in the party. In a large marquee tea was laid, and Mr. and Mrs. Hardy's hospitality was an agreeable feature of the visit. After tea and pleasant sociable converse the journalists gathered on the lawn, and

The EX-PRESIDENT (Mr. DAVID SANDEMAN), mounting a slight elevation and addressing Mr. Hardy, said: Will you kindly allow me, Mr. Hardy, on behalf of these ladies and gentlemen you see here, who are members of the Institute of Journalists, to return you our very hearty thanks for your kindness in receiving us here to-day. When it was proposed to come into the Wessex country one and all of us desired at once to take advantage of the opportunity. In fact so many wanted to come here that we had to divide the excursion into two, and those who are here are delighted that you have been kind enough to receive us to-day. (Applause.) I can assure you that not only in England, which you know better than I do, but also in Scotland, which I know pretty well, your name is held in the highest respect. We read your works with avidity, and we look upon you as quite equal with our own Thomas Carlyle, and, indeed, with our Sir Walter Scott. (Hear, hear.) I was telling our friends to-day at an earlier part of our proceedings that when Thomas Carlyle received some members of the Press he rather turned his nose up at them and talked about them as belonging to a "mechty puir profession." But I feel sure that you living in your day, as Carlyle would have done if he had lived in your day, when you recognise all that journalism has done to raise itself in the eyes of the public, and all that journalists have done to lift their standard and to look after those dependent upon them, will have a very different conception of journalism. (Applause.) We will not make many words about it, but we thank you most sincerely and thank Mrs. Hardy from our hearts for your great kindness in allowing us to break in upon your retirement, and for your hospitable reception on this interesting occasion. (Applause.)

The MAYOR OF BOURNEMOUTH (Mr. BEALE) said as an Englishman and as the youngest member of the Institute of Journalists he was privileged to second the vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Hardy for the great courtesy and kindness extended to them.

The EX-PRESIDENT said Mr. Hardy had heard a Scotchman and an Englishman; perhaps he would allow an Irishman to say a few words.

Mr. HUNT, a well-known Dublin journalist, in a few eloquent words offered Mr. Hardy a greeting from the land of shamrock. He had hailed with delight the pleasure of coming there to meet the great writer of Wessex. It was rather a peculiar fact in connection with Dorsetshire that one of their greatest playwrights, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was also born in Dorset,—but it was in Dorset-street, Dublin. (Laughter.) He could assure Mr. Hardy that they cherished his name in Dublin; they had read his works, and they would be delighted if he would come to them when the conference met in Dublin next year. (Applause.) In dear dirty Dublin they would always cherish pleasant memories of dear delightful Dorset. (Laughter and applause.)

The vote was carried with three hearty cheers.

Mr. THOMAS HARDY said: I have such very strong reasons for not making a speech that I will confine myself to a very few words, and simply say I am very glad to see you here. I wish you had a longer time, and that you could see more of the scenery of the county than you will be able to see to-day—the beautiful scenery that lies further in the middle of the county. If ever you should come this way again and will go along some of the prominences, such as Bulbarrow and High Stoy, and other places pretty well known, you will see we have some scenery worth showing. (Applause.)

Mrs. HARDY also expressed her thanks, and hoped the journalists would come again.

The visit, which was of unique interest, then terminated, and the party rejoined the conveyances and proceeded on their drive through the "Hardy country," taking the same route as their predecessors, and re-joining them at Wool. Here there was a vivacious interchange of notes and experiences, and before the special steamed off at 7.20 the Mayor of Bournemouth proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Clive Holland for his services in acting as conductor for the main body. The special arrived at Bournemouth about eight o'clock.

The visit of the Institute of Journalists to Dorset, and to what, in an ever-increasing degree, is becoming to be known as "the Hardy Country," is an event of no little importance as tending to make still more widely famed the natural beauties and unique literary associations of that part of Wessex which has been made the theatre of the world-famous novels. People nowadays like their excursions named and localised. To the Shakespeare Country thousands flock weekly to pay their homage to the Sweet Swan of Avon; through the Scott Country there is a steady stream of admirers of the great Wizard of the North; while Dickens Land draws throngs of lovers of the great master of homely fiction, eager to identify the scenes amid which Pickwick and other immortal figures moved. To the older literary "pilgrimages" there is now added one which, if we may judge by the keen interest aroused among the British journalists—no mean judges in matters of this sort—is likely to prove as attractive as any, and one which if "developed" by the railway companies, as suggested in another column by Mr. C. H. Smith, will bring large numbers of visitors into Dorset. The Wessex novels are read and admired in all parts of the world, and Dorchester folk have no adequate conception of the eagerness with which the various scenes are searched out and identified—not always with correctness, we fear—by the readers of Mr. Hardy's great romances. To the making of the "Hardy Country" the visit of the Institute of Journalists on Friday will largely contribute, and we congratulate the Mayor of Dorchester and the Mayor of Weymouth on their public-spirited efforts to make the "pilgrimage" as pleasant as possible. The literary interest of the visit it would be impossible to exaggerate, especially in view of the fact that Mr. Hardy not only allowed his privacy to be broken into by his brothers of the pen but received them with warm hospitality. The journalists, to most of whom Hardy had been but a great name, regarded it as a unique privilege, and the visit to Max Gate afforded a demonstration of professional *camaraderie* as delightful as it was uncommon. Amid the agreeable features connected with the Conference—and the hospitality extended by the civic authorities at Bournemouth was on a scale of unexampled generosity—the visit to Thomas Hardy in his native Wessex stood out in high relief as an event in an altogether different category to the ordinary social festivities of the week. What the British journalists thought of it was shown by the embarrassingly large number who took advantage of the trip. The effect of the incursion of this influential body of skilled writers into this part of Dorset will be to give a splendid advertisement to Wessex and the "Hardy Country." Mr. Smith's suggestion, therefore, is a timely and thoroughly practical one, and we hope the railway companies which serve this district will see their way not only to supply the facilities asked for, but also to make widely known the attractiveness of the district and its unique historical and romantic associations.

The Aberdeen Journal.

M...h 1st 1905

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testable. It has been ... series of fascinating works, the qualities of which have those enduring properties that ensure for their author enduring fame. Hardy was fortunate enough to find in his native district abundant material for the exercise of his genius, and with Dorsetshire and the adjoining counties—for which he has revived the ancient name of Wessex—most of his novels are associated. Seldom has peasant life been so graphically or so humorously delineated as in "Far From the Madding Crowd," the novel which, published thirty years ago, first made Hardy known to his countrymen; but peasant life has its trials, its temptations, and its tragedies, and these were no less faithfully—if somewhat grimly—portrayed in such works as "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It is urged—and not without reason—that Hardy is a realist, a pessimist, something of a fatalist; that an undercurrent of "Life's Little Ironies" runs not only through the book so named, but through all his works, finding too forcible and too painful expression for the general taste in "Jude the Obscure." But whatever may be thought of Hardy's philosophy of life, there can be no question of his powers of character-drawing and his faculty for describing natural scenery—some descriptive passages in "The Woodlanders" are unequalled for their exquisiteness and charm. It is matter of regret that Mr Hardy has abandoned novel-writing, for it is extremely doubtful if he will acquire any great popular appreciation as a poet or as a dramatist. But, like many others, he has been seized with the Napoleonic craze—partly manifested in "The Trumpet-Major," by the way—and it is understood that he is engaged elaborating a drama dealing with Napoleon and his time, entitled "The Dynasts," part of which has already appeared. Mr Hardy's possession of poetical and dramatic talents, however, may be reckoned as an additional qualification for the LL.D. degree, the conferment of which should be hailed with pleasure by all those content to admire him as the novelist who has revealed so much of the poetry of natural scenery and the drama of rural life.

Adressen-Verlag

THINGS IN GENERAL

Vossische Zeitung
Berlin
19.5.1907.

Thomas Hardy.

Von Beda Prilipp.

Das Schönheitsideal der zivilisierten Welt hat im Laufe des letzten Jahrhunderts eine Umwandlung erfahren. Der Typus vollendeter körperlicher Schönheit wird in unserer Zeit mit ihrem aufreibenden Kampf ums Dasein immer seltener und, wenn einmal vorhanden, immer vergänglicher. Da machen Maler und Dichter aus der Notwendigkeit eine Tugend, indem sie nicht länger vollkommene Harmonie in Form und Farbe darzustellen trachten, sondern den Schwerpunkt auf den geistigen Inhalt des gewählten Sujets legen. Die Anfänge solcher Wandlung liegen weit zurück. Aber der alten Meister Eindringen in das persönliche Fühlen gipfelte doch viel öfter in dem Bemühen, eine intensive Lebensfreude zum Ausdruck zu bringen, als es heutzutage der Fall ist. Physische Schönheit, wenn auch nicht die makellose Symmetrie klassischer Formen, vereinte sich mit geistiger Vertiefung bis in die Mitte des vorigen Jahrhunderts viel häufiger als bei den schaffenden Künstlern unserer modernen Zeit. Alles in allem war die Welt damals jünger. Der moderne Mensch will das kompliziertere Fühlen und Grübeln, das ihm schon in jugendlichem Alter die Stirne furcht, in Kunst und Literatur reflektiert sehen, und obwohl die Motive des Scheidens und Meidens und Liebens und Sterbens bestehen bleiben und bleiben werden, solange Leben auf der Erde ist, variieren hunderterlei Zwischennüancen und unbestimmt schillernde Übergangsfarben das altvertraute Thema. Es ist die Wechselwirkung des Verwandten auf Verwandtes.

Bisher steht das Ideal der Neuzeit in Kunst und Literatur nur in unbestimmten Umrissen da, und viele seiner Anhänger wandern in ihren Versuchen, es darzustellen, in einem Irrgarten umher. In spitzfindigen psychologischen Analysen vergißt manch einer, daß die Gestalten seiner Dichtungen nicht Glieder einer tadellos funktionierenden Rechenmaschine, sondern Menschen sein sollen und untersucht den Werdegang der Impulse so lange, bis aus dem Pulsschlag des Lebens die lebentäuschenden Zuckungen von Marionetten geworden sind. Dies sind nur vereinzelte Wahrzeichen greisenhaften Verfalls, Ausnahmeerscheinungen der literarischen Umwälzung, die wir zwar in den Symptomen ihrer Entwicklung verfolgen können, deren Ziele jedoch bisher noch in unbestimmbaren Fernen liegen. Zweck dieser Zeilen ist, einen kurzen Abriß über das Werk eines englischen Romantikers zu geben, der in seiner Weltbetrachtung unserer Zeit angehört und der sich zu der erwähnten Umwälzung der Ideale in Kunst und Leben mehrfach bedeutsam geäußert hat.

Das ist Thomas Hardy, der Historiker von Wessex, der Meister der englischen Heimatkunst. Historiker seiner Heimat in dem Sinne, daß ihm Wessex, das alte Reich der Westsachsen, zum Mikrokosmus der Geschichte der Menschheit geworden ist, daß seine Erzählungen in ihrer Gegenüberstellung von Vergangenheit und Gegenwart den Entwicklungsprozeß darlegen, den die dort heimischen angelsächsischen Stämme durchgemacht haben. Das scheint auf den ersten Blick ein enger Kreis für das Schaffen eines großen Dichters. Aber wenn auch die Schar der Bauern und Handwerker, die mit ihren drastischen Äußerungen die einzelnen Begebenheiten so wirkungsvoll erläutern, der Grafschaft Dorset ortseigentümlich sind, so gehören die großzügigen Charaktere, die die Träger der Haupthandlung sind, einer weiteren Gemeinde an. Sie sind meist ebenfalls mit der Landschaft verwachsen, aber ungleich den Nebenpersonen, die voll zu würdigen den Kennern jener Gegend vorbehalten bleiben muß, sind die Helden und Heldinnen auch dem mit den eigentümlichen Verhältnissen von Boden und Bevölkerung nicht Vertrauten ohne weiteres verständlich.

Der Reiz der Weltentrücktheit schwebt um die Landschaft der Hardyschen Romane. Zwar spielen sie mit wenigen Ausnahmen nicht in der neuesten Zeit, sondern vielmehr im eben vergangenen Jahrhundert, wo der Ackerbau noch in weiten Distrikten heimisch war, wo ausgedehnte Waldungen die einzelnen Gemeinden vom Verkehr mit der fernen Stadt abschlossen und infolgedessen mancherlei Sitten, manche Berufsarten aus alter Zeit erhalten waren, mit denen die Neuzeit nunmehr gründlich aufgeräumt hat. Im vorigen Jahrhundert war es für das rückwärts schauende Auge des beobachtenden Dichters noch nicht allzu schwierig, in Ruinen und in der Bauart der Städte Spuren der römischen Kolonisation aufzusuchen und in sommerlicher Mittagsstunde in der Arena des Amphitheaters zu Casterbridge (Dorchester) träumend, in blitzartiger Vision Hadrians Legionäre auf den Stufenkreisen zu sehen, wie sie erwartungsvoll und gespannt dem Gladiatorenkampf zuschauten.

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*) Macmillan and Co., London. Hier erschienen sämtliche Werke Hardys. Ein größerer Teil wurde auch in die Tauchnitz' Collection aufgenommen.

einem Tage, in einer Stunde. Die See verändert sich, Felder, Flüsse, Dörfer und Menschen werden verwandelt — doch Egdon bleibt." Früher als in bebauten Landstrecken scheint die Nacht hereinzubrechen und die gedämpften Farben der Heide in noch tieferes Dunkel zu tauchen. Dann ist's, wie wenn die Ebene wach würde in intensivem Lauschen und sich der Nachtentgegenreckte, der sie sich verwandt fühlt. „Allnächtlich schiendie Titanengestalt etwas zu erwarten. Und dennoch, so unbeweglich hatte sie geharrt, jahrhundertelang, daß man nur wähnen konnte, sie harre auf die letzte Krisis — den Zusammenbruch alles Irdischen."

In diese Öde mit ihren wilden, mitternächtlichen Träumen stellt der Dichter die wenigen Gestalten seines Dramas; Eustacia, die von glühendem Ehrgeiz beseelte Schönheit, die sich vergeblich gegen das widrige Geschick auflehnt, das ihr jede Möglichkeit raubt, sich mittels ihrer zahlreichen Talente die glänzende Existenz zu erobern, die sie so heiß ersehnt. So sucht sie sich mit Tändeleien über die Einsamkeit fortzuhelfen, meint in dem ehemaligen Ingenieur Wildeve, den eine verunglückte Karriere ebenfalls nach Egdon verschlagen hat, den Helden ihrer Träume zu sehen, um ihn dann leichten Herzens aufzugeben, als Clym Yeobright heimkommt, in dem sie sogleich die vollkommene Ergänzung ihres Selbst zu erkennen wähnt. Und auch Yeobright fühlt sich von dem schönen, leidenschaftlichen Mädchen unwiderstehlich angezogen trotz der Warnungen seiner Mutter, die die Wesensungleichheit der beiden klar erkennt. Die öde Heide, die Eustacia fürchtet und haßt, ist Clym lieb und vertraut, und er ist innerlich so mit ihr verwachsen, daß ihn schließlich seine gesicherte Stellung in Paris nicht zu halten vermag und er in die Heimat zurückkehrt. Eustacias Ehrgeiz, eine Rolle in der Gesellschaft zu spielen, ist ihm unverständlich. Er sucht sein Lebensziel darin, den Mitmenschen zu nützen, besonders seinen Landsleuten, die in ihrer Weltabgeschiedenheit dem Fortschritt der Menschheit entrückt sind. Mit der Verblendung des Idealisten wähnt er, in Eustacia die geistige Gehilfin für sein geplantes Lebenswerk zu sehen, und da der Konflikt mit seiner Mutter ihm deren Haus verleidet, heiratet er stehenden Fußes die Geliebte und birgt sein junges Glück in der tiefen Einsamkeit der blühenden Heide. Nach wenigen Wochen wendet er sich mit verdoppeltem Eifer seinen vorbereitenden Studien für den Lehrberuf wieder zu und arbeitet so angestrengt, daß er sich ein Augenleiden zuzieht. Da nimmt er ohne viel Bedenken seine Zuflucht zur Tagelöhnerarbeit, um die Kosten des Haushaltes zu bestreiten. Eustacia aber sieht all ihre Luftschlösser und Zukunftsphantasien vernichtet. Ihres Gatten ruhevolle Resignation: „Je mehr ich vom Leben sehe, desto deutlicher erkenne ich, daß seine höchsten Höhen nichts sonderlich Großartiges zeigen und daß deshalb auch meiner Hände Arbeit nichts sonderlich Kleines ist" — dünkt ihr unverzeihlich. Der Besuch von Clyms Mutter, die sich mit dem Sohn aussöhnen will, bringt den Konflikt. Eustacia zögert, jener die Tür zu öffnen und unterläßt es schließlich in dem Glauben, daß ihr Klopfen Clym erweckt und er seine Mutter eingelassen habe. Indessen wendet sich die alte Frau von der ungastlichen Türe und schleppt die erschöpften Glieder zurück in die glutheiße Heide, wo sie infolge von Überanstrengung stirbt. Clym ist von ihrem Tode und von der Nachricht, daß sie ihm nicht verziehen habe, bis ins Innerste getroffen, und als er seines Weibes Anteil an der Katastrophe erfährt, verstößt er Eustacia. In ihrer tiefen, inneren Vereinsamung sucht sie dann in stürmischer Nacht den Tod im Wehr und Clym wird nun wirklich ein Apostel der Heide, der, alle Dogmen und philosophischen Systeme bei Seite schiebend, seinen Landsleuten durch schlichte Hinweise auf eine für alle guten Menschen maßgebende Ethik zu helfen sucht.

Diese Lösung ist ungeachtet der düsteren Tragik von Eustacias Tod eine der befriedigendsten, die Hardy als Abschluß seiner Prosadichtungen gefunden hat. Der früher geschriebene Roman „The Hand of Ethelberta", der in der Heldin einen Eustacia verwandten Charakter schildert, ruft eigentümliche Mischung der Gefühle wach, die dem Untertitel „a Comedy in Chapters" eine ironische Nebenbedeutung gibt. Ethelberta erreicht ihr Ziel, wir sehen sie, die Tochter eines ehrsamen alten Dieners, am Schluß als Gemahlin eines Peers. Aber all die graziösen Wortplänkeleien — der Dialog erinnert zuweilen an Shakespeares Lustspiele — können über die grausame Ironie nicht hinwegtäuschen, mit der der Verfasser dem Treiben seiner Gestalten zuschaut. Der bizarre Aufbau der Handlung mit ihren unzähligen Verwicklungen und verstimmenden Zufälligkeiten, die durchaus nicht immer konstruktiven Zwecken dienen, sondern wie in wunderlicher Laune dazwischen gestreut werden, machen aus dem Ganzen eher eine Farce als eine Komödie.

Solche oft sehr peinlich wirkenden Manierthetten finden sich gelegentlich in sämtlichen Werken Hardys. Wenn seine Heldinnen mehrere Männer gleichzeitig lieben — wie es vielfach der Fall ist — dann erscheinen diese meist unmittelbar hintereinander auf der Bildfläche, um die Umworbene zu gewinnen. In solcher schwierigen Situation weisen dann die Mädchen keinen der Freier definitiv ab, sondern verloben sich mit gewissen Einschränkungen in der nämlichen Stunde mit zweien oder gar dreien. Sie pflegen sich erst zu entscheiden, wenn einer von ihnen des losen Spiels müde geworden ist und sich von ihnen wenden will; dann heiraten sie ihn meist ohne viel Besinnen.

In einem seiner letzten Romane hat Hardy einmal die Rollen vertauscht und diese protensartige Wandlungsfähigkeit der Gefühle einem Manne gegeben. Der Held in „The Well-Beloved" ist ein Künstler, der beharrlich in den Frauen, die ihm begegnen, das Ideal des Ewigweiblichen sucht und nimmer findet. Nur seiner ersten Liebe, Avice Caro, wird er untreu, die unzähligen übrigen lassen ihn im Stich. Er ist eine Art sittenreiner Don Juan, denn seine Liebe ist ätherisch, unirdisch wie die eines Heiligen. Sie hält ihn jung, so daß er mit vierzig Jahren um die Tochter jener Avice werben kann. Sie aber ist das völlige Ebenbild seines Wesens; ihr Ideal schlüpft gleichfalls von einer Inkarnation in die andere, genau wie das des Bildhauers. Zudem ist sie bereits unwiderruflich an einen andern gebunden. Zwanzig Jahre später freilich ist sie nicht abgeneigt, dem früheren Verehrer ihre Tochter zu vermählen, um materiellen Vorteils willen und auch in der ehrlichen Absicht, ihn zu entschädigen. Aber als Avice die dritte hört, daß Pierston schon ihre Mutter und ihre Großmutter geliebt, findet sie ihn so unheimlich, daß sie die nächste Gelegenheit wahrnimmt, um sich in der Nacht vor der Hochzeit von ihrem Jugendgeliebten entführen zu lassen.

Hardy hat in der Vorrede zu dieser „Studie eines Temperamentes" kundgegeben, daß er auf jede logische Wahrscheinlichkeit in seiner Erzählung verzichtet habe. Trotzdem nun die Gestalt des Künstlers einen starken Stich ins Komische hat, ist doch Hardys zwischen den Zeilen stehender Kommentar viel zu grimmig, als daß man Vergnügen daran haben könnte. Hier wie in allen seinen späteren Werken ist kein Humor, sondern die verzerrte Lustigkeit des Pessimisten. Das unlösbare Rätsel des Lebens ist es, das dem Dichter höhnend aus allen Verkettungen des Schicksals entgegenschaut, deren logischen Zusammenhang er immer zu finden sucht und — immer enttäuscht wird. Aus solchen Enttäuschungen erwachsen die bitteren Bemerkungen, die alle tragischen Geschehnisse in seinen späteren Werken begleiten, gleichviel, ob es das im Suchen nach dem unberührbaren Ideal nutzlos verrauschte Leben des Künstlers ist oder die welterschütternden Ereignisse der napoleonischen Zeit, die er in seiner Dramen-Trilogie „The Dynasts" zusammenzufassen sucht. Die trübe, lebenverneinende Philosophie Hardys kommt hier in den Betrachtungen der überirdischen Intelligenzen, die dem Ringen der Völker Europas zuschauen, konzentrierter zum Ausdruck, als in den gelegentlichen Einschiebungen, die in den Romanen des Dichters persönliche Meinung kundgeben.

Gottvergessen nennt er die Erde, das ist: von ihrem Gott vergessen, der sein Interesse anderen Weltkörpern zugewandt habe. So sind die Erdbewohner ihrem Schicksal überlassen. Sie wähnen sich frei und werden geleitet von unsichtbaren, unzerreißbaren Fäden, deren Lauf die zuschauenden Geister zwar erkennen, aber nicht beeinflussen können.

Bei solcher Weltanschauung ist es kein Wunder, wenn dem alternden Pessimisten auch die erlösenden Stimmen, die ihm in früheren, glücklicheren Jahren aus dem Walten der Natur entgegentönten, allgemach verstummt sind. Die Gestalten seiner Phantasie schöpfen nicht mehr wie einst die urwüchsigen Kinder von Wald und Flur in „Far from the Madding Crowd" und „The Woodlanders" aus ihrem Zusammengehörigkeitsgefühl mit der großen Mutter jene zähe Kraft, die sie über ihr schweres Schicksal emporhebt. Hardys Gedankenkreis ist mit den Jahren enger geworden, eine wachsende Bitterkeit trübt ihm den weiten, freien Blick. Auch die wechselnden Geschicke der vergangenen Zeit erklären ihm das Elend der Gegenwart nicht mehr, machen die Tragik, die in den Beziehungen der Geschlechter zueinander liegt, nicht erträglicher und lindern nicht das Martyrium der Besitzlosen. So kann Hardy nur immer wieder dem Schicksal sein anklagendes Warum entgegenrufen. Eine Antwort auf seine Frage wird ihm nicht, und deshalb muß er sie auch in seinem Werk schuldig bleiben.

The British Architect.
31. 8. 06.

CHURCH RESTORATION.

A SHORT time since we referred to the interesting Paper on "Church Restoration," by Mr. Thomas Hardy, read before the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings.* Mr. Hardy, himself brought up as an architect, is able to look at the matter of church restoration with double eyesight, that of the professional and that of the lay observer. He can, to an extent, differentiate between the associative and the artistic interest of a building. That he is right in saying that the associative is of overwhelmingly greater interest to the public than the artistic, we cannot doubt. The sheer artistic value of the pile of Salisbury Cathedral, from the north-west, is a matter that affects the general public far less than the fact that here is a cathedral left to us complete in one style, almost as it was built, hundreds of years ago. Take the monuments out of Westminster Abbey, or any fine old church, and consider how largely the public interest in them would be lessened. Notice the inspection of an old country church by its numerous visitors, and you will find that the interest largely centres in its monuments. The crumbling stone, the rotting woodwork, the decayed plaster, the defaced wall-paintings are things which speak of a long-past time, whilst the inscribed memorials carry us back in spirit to the Middle Ages. Antiquity in itself counts for much, but when this is allied with names made famous in history and tradition, it quite outweighs in interest all questions of proportions, or any sort of artistic distinction. Mr. Hardy, therefore, rightly defines the difficulty of church restoration as one of finding how to preserve the veritable aspect and state of time-honoured relics of old buildings intimately bound up with interesting human associations. The more out-of-use a church may be, the less available for to-day's religious purposes, the greater is the value attached to it likely to be. But, as Mr. Hardy says, even the most opulent members of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings realise that old churches cannot be preserved in glass cases, but must be made to do present duty. How to do this with as little effacement of association as possible is often a very difficult matter. Only once do we remember to have seen the old church left in its ancient decay at one side of the road, with a brand new one for use at the other. However great the interest to be preserved in such a case, it can seldom indeed be so managed. The bewildering difficulty, to use Mr. Hardy's own words, which faces the protectors of ancient buildings is, "What is to be done in cases of rapid decay to prevent the entire disappearance of what yet exists?" That the original designers of our beautiful old churches would themselves have cared nothing about such preservation, and would have ruthlessly replaced the work of earlier years by their own, we have evidence enough. "Therefore," says our author, "why should we prize what they neglected, and neglect what they prized?"

Architects, of course, answer this question by saying that the art should be preserved in preference to the merely associative interest. Art is long, and man is fleeting, the architect may say! The association of buildings with the countless dead cannot go on for ever, but art may continue always, if the architects of every age leave records of their best. Plainly says Mr. Hardy, "if I were an architect I would not, I think, undertake a church restoration in any circumstances." For, says he, the opposing tendencies in his task can find no satisfactory *via media* of reconciliation. He would leave the restoration of old buildings to the retired tinker, or the riveter of old china. In fact, the moral of the Paper rather points to a policy of masterly inactivity as the best of all!

So many churches have now been restored, that we may presume few architects indeed count on church restoration as one of the possible channels for their artistic efforts. But the question of church restoration is still one of vital interest, and the opposing claims of art and association must still give rise to recurring difficulty. The society who champions the cause of old buildings probably has a keener eye for the latter than the former. Frankly, we think the claims of association have too much weight, and that the architect, when he is confronted by the opposing claims of art and sentiment, of practicability and association, is bound to fulfil his mission as an artist, and aim to be both artistic and practical. Those are claims which can be combined, but those of association and sentiment with practicability often cannot, and this Mr. Hardy helps to demonstrate.

*See "Cornhill" for August.

THINGS IN GENERAL

NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST.

By William Archer.

A novelist whose name, were I at liberty to mention it, would command the most unqualified respect, writes to me as follows:

> Why do you never write an article on the unfair and disproportionate difference of standard applied to works of the theatre and to those of us poor scribblers—I mean imaginative writers—who depend upon the Press for making our ideas known? A situation, for instance, which is a stale thing in a novel or dramatic poem, is hailed as one of dazzling originality when, after some years, it has been imitated from that novel or poem, and appears behind the footlights. Surely a readjustment of terms is wanted here, so that the two arts might be reduced to common measure.

Such a suggestion, from so distinguished a source, is not to be disregarded; but I doubt very much whether anything I can say on this subject will seem to my correspondent to meet the case. For I must begin by affirming the immense difficulty—not to say the impossibility—of finding any common measure for the two arts of narrative fiction and drama. No means have yet been devised of reducing a novel and a play to the same scale—no means, at any rate, which the novelist and the playwright will alike accept as equitable. We are constantly called upon to make the endeavor, and as constantly compelled to give it up. On the other hand, there are many critics, or, at any rate, writers for the Press, who are blissfully unconscious of the difficulty, and apply the standard of their personal predilections with absolute confidence in its validity.

The Morning Leader.
7. 7. 1906.
(T.H.)

In the very town for which Mr. Thomas Hardy is sketching imaginary church towers the novelist was himself articled to an ecclesiastical architect. Dorchester is the Casterbridge of his novels.

At twenty he came to London, got attached to the modern Gothic school, and worked under Sir Arthur Blomfield, helping him to restore several churches near London. It is interesting to note that in a "Pair of Blue Eyes" Stephen Smith, who, with Henry Knight and Elfride Swancourt, makes up the "eternal triangle," is the assistant of a London architect, who is sent down to Endelstow to survey the parish church with a view to its restoration.

The future novelist could never have been included in Disraeli's cutting jibe at "the gentlemen who have failed in literature and art." Architecture had plenty of smiles for him, with the prize and medal of the I.B.A. in 1863, and in the same year Sir W. Tite's prize for architectural design.

Eleven years later he had made his name as a novelist with "Far from the Madding Crowd." But when Hardy the Novelist settled at Dorchester some 20 years ago, Hardy the Architect designed the house.

The Architect-Novelist.

M.A.P. 15th Sep. 1906

MR. THOMAS HARDY, the creator of "Tess," has gone back to his old love—architecture. The world will be glad to learn that this is but a temporary reunion. Some time ago the novelist proposed that a tower should be added to Holy Trinity Church, in Dorchester, and to stimulate progress he travelled back to "the days of his youth" and drew the plans which have been sent to the rector. It is hoped that some wealthy lover of architecture will come along and provide the funds necessary to carry out the idea. Mr. Hardy, who is said to be at work upon another novel, must be extremely gratified when he looks back on the reception first accorded to his work, and compares it with the activity of the publishers of to-day, who are issuing two separate and complete editions of his works—a pocket edition and an édition de luxe. When Mr. Hardy took the manuscript of "Under the Greenwood Tree" to the late Mr. Tinsley, that astute gentleman offered £30 down for the book. This Mr. Hardy accepted, although he confessed to "a little disappointment." Next came "A Pair of Blue Eyes," and for this Mr. Tinsley gave the novelist £100, saying, "There is no great money in the book, but I can see Hardy is going to get a grip some day," a prophecy that has been abundantly justified wherever the English tongue is spoken.

DORCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL FESTIVITY.

D.C.Chron. Jan 21. 1909

DISTINGUISHED OLD GRAMMARIANS AT DINNER.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES "IN PRAISE O' DO'SET."

The fifth annual dinner of Old Boys of the Dorchester Grammar School, which took place on Wednesday night, will long be remembered for a remarkable *réunion* of Old Grammarians who have attained distinction, some indeed national reputation, in various professions in life—the Church, the Naval Service, Medicine, Letters, and Law. It was truly a memorable symposium (in the primary meaning of the word) of eminent Dorchester men still happily living. Had the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Handley Moule) been able to be present the roll would have been almost complete; and, even with his absence, the gathering was sufficiently representative and distinguished to put a striking period to the first lustrum of these Old Boys' festivities. Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., G.C.V.O., C.B., LL.D., had accepted the invitation of the committee to preside. It is interesting to recall the fact that the famous Serjeant-Surgeon to the King, who was born in Cornhill—the very heart of Dorchester—not only in his early youth spent a short time at the Grammar School, but was also for a space a pupil of the Rev. William Barnes, B.D., the Dorset Poet, then carrying on school in South-street. Sir Frederick Treves's interest in educational institutions is well known. He is a governor of Sherborne School, and in 1905 was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, besides which he has written a work on "Physical Education;" and one may readily understand the pleasure which it gave him to take the chair at an Old Boys' dinner at his old school. He was supported on his right by Mr. Thomas Hardy, the poet and romancist whose name, together with that of the Wessex of Romance which he has recreated in his magic pages, is familiar all the world over where the English tongue is spoken. Unfortunately, although a portion of Mr. Hardy's early education was obtained in his "Casterbridge," Old Grammarians have not the honour and great pleasure of being able to claim him as a fellow *alumnus*; but precisely a week before the dinner which we are about to report an official *nexus* was established between the Wessex Novelist and the Dorchester Grammar School, for at the Dorset Quarter Sessions on January 6th the Court unanimously appointed him a representative governor of the school on their behalf. This was not the first time that Mr. Hardy had attended an Old Boys' dinner, for he was present at the inaugural dinner in 1904, when the Rev. Dr. Walter Lock, Warden of Keble, presided; but as a governor of the school Mr. Hardy was on Wednesday evening welcomed with renewed warmth.

Church Times, June 29th. 1906.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's paper, which was read at the meeting of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, painfully reminded those who read it of the pitiful havoc done by the restorers of our churches during the last century. He was consolatory enough to say that the work of destruction has almost come to an end, but that may to some extent be due to the fact that there is comparatively little left to destroy. We do not so much refer to the buildings as to their fittings, the removal of which in favour of pitch-pine abominations is so painful a feature in the modern history of our churches. Happily, the restoration craze in its worst form has passed—the form which manifested itself in an insane desire to transform an old church, with its visible traces of life and growth and use, into a smug place fitted up in the supposed style of some architectural period affected by the "restorers"; but, even so, we are not sure that enough is being done to instruct the guardians of those venerable fabrics in the reverent treatment of them. In every diocese there ought to be made, as there is in some, a careful inventory of every detail of interest and value connected with them, and everywhere there should be a diocesan organization for promoting a local interest in parish history. Of course there is effort in this direction, but we think it should be more thorough and more systematic; and one of its objects should be to induce parishioners to value their own church for its peculiar features, rather than to desire to see it look as much like its neighbours as possible.

M.A.P 12th May 1906

THE WIZARD OF WESSEX.

Thomas Hardy, whose second volume of "The Dynasts" was published a little time ago, alone among the many novelists, sees country life as no other writer can, his whole nature is attuned to its beauties. Sixty-six years ago he was born in one of the humblest little cottages in Dorset, which is still standing about two miles from Dorchester on the verge of "the vast unenclosed tract of land known as Egdon Heath," as he calls it in "The Return of the Native," but better known to local Hodges as Puddletown Heath. The cottage contains four rooms and is thatched—many of the straws from that thatch have gone to America, for Americans, who appreciate Hardy even better than we do, flock to the spot to carry away relics. There is a rambling old garden with a high hedge at the back, and in front miles of bronzed heath. Here young Hardy lived as a boy with the music of the neighbouring pines always in his ears, mingling with the cries of wild birds, almost cut off from civilization in the great wilderness.

Thomas Hardy's Unpublished Book.

It is said that the first book Thomas Hardy ever wrote has never been published, and the man who persuaded him not to publish it was no other than George Meredith. The book was called "The Poor Man and the Lady," and contained some strong revolutionary principles. But it was a novel of great promise, and this the reader for the publishing house to which it was submitted quickly recognised, for he sent for Hardy to come and see him, and told him plainly that the great B.P. would account it presumption for a young man to force such views down its throat. And so Thomas Hardy took George Meredith's advice, and went home to remedy the defects, and by a curious freak of chance he called his next novel "Desperate Remedies."

"Tess."

It was not until "Far from the Madding Crowd" appeared that Hardy began to be talked about, although his previous novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree," was pronounced by Tinsley to be the greatest novel he had ever read. Nevertheless, at the time it was an ignominious failure—a failure which came as the greatest blow of his life to Tinsley, though the novel subsequently came into its own. "Tess," the most dramatic though not by any means the best of Hardy's books, was inspired by the sight of a girl's face. Its author was walking down a lane in West Dorset when a farmer's cart rumbled past on which was seated the original of "Tess." The novelist never saw her again, but he found himself weaving a romance around the girl, and in due time, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" appeared.

A Prophet Without Honour.

With all due respect to Dorset, Hardy is not recognized as he should be in his own county. Occasionally you will see a copy of one of his works in a shop window, but nine out of every ten people in Casterbridge, to give Dorchester its Hardyesque title, know that he is a novelist and no more. I believe in that romantic old town he has won greater fame as a magistrate. But what probably made Hardy take to verse was a remark Coventry Patmore made to him when "A Pair of Blue Eyes" was published, which was: "Wonderful book—wonderful! But how much finer if it had been written in blank verse!"

At Home.

Thomas Hardy can often be seen in Dorchester. He is carelessly dressed, for Hardy was never a Beau Brummell—what true lover of the country is? He walks with his hand behind his back and his head usually bent, a slow, shambling walk like that of a man prematurely aged. The whole face is finely chiselled, but it is the forehead which stands out paramount. He cares nothing for Society; in conversation he seems unconscious of his own cleverness. In his own opinion the only work he has penned which will live is "Jude the Obscure," and he believes that his greatest book has yet to come. Moorland and meadow are his delight, and storm and the stress of tempests hold no terrors for him, for he rejoices in the wonderful freedom of God's air.

The Daily Chronicle.

The following note, in correction of many erroneous statements concerning his aged mother, is addressed by Mr. Thomas Hardy to the Office Window:—The late Mrs. Hardy, Mr. Thomas Hardy's mother, was a woman of character in many ways. The first book that she gave her son, after those merely for the nursery, was Dryden's Virgil, for which she had a great liking. By the time that he was twelve she had him regularly instructed in Latin, and at fifteen in French by a governess. The house in which she died was built by the Hardys more than a century ago, but it passed out of their hands some years back. Yet, though she was the owner of several comfortable freehold houses not far off, she preferred to remain in the original inconvenient one, which she was enabled to do, as long as she chose, by the courtesy of the present possessor.

The Star.

9th. Sept. 1906.

A HARDY SONNET.

Mr. Thomas Hardy contributes to the "Saturday Review" a charming sonnet, entitled "A Church Romance":—

In the high pew she turned, until her sight
Swept the west gallery, and caught its row
Of music-men with viol, book, and bow
Against the sinking sad tower-window light.

She turned again; and in her pride's despite
One strenuous viol's inspirer seemed to throw
A message from his string to her below,
Which said, "I claim thee as my own forthright!"

Thus their heart's bond began, in due time signed.
And long years thence, when Age had scared Romance,
At some old attitude of his or glance
That gallery scene would break upon her mind,

With him as minstrel—ardent, young, and trim—
Bowing "New Sabbath" or "Mount Ephraim."

Bath Herald. March 24th 1906.

I believe that the arrangement by which the Bishop of Durham preaches one of the opening sermons of the Church Congress at Weymouth has given great satisfaction to Dorset people. The Bishop, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Sir Frederick Treves were born within a radius of three miles; and Dr. Handley Moule's native parish, in its old world aspect, is described with great particularity in "The Mayor of Casterbridge"; while its barn-doors, "as high as the gates of King Solomon's Temple," are witness to-day to the appropriateness of the description. Dr. Moule's father was Vicar of Fordington, on one side of Dorchester; while the incumbent at East Fordington, on the other, was Mr. Handley, whose name the present Bishop of Durham also bears.

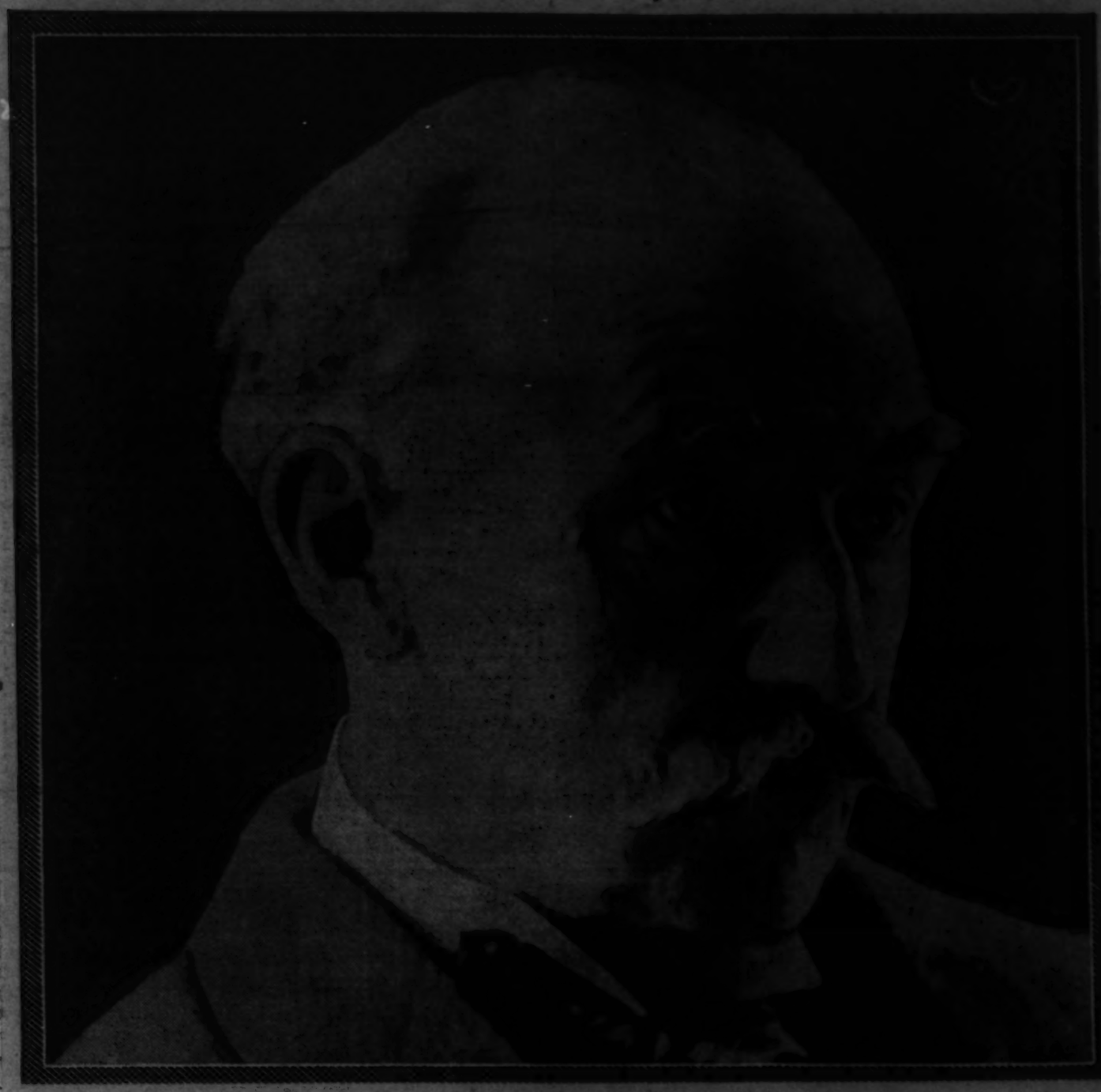
"DAILY CHRONICLE" OFFICE.

Wednesday Morning.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has sent a telegram in answer to the Editor's question about a Commission on Spelling Reform. "Yes, commission to be of every nationality except our own. Am struck with the advantage of having this reform of English spelling taken in hand by an eminent American of Dutch extraction. Where is the Oxford dictionary now?"

29th. Aug: 1906.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, ENGLAND'S FINEST NOVELIST, CELEBRATES HIS 70th BIRTHDAY



Mr. Thomas Hardy, the Wessex novelist and poet, who is certainly the most famous English writer of fiction now living, celebrates his seventieth birthday to-day. Mr. Hardy, whose first publication, "A Short Story," appeared in 1865, began life as an ecclesiastical architect, and his experiences in this profession supplied him with much of the "copy" for his novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes." Above is a recent photograph of Mr. Hardy (who lives at Max Gate, Dorchester, the Casterbridge of his novels.

the creation of an imagination which suspects an enemy behind each door and peoples every empty cupboard with a brace of skeletons. If fine, the weather is going to be wet; if wet, the rain will never cease. The Gummidges suffer from pain more acutely than other people, and they destroy happiness as the fumes of nitric acid kill lilies in a hothouse.

From *The Views of Vanoc.*

THE trouble with most of us is not that the things we are doing are so bad, but there are so much greater and better things we might be doing.

WILLARD BROWN THORP.

thing about him you are wounding him more grievously than you could possibly wound him with gun or dagger. You may be killing his reputation, which may be a worse calamity to him than killing his body.

It is strange indeed that this terrible item of wrongdoing is so easy and so wide-spread. It is hard to understand the peculiar pleasure which many people seem to feel in saying unkind things about others. Bad as it is simply as a breach of good neighbourliness and good citizenship, it is unspeakably bad from the standpoint of Christianity and the teachings of Christianity's founder.

A GREAT many start for heaven as if more depended upon speed than direction.

M.A.P. 12th May 1906

LIVING WRITERS.

THOMAS HARDY.

BY THE EDITOR. (Rev. R. P. Downes, LLD.)

O'er Egdon Heath, caught in a bursting cloud,
I saw an eagle soar; his baffled wings
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes
Blinded by lightnings, while the driving hail
Beat on his breast. But still he held his way;
Bold, though despairing, 'neath the reeling stars,
His cry came thrilling to my deep heart's core,
Sadder than night, or hopeless destiny.

THE decay of Faith, which is one of the special portents of our time, has seized on many vigorous minds and infected them with a kind of pagan melancholy. There is in our midst a restless misery of religious doubt, which, having lost hold of the providence of a Divine Father, views only the sadder aspect of things. Being "without God" it is also "without hope in the world." A pitiless destiny seems to dominate life and snatching from it every element of gladness plunges it into inspissated gloom. We trace it in Byron, and yet more deeply in Shelley. Walter Pater is classic but also pagan. The tragedy of a doubt which borders on despair poisons the work of Olive Schreiner.

Like the moan of a troubled sea, or the discrepant wail of a curlew, this poignant cry rises perpetually from the verse of Algernon Swinburne. Even Robert Louis Stevenson is not utterly free from this sad infection. Take in proof that passage from his "Virginibus Puerisque" in which he pictures man as the sport of a cruel and remorseless fate. "Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula; how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge of the Baix bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Pretorian guards among the company and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of Nature with the transitory race of men. Only what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts; and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Pretorian throws us over in the end."

This aspect of pitiless fatalism is painfully present in the work of Thomas Hardy. He seems to have adopted the pagan creed expressed in the lines of Glo'ster to King Lear:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.

We cannot read his books sequently without recognising this depressing element of a blind fatalism, and we call attention to it here because it furnishes the key to that which could not otherwise be made coherent and intelligible.

THE GENIUS OF THOMAS HARDY.

WHY then, it may be asked by some of our readers, do we give in a sketch like this such prominence to a writer of this order? To this we reply, on purely, literary grounds, and as the arbiters of a journal which seeks to supply for the instruction of its readers something of the best which has been said and written.

Whatever may be urged in deprecation of the mournful pessimism of Thomas Hardy the fact still remains that he is unquestionably the greatest of living novelists. His searching insight, his wonderful portrayal of character, his mastery of dramatic movement, his symmetry of plot, his exquisite feeling for the beauties of earth and sky, of moorland and woodland and country life, his marvellous descriptive faculty as of one who enters into the very soul of things, together with that transforming magic for which there is no other word than genius, these lift him far above every other living writer and command our homage and admiration however mingled with regret and pain.

Firm in our trust in that Divine Fatherhood—whose work, though for the present veiled in mystery, we believe to be based on absolute righteousness and benevolence—we repudiate the dark philosophy of this literary Titan, while at the same time we are led captive by his spell and bow before his power.

Never can we forget the impression produced on our minds by his Rembrandtesque description of Egdon Heath in the first chapter of his "Return of the Native," with its lonely face suggesting tragic possibilities, a place which with its sombre pomp and mystery could "retard dawn, sadden noon, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread." The wonder deepened when we found that the whole story was keyed to the low tones of the sombre heath. "Haggard Egdon" becomes a sort of brooding and shaping presence touching the life of each actor in the drama. The life of the characters in the book is interfused with its loneliness, and mystery, and gloom.

"The Woodlanders," presents another remarkable example of this subtle art of maintaining perfect unity of spirit between the physical surroundings and the human characters of the story. In no other writer is this art so insistent and impressive. We can well imagine that the man and the girl in "The Woodlanders" who labour in the coppice training or cutting the interlacing branches are a veritable incarnation of the Dryads whom ancient thinkers pictured as spirits dwelling in the trees. They seem a part of that amid which they move.

PERSONALIA.

MR. HARDY is an example of many men who, intended for other professions, have ultimately found their true vocation in literature. After his education had been completed he was for some years articled to a Dorset architect, and was concerned in the restoration of not a few of the quaint and interesting churches which lie scattered throughout the length and breadth of Dorset, thereby gaining the architectural and antiquarian knowledge which gives additional balance and charm to his writings. Ultimately Mr. Hardy migrated to London, and studied architecture seriously under Sir A. Blomfield, A.R.A.

Mr. Hardy's first book was entitled "Desperate Remedies," published in 1871. The story was signed with initials only, and, we are told, did not attract any great attention from the reading public, but was recognised by competent critics as one of considerable promise and charm. The following year saw the publication of "Under the Greenwood Tree," the authorship of which gave rise to many speculations. The book was recognised as being the work of a very able writer, and as indicating the arrival of a new force in English fiction.

HIS WESSEX HOME.

IT was a couple of years later, and just after his marriage in 1874, that Mr. Hardy turned his back upon London, where he had been studying, and set his face towards his native country, where he built himself

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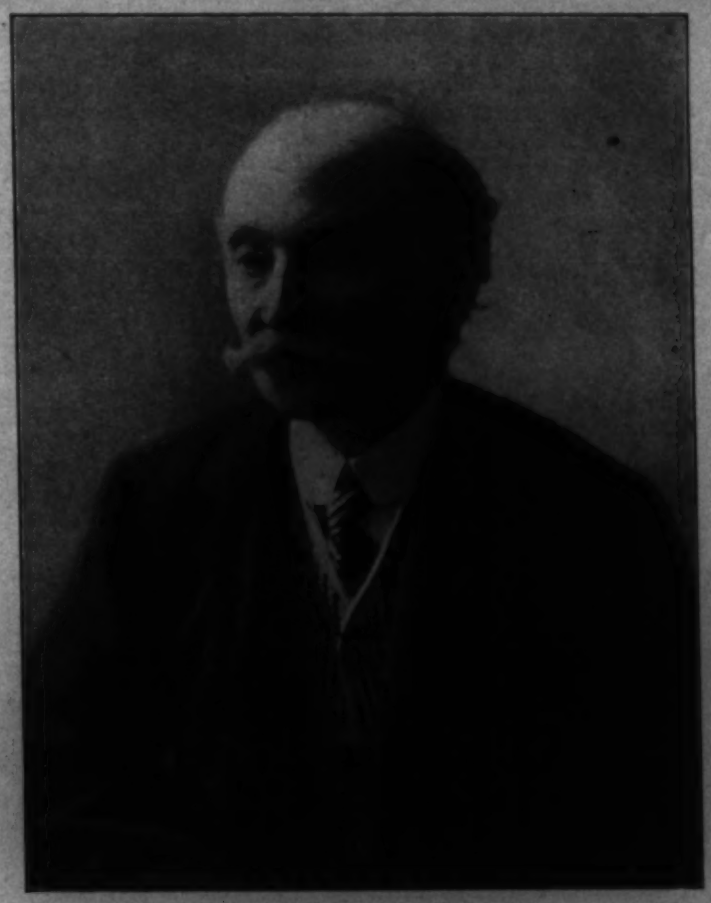
a charming house, known as "Max Gate," situated a short distance outside the town, with magnificent views towards the high land which shuts out the sea to the south, and the broad, open valley of the Frome to the north.

From London to the heart of Wessex, the land of Mr. Hardy's novels, seems far away, but, it is only five hours from Waterloo Station. A more delightful escape from town and its fervid battle can hardly be conceived, when the freshness of Spring has made all the West country green, than this transition into that land of the primrose and the lark where the noises of the city are hushed to an old-fashioned country quiet. The magic of the place is finely expressed by the novelist in his various rustic apologues. Much of his work has the massive serenity, the large air, and the austere dignity of Nature herself. He is at home with Nature in all her moods, and visions, of moorland, woodland, bird and stream, dawn and twilight. This is another secret of his mastery and charm.



THOMAS HARDY, O.M., LL.D., J.P.
From a photo by B. Griffin, Dorchester.

Mr. Hardy does not make his rustics models of such virginal innocence and simplicity as Shakespeare delights to picture "under the greenwood tree." On the contrary they are all men and women with strong passions, with hearts that bleed and minds that wonder and question. What he illustrates in his works is the solemn unity of human fate and the fact that on a narrow stage comedy and tragedy can appear as well as amid the hurrying crowd of many-peopled cities. Describing the scene of one of his moving stories, he says:—"It was one of those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world, where may usually be found more meditation than action, and more passivity than meditation; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premises, and results in inferences wildly imaginative; yet where, from time to time, no less than in other places, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein."

MR. HARDY AS POET.

IT is fairly well known that Mr. Hardy's first literary ambitions were in the direction of verse. His earliest dated poems were written in 1866, when he was twenty-five. As a matter of fact, however, he attempted verse much earlier when verses written in London were sent to various magazines and usually "declined with thanks."

In 1898 he published "Wessex Poems and other verses." His success in this field is to say the least about it, questionable. In his attempts at versification he is like a giant in fetters. He has not room in which to swing his club or stretch his mighty limbs. He lacks what may be called the natural gifts of a poet, that sense of rhythm and melody in words, which is like the touch and ear of a musician. In his stories his style is often singularly beautiful and limpid, but, in much of his attempted verse there is a prosaic stiffness of expression, as well as a fatal obscurity of meaning which leaves much to be desired. Here, for example, are some stanzas from a poem entitled "Cicely":

"Alive?"—and I leapt in my wonder,
Was faint of my joyance,
And grasses and grove shone in garments
Of glory to me.

"She lives, in a plenteous well-being,
To-day as aforehand;
The dead bore the name—though a rare one—
The name that bore she."

. . .

"I shuddered, said nothing, and wandered
To shades of green laurel;
Too ghastly had grown those first tidings
So brightsome of blee."

In lines like these he seems struggling to express himself in a language yet unformed. They may almost be described as pre-Chaucerian. The poem "To a Lady Offended by a Book of the Writer's," is still more perplexing. It begins with a certain note of charm:

Now that my page upcloses, doomed, maybe,
Never to press thy cosy cushions more,
Or wake thy ready yeas as heretofore,
Or stir thy gentle vows of faith in me.

But it goes on with such a bewildering piece of literary apprentice work as this:

Knowing thy natural receptivity,
I figure that, as flambeaux banish eve,
My sombre image, warped by insidious heave
Of those less forthright, must lose place in thee.

Anything less felicitious in expression could surely not be found in the whole range of our literature.

Nobler work in this realm we admit has been achieved by Mr. Hardy in his portentous poetic drama, "The Dynasts," and in his latest effort in verse under the cynical title, "Time's Laughingstocks," but, we would

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willingly exchange all his laboured efforts in verse, for another Wessex story.

THE WESSEX NOVELS.

THE Wessex Novels of Mr. Hardy, in turn Idyllic, Tragic, and Miscellaneous, stand among the marvels of our literature. The pure Anglo-Saxon style in which they are written, their wonderful descriptions of country life and scenery, together with the blended humour, poetry, and cynicism of their character sketches, invest these stories with a charm which must render many of them immortal. We need mention only five of these works to sustain our assertion, and these are "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," "The Woodlanders," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

In each of these the story is thrilling and convincing as a work of genius, while they each abound with delicate touches of pathos and fidelity in description, which are liable to be missed by those who read them for the story alone. The story, indeed, only provides a small portion of their subtle and alluring charm. In their finest passages they exercise a spell of pathos, reality, and romance, which wins and holds us like exquisite music. We note in these stories how in people obscure and lowly, milking the kine, or toiling in the fields and woods, their creator sees

> The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,
> And often through a rude and worn disguise
> Beholds the inner form most bright and fair.

Reflective passages of rare beauty, flowers of the mind,—might be culled, indefinitely, from Mr. Hardy's books. Take two or three fine strokes of literary art selected almost at random from "The Woodlanders."

> The rain fell upon the roof of the house like corn thrown in handfuls by some colossal sower.

. . . . . .

> The spot is lonely, and when the days are darkening the many gay charioteers now perished who have rolled along the way, the blistered soles that have trodden it, and the tears that have wetted it, return upon the mind of the loiterer.

. . . . . .

> The churches, the abbey, and other mediæval buildings on this bright morning had the linear distinction of architectural drawings as if the original dream and vision of the conceiving master-mason were for a brief hour flashed down through the centuries to an unappreciative age.

THE HUMOUR OF THOMAS HARDY.

THOUGH always a fatalist, Mr. Hardy is by no means always gloomy. The main body of his work is lightened by abundant comedy of the kindly-ironical sort, such as Shakespeare uses in the dialogue of the grave diggers in "Hamlet." Thus, when Mrs. Penny complains in "Under the Greenwood Tree," that the new minister makes pastoral calls when she is in the midst of scrubbing the floors, the old tranter philosophizes:

"'Tis only for want of knowing better, pore gentleman. His maning's good enough. Ay, your pa'son comes by fate: 'tis heads or tails, like pitch-halfpenny, and no choosing; so we must take en as he is, my sonnies, and thank God he's no worse, I suppose."

All things considered, "Far from the Madding Crowd" is Mr. Hardy's best novel. It appeared in 1874, and stands on the dividing line between his early high spirits and his later pessimism. It sparkles with humour and has a close-woven plot of thrilling dramatic force. The characterization of the various people is delightfully droll and vivid and true.

"TESS."

MR. HARDY'S gospel of despair finds its most poignant utterance in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Tess is a winsome girl of the peasant class, whose fair name is sullied before she has fairly crossed the threshold of womanhood, yet whose soul remains unsmirched and guiltless because she has not sinned willingly. In portraying her noble struggle to live a good life and gather her little share of earthly happiness, Thomas Hardy has produced one of the greatest novels of our time, a novel equalled in power and pathos only by George Eliot's "Adam Bede." Human bitterness and a malignant fate seem to unite in hounding poor Tess to death, and we read her story with a feeling which borders upon positive anguish.

Nor is this story at all satisfactory in its concluding incidents. In his under-title of the book Mr. Hardy describes the betrayed and ruined girl as "a pure woman." But in the sad *denouement* he mars that which he had made beautiful. When she returns to the man who had so foully wronged her, it is as though a sculptor had fashioned in spotless marble a perfect statue, and then hurled it, in a mood of madness, into the mire.

A LAST WORD.

THE reader of these columns will acknowledge that we have not stinted our praise of Mr. Hardy's work, but, they must not therefore imagine that we approve it in its entirety. In his "Jude the Obscure," it must be admitted that an unhealthy realism leads us to a cesspool, though the misery consequent on one slip into sensual mire conveys a lesson of stupendous consequence to the careless wrongdoer. It also provides an answer to what we must term the sceptical insolence and short-sighted blasphemy which represents human beings as helpless sufferers by a Divine misrule. We ascribe evils to God which are entirely our own creation. Rousseau passionately cried: "Man, seek longer the origin of evil; thou thyself art its origin."

The fact of world-suffering is a dark problem, but we cannot face it sanely without touching another problem, and that is world-sin—the problem of human transgression of divinely appointed and beneficent law. Take out of human life the sorrow that comes from human sin and little would be left to appal us. Maeterlinck says: "Blot out the evils of the world which are of human origin and the relic of mystery will very nigh go into the hollow of the philosopher's hand." And a greater than he, the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare has said:

> Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven.

Nine-tenths of the miseries of human life arise from "man's inhumanity to man," and from human transgression of Divine law. It is sacrilege to impute to God miseries of our own creation.

> Loth to suffer mute,
> We, peopling the void air,
> Make gods to whom to impute
> The ills we ought to bear.

THIS is the way to measure life—not by the business success and the sovereigns in the till, but by taking full account of the good you have done and by the advancement you have made in your spiritual life. A wise numbering of your days brings God so much nearer to you. The time is short. The tale is about told. See to it that it is well told.

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The Highway

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake." *Robert Browning.*

Jude the Obscure.

[The following lines are reminiscent of the vividness with which the incidents and the chief character of Thomas Hardy's novel, "Jude the Obscure," were recalled to the writer's mind during a recent visit to Oxford, the Christminster of the novel.]

As pensive I have paced with loitering feet
And gazed on Oxford's glorious grey and green,
One presence I have felt in every scene,
One shadowy figure have I seemed to meet
In every ivied court or ancient street,
Wearing a worker's garments soiled and mean.
And though his form obscure hath never been
Here in the flesh, yet have I felt the beat,
Attuned to mine, of his torn heart, the fret
And fever of the life-long, hopeless strife
'Twixt sense and soul, the yearning of the mind
Unsatisfied, vain flutterings in the net
Woven round his steps by Fate, relentless, blind;
This, too, I felt—to struggle, that was Life.

L. V. GILL.

GLASGOW HERALD,
4 - MAY 1910

MR THOMAS HARDY ON ANIMALS' RIGHTS.

The following letter has been addressed by Mr Thomas Hardy to the editor of the "Humanitarian" on the occasion of the Humanitarian League attaining its 20th year:—

"The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.,
April 10, 1910.

"Sir,—I am glad to think that the Humanitarian League has attained the handsome age of 20 years—the Animals' Defence Department particularly.

"Few people seem to perceive fully as yet that the most far-reaching consequence of the establishment of the common origin of all species is ethical; that it logically involved a readjustment of altruistic morals, by enlarging, as a necessity of rightness, the application of what has been called 'The Golden Rule' from the area of mere mankind to that of the whole animal kingdom. Possibly Darwin himself did not quite perceive it.

"While man was deemed to be a creation apart from all other creations, a secondary or tertiary morality was considered good enough to practise towards the 'inferior' races; but no person who reasons nowadays can escape the trying conclusion that this is not maintainable. And though we may not at present see how the principle of equal justice all round is to be carried out in its entirety, I recognise that the League is grappling with the question.'—Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS HARDY."

GLASGOW HERALD,
4 - MAY 1910

Rights of Animals.

In a letter to the editor of the "Humanitarian," Mr Thomas Hardy declares that "the establishment of the common origin of all species," which is the corollary to the evolutionary theories of Darwin, involves "a readjustment of altruistic morals, and enlarging, as a necessity of rightness, the application of what has been called 'the Golden Rule' from the area of mere mankind to that of the whole animal kingdom." There is an over-neat idealism about Mr Hardy's inference which is characteristic of an intellectual and sensitive recluse. Fingers, proverbial philosophy informs us, were before forks; and in like manner feelings and sympathies have generally anticipated their intellectual or religious sanctions. A merciful Jew was merciful to his beast, not so much because the law commanded it, as because he instinctively appreciated the unstrained quality of mercy, "which blesseth him that gives and him that takes." In the command, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," that quality attains a delicacy to which it has barely risen since then in the dealings of man with man. The shepherd Moses was no more conscious than the Ettrick Shepherd of any biological relationship to his four-footed assistants and charges, but in both cases intimate association produced a deep and unexpressed sympathy with creatures who shared all the elemental needs, and many of the elemental joys and sorrows, of mankind. Where this sympathy has not existed, its absence has been due either to the drying up of the fount of mercy in inter-human relations, or to the artificial conditions which estranged mankind from their fellow mortals.

Still, though humanitarian sentiments towards animals in this country were a natural accompaniment of our rural tastes, and would have followed automatically the increase in depth and delicacy of our sentiments towards one another, the logical position taken up by Mr Hardy is not without significance for thoughtful minds. Clearly, if we recognise animals as no longer our inferiors in the scale of being, but our poor relations in the earthly family, our treatment of them cannot be governed by "a secondary or tertiary morality." Driven to a logical issue, however, this relationship would extend to the most elementary forms of life, and we should have less excuse for poisoning a beetle or beheading a cabbage than for putting a dog out on a cold night. In our animal as in our human relations, common sense must be the regulating machinery of the dynamic of feeling. There is a golden mean between Bill Sikes and a Brahmin fanatic, as there is between Tennyson's grim Earl of Coventry as a local administrator and Mr Sidney Webb.

ANOTHER "HARDY" PLAY.

Morning Post 17 Nov. 1910

"THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE" AT DORCHESTER.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

DORCHESTER, WEDNESDAY.

The "Dramatic Section" of the Dorchester Debating Society performed to-night, at the Corn Exchange, a new play, "The Mellstock Quire," adapted by Mr. A. H. Evans from Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree."

The evening was clear and frosty, and those who, in order to see the play, trooped into Dorchester from Stinsford and the other villages round saw spreading before them under the white light of the full moon the "Casterbridge" that Hardy has so often painted. "It is huddled all together," says Elizabeth Jane in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "and it is shut in by a square wall of trees like a plot of garden ground by a box-edging." Whether these good people realised how much their little country town means to-day to the rest of England or realised that the man whom they were to see in the Dorchester Corn Exchange had made them and their fathers famous it is not entirely easy to determine. Some of them have an inkling, no doubt, and are proud of their great man.

It was to Dorchester that Thomas Hardy came from Stinsford (the "Mellstock" of the play) to learn to be an architect, and it was at Dorchester that he first felt the glamour of the past. The old town of Dorchester, he tells us somewhere, "announced old Rome in every street, alley, and precinct. It looked Roman, bespoke the art of Rome, concealed dead men of Rome. It was impossible to dig more than a foot or two deep about the town, fields, and gardens without coming upon some tall soldier or other of the Empire, who had lain there in his silent, unobtrusive rest for a space of fifteen hundred years."

Play-acting is not an innovation in Dorchester. Before I went to see the Hardy play this evening I strolled out in the moonlight to the vast Roman amphitheatre just outside the town, where "at certain moments in the summer time, in broad daylight, persons sitting with a book or dozing in the arena had, on lifting their eyes, beheld the slopes lined with a gazing legion of Hadrian's soldiery, as if watching the gladiatorial combat; and had heard the roar of their excited voices; that the scene would remain for a moment, like a lightning flash and then disappear."

The scene in the Corn Exchange was a very different one. Before the play began the Mayor of Dorchester presented Mr. Hardy with the Freedom of the Borough. He said little, and that little to the point. Then Mr. Hardy replied—in one of the most delightful and appropriate speeches that could have been made—and there are now several hundred people in England who have heard a speech from the great novelist.

Mr. Evans has done his work well. "Under the Greenwood Tree," which was the second novel Mr. Hardy published, is one which for charm and perfection of workmanship he has never surpassed. There are many critics to-day who declare that this book is Hardy's surest claim to recognition as a literary artist. His other works, they say, have too much about them that is didactic. Much of their interest will be gone when the age that produced him is dead. This book alone lacks the sordid stains of our time. However this may be, it is certainly less suited to dramatic adaptation than others of Mr. Hardy's books. He himself has called it a "Rural Painting of the Dutch School," and it certainly is entirely undramatic in structure. Mr. Evans has previously dramatised "The Trumpet Major" and "Far from the Madding Crowd," and to those who had seen both these dramatic versions it was obvious last night that in the new play there is less substance, less action and colour, than in the earlier ones. It lacks alike the historical grit and colour of "The Trumpet Major," with its vivid impression of national crisis and apprehension of invasion, and the full-blooded rural life and melodramatic incidents of "Far from the Madding Crowd." Nevertheless, in its quieter vein, in its dainty love theme, and especially in the whimsical sayings and doings of the "Quire," it retains almost all the charm of the delightful original.

It is an interesting fact that Mr. Hardy has shown closer and fuller interest in this third play than he did even in the first and second. For the carol-singing on the Christmas Eve, with which the play opens, he found and furnished to the company three ancient carols sung either at Stinsford Church, or at others of the churches near, during the first half of the Nineteenth Century. Words and airs he furnished, and the airs have been harmonised successfully by a well-known local composer, Mr. Boyton Smith. The music is solemn and occasionally plaintive, except in "Behold the Morning Star Arise," in which the measure is brisker and more cheery. To see and hear the Quire, raw striplings and "old wambling men" cheek by jowl, scraping their stringed instruments and singing "soulfully" outside the schoolhouse, where Fancy Day, appearing by the light of her candle, suggests to them a spiritual vision; to hear them discussing, with an odd blending of gravity and humour, the relative merits of fiddles, clarionets, and "sarpints"; and to watch them making their protest to "Pa'son Maybold" against their summary dismissal in favour of an organ—this is to get at the essence of the play. These Dorset peasants, ready ever to "bleare an' screape," whether sacred or secular music, are the real subjects of the idyll. Into the story of their grievances and the "martel insults" to which they are subjected are deftly woven the threads of the love theme of which no Wessex idyll must be destitute.

Miss Hawker, who played the part of the heroine, is scarcely in build the slender sprightly girl that we imagine Fancy Day to have been; but her vivacity was undeniable, and her voice and the management of it excellent. In the Vicar of Mellstock Mr. H. O. Lock found a more congenial part than in the title rôle of the Trumpet Major. Mr. E. W. Stevens, who last year played "Sergeant Troy" to Miss Hawker's "Bathsheba Everdene," yesterday had the part of Dick Dewy, and played it exceedingly well, though, as the rather raw and awkward country bumpkin, he appeared to less advantage than as the dashing sergeant of Dragoons. As old Granfer William, the "father of the Quire," Mr. T. Pouncy was delightful; a very convincing and crusted character. Admirable was the solemnity with which he played his bass viol, or doled out wise saws and ancient instances from the treasury of ripe experience. The impersonation, indeed, was quite as good as on previous occasions were his Joseph Poorgrass and Corporal Tullidge. Mr. Bawler's fine, full voice and sense of rustic humour assured his success as Reub Dewy, and he was as well received by the house as when he played Jan Coggan and Miller Loveday. In the simpleton Thomas Leaf, butt of the village, Mr. T. H. Tilley had a grateful part, into which he threw himself with all his characteristic drollery. Mr. Tilley also discharged the duties of stage manager, and all the scenery—a lifelike transcript of the real Mellstock—was painted by him.

The house was crowded and appreciative. Indeed, for all three performances there were record bookings for the reserved seats, aggregating about 700. To console the large numbers unable to find admission at the lower prices, an extra and "popular" performance is to be given on Friday night.

MR. HARDY'S SPEECH.

"THE DORCHESTER I KNEW BEST."

Mr. Hardy, who was at the full dress rehearsal on Tuesday, also attended yesterday's performance, and the Mayor and Corporation of his "Casterbridge" took the opportunity to present to their distinguished fellow townsman the Freedom of the Borough.

The ceremony took place in the Town Hall three-quarters of an hour before the performance began. The scroll conveying the Freedom was presented in a massive silver casket, heavily gilt, designed and supplied by Mr. T. Braybrooke, silversmith, of Dorchester, and adorned in enamels with Mr. Hardy's monogram and the borough arms. The titles of his principal works are engraved on it, and the inscription: "Presented with the Freedom of the Borough of Dorchester to THOMAS HARDY, Esq., O.M., Hon. LL.D. (Aberdeen), J.P. (Dorset), Poet and Novelist, on November 16th, 1910."

The MAYOR (Mr. C. F. Symes) said it was a great distinction for Dorchester that Mr. Hardy had consented to accept the Freedom of their ancient borough. "May I," he concluded, "in presenting the Freedom of this Borough to Mr. Hardy, say on behalf of all Dorchester people,' in the words spoken by Marty in 'The Woodlanders,' 'If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven. But no, I never can forget 'ee, for you was a good man and did good things.'"

Mr. HARDY, who was wearing the Order of Merit, said: Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of the Corporation, this is an occasion that speaks for itself and so happily does not demand many remarks from me. In simply expressing my sincere thanks for the high compliment paid me by having my name enrolled with those of the honorary Freemen of this historic town, I may be allowed to confess that the Freedom of the Borough of Dorchester did seem to me at first something that I had possessed a long while, had helped myself to, to speak plainly, for when I consider the liberties I have taken with its ancient walls, streets, and precincts through the medium of the printing press I feel that I have treated its external features with the hand of freedom indeed. True it might be urged that my Casterbridge (if I may mention seriously a name coined off-hand in a moment, with no thought of its being localised) is not Dorchester, nor even Dorchester as it existed sixty years ago, but a dream place that never was outside an irresponsible book. Nevertheless, when somebody said to me that "Casterbridge" is a sort of essence of the town as it used to be, "a place more Dorchester than Dorchester itself," I could not absolutely contradict him though I could not quite perceive it. At any rate, it is not a photograph, that inartistic species of literary produce, particularly in respect of personages.....

An American gentleman came to me the other day in quite a bad temper saying that he had diverged from his direct route from London to Liverpool to see ancient Dorchester, only to discover that he knew a hundred towns in the United States more ancient looking than this. (Laughter.) Well, we may be older than we look, like some ladies, but if, for instance, the original All Saints and Trinity Churches, with their square towers, the Castle, the fine mansion of the Trenchards at the corner of Shirehall-lane, the old Three Mariners Inn, the old Greyhound, the old Antelope, Lady Abingdon's house at the corner of Durngate-street, and other mediæval buildings were still in their places more visitors of antiquarian tastes would probably haunt the town than even haunt it now. Old All Saints was, I believe, demolished because its buttresses projected too far into the street. What a reason for destroying a record of 500 years in stone! I knew the architect who did it. A milder-mannered man never scuttled a sacred edifice. Milton's well-known observation in his Areopagitica, "Almost as well kill a man as kill a good book," applies not a little to a good old building which is not only a book but a unique manuscript that has no fellow. But Corporations as such cannot help these removals. They can only be prevented by the education of their owners or temporary trustees, or in the case of churches by Government guardianship.

THE FUTURE.

And when all has been said on the desirability of preserving as much as can be preserved our power to preserve is largely an illusion. Where is the Dorchester of my early recollection? I mean the human Dorchester—the kernel, of which the houses were but the shell? Of the shops as I first recall them not a single owner remains. Only in two or three instances does even the name remain. As a German author has said "Nothing is permanent but change," here in Dorchester as elsewhere. I see the streets and the turnings not far different from those of my schoolboy time, but the faces that used to be seen at the doors, the inhabitants, where are they? Gentlemen, I turn up to the Weymouth Road, cross the railway bridge, enter an iron gate to "a slope of green access," and there they are. There is the Dorchester that I know best. There are the names on white stones, one after the other, names that recall the voices, cheerful and sad, anxious and indifferent, that are missing from the dwellings and pavements. Those who are old enough to have had that experience may feel that after all the permanence or otherwise of inanimate Dorchester is but the permanence of what is minor and accessory. Dorchester's future will not be like its past, we may be sure of that. Like all other provincial towns, it will lose its individuality—has lost much of it already. We have become a London suburb owing to quick locomotion, and though some of us may regret this it has to be. I will detain you no longer from Mr. Evans's comedy that is about to be played downstairs. Ruskin somewhere says that comedy is tragedy if you only look deep enough. Well that is a thought to remember, but to-night at any rate we will all be young and not look too deeply.

(For remainder of speech see other report.)

Mr Hardy's complete speech.

THE TIMES, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1910.

DORCHESTER AND MR. THOMAS HARDY.

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM.

Last night a third Hardy play was presented at the Dorchester Corn Exchange by the dramatic section of the local debating society. As Mr. Thomas Hardy was going to see the performance, in the preparation of which he has throughout taken an active interest, as shown by his attendance and advice, first at readings and then at rehearsals, the Town Council of "Casterbridge" thought it a good opportunity to carry out their long-contemplated intention of conferring on him the freedom of the borough.

The presentation was made in the Town Hall, above the Corn Exchange. The scroll was enclosed in a silver-gilt casket designed and supplied by Mr. T. Braybrooke, a Dorchester silversmith. The casket, in the Renaissance style, is adorned with Mr. Hardy's monogram and the borough arms enamelled, and also with a list of his principal books engraved on the ends. The following inscription is also engraved on it:—"Presented with the freedom of the Borough of Dorchester to Thomas Hardy, Esq., O.M., Hon. LL.D. (Aberdeen), J.P. (Dorset), poet and novelist, on November 16, 1910."

The MAYOR (Mr. C. F. Symes), in making the presentation, said it was a great distinction for Dorchester that Mr. Hardy had consented to accept the freedom. On behalf of all Dorchester people, he would say, in the words spoken by Marty, in "The Woodlanders":—"If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven. But no, I never can forget 'ee, for you was a good man and did good things." (Cheers.)

MR. HARDY ON OLD TOWNS.

Mr. HARDY, who was wearing the Order of Merit, said ~~In the course of his reply~~ I may be allowed to confess that the freedom of the Borough of Dorchester did seem to me at first something that I had possessed a long while, had helped myself to (to speak plainly), for when I consider the liberties I have taken with its ancient walls, streets, and precincts through the medium of the printing press, I feel that I have treated its external features with the hand of freedom indeed. True, it might be urged that my Casterbridge (if I may mention seriously a name coined off-hand in a moment, with no thought of its being localized) is not Dorchester—not even the Dorchester as it existed 60 years ago, but a dream-place that never was outside an irresponsible book. Nevertheless, when somebody said to me that "Casterbridge" is a sort of essence of the town as it used to be, "a place more Dorchester than Dorchester itself," I could not absolutely contradict him, though I could not quite perceive it. At any rate, it is not a photograph, that inartistic species of literary produce, particularly in respect of personages. But let me say no more about my own doings. The chronicle of the town has vivid marks on it. Not to go back to events of national importance, lurid scenes have been enacted here within living memory, or not so many years beyond it, whippings in front of the town pump, hangings on the gaol roof. I myself saw a woman hanged not 100 yards from where we now stand, and I saw, too, a man in the stocks in the back part of this very building. Then, if one were to recount the election excitements, Free Trade riots, scenes of soldiers marching down the town to war, the proclamation of Sovereigns now crumbled to dust, it would be an interesting local story.

VALUE OF OLD HOUSES.

Miss Burney, in her diary, speaks of its aspect when she drove through with the rest of King George's Court on her way to Weymouth. She says:—"The houses have the most ancient appearance of any that are inhabited that I have happened to see." This is not quite the case now, and though we may regret the disappearance of many of these old buildings, I cannot be blind to the difficulty of keeping a town in what may be called working order while retaining all its ancient features. Yet it must not be forgotten that these are its chief attractions for visitors, particularly American visitors. Old houses, in short, have a far larger commercial value than their owners always remember, and it is only when they have been destroyed, and tourists who have come to see them vow in their disappointment that they will never visit the spot again, that this is realized. An American gentleman came to me the other day in quite a bad temper, saying that he had diverged from his direct route from London to Liverpool to see ancient Dorchester, only to discover that he knew a hundred towns in the United States more ancient-looking than this. (Laughter.) Well, we may be older than we look, like some ladies; but if, for instance, the original All Saints and Trinity Churches, with their square towers, the castle, the fine mansion of the Trenchards at the corner of Shirehall-lane, the old Three Mariners Inn, the old Greyhound, the old Antelope, Lady Abingdon's house at the corner of Durngate-street, and other medieval buildings were still in their places, more visitors of antiquarian tastes would probably haunt the town than ever haunt it now. Old All Saints was, I believe, demolished because its buttresses projected too far into the street. What a reason for destroying a record of 500 years in stone! I knew the architect who did it; a milder-mannered man never scuttled a sacred edifice. Milton's well-known observation in his "Areopagitica"—"Almost as well kill a man as kill a good book"—applies not a little to a good old building, which is not only a book but a unique manuscript that has no fellow. But corporations as such cannot help these removals; they can only be prevented by the education of their owners or temporary trustees, or, in the case of churches, by Government guardianship.

CHANGES IN DORCHESTER.

And when all has been said on the desirability of preserving as much as can be preserved, our power to preserve is largely an illusion. Where is the Dorchester of my early recollection, I mean the human Dorchester—the kernel—of which the houses were but the shell? Of the shops as I first recall them not a single owner remains; only in two or three instances does even the name remain. As a German author has said, "Nothing is permanent but change." Here in Dorchester, as elsewhere, I see the streets and the turnings not far different from those of my schoolboy time; but the faces that used to be seen at the doors, the inhabitants, where are they? I turn up to the Weymouth road, cross the railway-bridge, enter an iron gate to "a slope of green access," and there they are! There is the Dorchester that I knew best; there are names on white stones one after the other, names that recall the voices, cheerful and sad, anxious and indifferent, that are missing from the dwellings and pavements. Those who are old enough to have had that experience may feel that after all the permanence or otherwise of inanimate Dorchester is but the permanence of what is minor and accessory. Dorchester's future will not be like its past; we may be sure of that. Like all other provincial towns, it will lose its individuality—has lost much of it already. We have become a London suburb owing to quick locomotion, and, though some of us may regret this, it has to be. I will detain you no longer from Mr. Evans's comedy that is about to be played downstairs. Ruskin somewhere says that comedy is tragedy if you only look deep enough. Well, that is a thought to remember; but to-night, at any rate, we will all be young and not look too deeply.

"THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE."

Mr. A. H. Evans, in this adaptation of "Under the Greenwood Tree," has followed the novel pretty closely. The central figures are the ancient musicians of Mellstock, with their quaint observations on the respective merits of "wind and strings," their musical preciosity, and, above all, their grievances against the new vicar and his new-fangled notions, and also against Churchwarden Shinar, who aids and abets him. They resent above all the parson's determination to oust the quire from their immemorial eyrie in the church gallery, and to instal instead an organ, to be played by the new schoolmistress, Fancy Day.

The curtain rises on Mellstock village on a snowy Christmas Eve. The quire, according to ancient custom, are going their rounds carol-singing, to the accompaniment of fiddles and bass-viol. The pieces sung are of historical as well as musical interest, for Mr. Hardy was able to supply the players with the words and original airs of three Christmas carols sung by Wessex choirs between the years 1800 and 1840, and still occasionally heard in his early youth. These have been harmonized by Mr. Boyton Smith, of Dorchester. The new vicar invites the quire to take supper at the vicarage, instead of providing them, according to hallowed usage, with "a crumb and a drap up in church gallery," and they disapprove of this further indication of an innovating spirit. At Churchwarden Shinar's, while they are singing "Seraphic legions rend the skies," the particular sky of midnight Mellstock is rent by the anything but seraphic voice of Shinar, protesting loudly against this disturbance of his sleep. The quire repay this insult by redoubling their exertions, and "giving it to him hot and strong."

In the other acts we have the spirited but vain protest of the quire to the parson against their abolition; and the play shows Fancy Day with her three suitors, Farmer Shinar, Dick Dewy, and the Vicar. The well-groomed, University-bred vicar appeals strongly to the girl's instincts of refinement, and, although she is pledged to Dick, she at first says yes, then repents and withdraws. Then the only obstacle to her happy union with Dick—namely, her father's preference for the prosperous Shinar, is overcome by Elizabeth's artful ruse, familiar to readers of the novel.

Miss Hawker was well suited in the part of the winsome Fancy Day, and amid the curious characters of the quire three stood out particularly—Mr. Bawler with his violin as Reub. Dewy, the tranter, Mr. Pouncy as Gran'fer William, the veteran leader of the quire, and Mr. Tilley, in the simpleton *rôle* of Thomas Leaf.

Mr Mayor & Gentlemen of the Corporation:- This is an occasion that speaks for itself, and so, happily, does not demand many remarks from me. In simply expressing my sincere thanks for the high compliment paid me by having my name enrolled with those of the Honorary Freemen of this historic town,

As to the future of the town, my impression is that its tendency is to become more and more a residential spot, & that the nature of its business will be mainly that of administering to the wants of "private residents" as they are called. There are several reasons for supposing this. The dryness of its atmosphere & subsoil is unexcelled. It has the great advantage of standing near the coast without being on it, thus escaping the objections some people make to a winter residence close to the sea; while the marine tincture in its breezes tempers the keenness which is felt in those of high & dry chalk slopes further inland.

Sketch, Oct. 19 1904.

MR. THOMAS HARDY ON CHURCH RESTORATION.
THE August number of the *Cornhill Magazine* [illegible] Mr. William Archer in [illegible] of Memories of

ANOTHER "HARDY" PLAY.

Morning Post 17 Nov. 1910

"THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE" AT

who had seen both these dramatic versions it was obvious last night that in the new play there is less substance, less action and colour, than in the earlier ones. It lacks alike the historical stir and colour of "The Trumpet Major," with its vivid impression of national crisis and apprehension of invasion, and the full-blooded rural life and melodramatic incidents of "Far from the Madding Crowd." Nevertheless, in its quieter

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(For remainder of speech see other report.)

Sketch, Sept. 9th 1906.

Daily Chronicle. Feb. 6th '05

THOMAS HARDY.

A Talk with the Wessex Novelist at Casterbridge.

Is there any English town associated more intimately and inseparably with a book and its author than Dorchester, which Mr. Thomas Hardy described so beautifully and effectively in his tenth novel, "The Mayor of Casterbridge," first published in 1886? That book, both in style and subject, marked an epoch in literature. Although Mr. Hardy had done much fine work previously, this was really the first of those tragic novels written in his final manner, dealing with the fortunes of a single individual whose character completely dominates and overshadows the other figures in the story, as in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure."

The action of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" takes place in the year 1830, and Dorchester has changed much from its picturesque condition of that date. It has no longer such a stock of crusted characters of public notoriety; many of its shops and houses have been rebuilt without beauty; and its square compactness has been spoilt by straggling outliers of modern dwellings of the "brick-box and slate-lid" pattern. But the old place is as firmly wedded to agriculture as ever. There are still meadows, gardens, and orchards in the heart of the borough, and within its circumference is at least one dairy farm. A resident told me that Dorchester is a mischief-making, scandal-loving place; and I found for myself that they keep most excellent cider there.

The Two Englands.

Mr. Hardy's home is on the south-eastern edge of Casterbridge, but it is so hidden by trees all round that only the chimney-pots can be seen from the road. I had difficulty in finding the door-bell handle, which is covered by a densely-grown shrub. The vegetation, in fact, would seem to be trying to overwhelm the novelist's residence.

The fact of my coming from the North interested Mr. Hardy.

"It is a different England up there," he said. "More bustle, more life, more alertness. Things are slow and drowsy here, always, of course, excepting London, which we regard as belonging to us in the South; but the North is quite foreign to us."

I went on to tell Mr. Hardy that the Peak District, like Dorset, has a good number of prehistoric camps and barrows on its heaths and uplands.

"Oh, yes," he remarked; "we have been particularly well off in that respect. When I came to live here twenty years ago I could stand at my gate and count no fewer than fifty-barrows on the skylines, and a fair proportion of them are still left, chiefly on the Ridgeway three miles distant, which hides from us Weymouth and the sea."

Naturally I referred to Mr. Hardy's latest book, "The Dynasts," and he expressed himself as gratified that it had been so well reviewed.

American Criticism.

"It did not go very well at first," he said. "People were surprised and startled at the novelty of form and treatment, and they held back; but every month has brought a greater number of readers. Learned and cultured men of eminence have written, thanking me for the revelation the book—or third of a book, rather—has been to them. It is, indeed, astonishing how much ignorance there is of the details of the struggle with Napoleon, considering what a strained and momentous time it was, and only a hundred years ago."

"Of course there have been adverse criticisms," he added. "In America, where the book is being widely read, they complain that the geography is not full enough. It is also from the United States that come the fiercest objections to the comments of the 'Spirits' or 'Phantom Intelligences.' Someone has sent me from over there a bundle of cuttings in which I am accused in the bitterest language of having attacked the Christian religion. Most emphatically I have done no such thing; but it is remarkable that in America there is distinctly less tolerance and freedom of thought than here in England, whatever the reason may be."

"When may we expect the other two volumes of 'The Dynasts'?" I asked.

"It is quite impossible to say," answered Mr. Hardy. "There is an immense amount of material to compress, but I hope I shall be able to get them done; I hope so."

I thought it would be presumptuous in me to express what I felt, that it will be a national loss if the veteran author should be prevented from completing the epic of modern England on which he is engaged. There was, however, little time for soliloquising; Mr. Hardy would not talk unless I asked questions, and I could not for shame detain him very long.

Present-Day Literature.

"What, then, do you think of the state of literature to-day?" I proceeded.

"The fatal defect of most of it," he replied, "is the absence of a philosophic standpoint, and what lacks that can neither be of the highest quality nor enduring. Descriptions of life, however brilliant or varied, are not sufficient; some reasoned comment on life as a whole, some sustained criticism—the outcome of modern knowledge—on the relations of man to the universe, both now and in the past, are essential in literature, and these we now look for largely in vain. I am convinced, however, that a belief in Necessitarianism is very widely adopted by the most thoughtful writers and critics to-day, but they are hardly bold enough to express it. There is, of course, some excuse for them, since publications prosper more easily by circulating amongst the unthinking many instead of the thoughtful few."

I pointed out that an old-established religion has a great advantage, and that Christianity, at any rate in its outward forms, is part of the law, constitution, habits, customs, and daily life of the English nation, and that it seems impossible for any other belief or unbelief to oust it.

"Don't suppose for a moment," interposed Mr. Hardy, and with more quickness and emphasis than he had previously displayed, "that I am opposed to the Christian religion. I often wish I had lived in the Middle Ages, when the Church was supreme and unquestioned. Life must have been very sweet and beautiful then, before doubts had arisen. The cathedral was the centre of society, and everything fitted in harmoniously round it. Christianity appeals very powerfully both to my emotional and artistic faculties. But intellect cannot be stifled, and we cannot ignore the revelations of geology and history. However, I do not see that Lestrigonians would upset our moral code in the least, or repress our efforts for progress. Its root ideas have been familiar to mankind throughout all recorded time. St. Paul preached it as Predestination, St. Augustine held it vaguely. Calvin held it fiercely, and it was once taught by Evangelical divines of the finest character and conduct. Thus, I fail to see that we have much to fear from Determinism, but in any case surely honesty is the best policy, even in matters of belief."

Novelist Turned Poet.

Mr. Hardy proceeded to express his profound admiration for Ibsen. "Yes," he remarked, "Ibsen was indeed a revelation; and what an immense loss the English stage has suffered through not giving him a fair chance!" Tolstoy also was mentioned, and of him Mr. Hardy said, "He is a curious mixture, giving us new ideas disguised in old forms of language."

I ventured to suggest that perhaps Mr. Hardy, as a busy man, found his admirers somewhat of a hindrance.

"Oh, well," was his reply, "there are two sides to that question; but you must remember that I am no longer a popular novelist. I only write verse now, and of course that appeals to a very limited audience."

"You are probably aware," he continued, "that I began by writing poetry, but I had to give it up for something more remunerative. Most of my novels, however, were first conceived as poems. With regard to an early one—I think it was 'A Pair of Blue Eyes'—I had a letter from Coventry Patmore, to whom I was then utterly unknown, saying the tale ought to have been told in verse, as the theme was far more suitable for that medium than for prose."

I gathered also that Mr. Hardy is now chiefly engaged on his third volume of poems, at which he is working along with "The Dynasts."

"Do you think much will emerge from the turmoil and transition in which society finds itself to-day?" was my concluding query.

"Something may come," was the deliberate answer; "perhaps in a hundred years."

W. SMITHARD.

MR. THOMAS HARDY ON CHURCH RESTORATION.

THE August number of the *Cornhill Magazine*

The Daily Chronicle.
...om issue dated ... 1904.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—In respect of the interview with myself that you print this morning, I should like to state that it was obtained through a misapprehension on my part, and does not accurately reflect my opinions.

I had no idea, when receiving the apparently artless visitor, who now signs the production, that he was an interviewer who would report my conversation.

THOMAS HARDY.

Dorchester, Feb. 6.

*.*The article was sent to us by a correspondent, and was accepted in the belief that Mr. Hardy had consented to its publication.—Ed. "D.C."

...'s Home.
...was on what was once
... domain. He built the
... the land upon which
...belonged to the Prince
...ward VII) as Duke of
...dy had little hope of
...but it so chanced that
...e placed before the
...e asked if it was
... writer who wanted
...'s being told that it
...directed that the lan-
...ng: "We must go all
...such an admirable
...Hardy."

INDIANAPOLIS. IND. NEWS.
Oct. 19. 1907.

ANOTHER "HARDY" PLAY.

Morning Post 17 Nov. 1910

"THE MELLS"

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(For remainder of speech see other report.)

Sketch, Sept. 9th 1906.

Thomas Hardy, Architect.

Said Thomas Hardy to Mr. William Archer in the course of a "Real Conversation," "I don't know that my surface knowledge of the country s so intimate as you think. But, for one thing, when I was quite a oung man, an architect's pupil, I used to be sent round to sketch illage churches as a preliminary to their restoration—which mostly neant destruction. I feel very remorseful now, but, after all, it wasn't my fault—I was only obeying orders." It is this remorse, perhaps, that has tempted Mr. Hardy to propose that a tower be added to Holy Trinity Church, Dorchester, and present Canon Rowland Hill, the rector, with a design for it. Perhaps, also, a certain professional pride dictated the suggestion and offer, for had he not been a great author he might have been a great architect. His early training was all with compasses and T-square. At sixteen he was articled to an ecclesiastical architect in the very place he is seeking to beautify, and, his time up, he migrated to London to practise his profession. There he worked under Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., son of the late Bishop Blomfield, was well grounded in the Gothic, and then entered the Victorian Gothic School of Architecture, under Sir Gilbert Scott, Butterfield, Blomfield, Street, and some others. Forty-three years ago he took Sir William Tite's prize for architectural design, and in the same year he produced an essay "On Coloured Brick and Terra-cotta Architecture," a work that won for him a prize and medal from the R.I.B.A. Then he began to drift towards that bourne in which he is now harboured, and gradually from 1867 he set his first choice of work aside, until in 1872 he decided to devote himself entirely to literature. None will regret his drifting, save, perhaps—and that occasionally—he himself: have we not all a sneaking fondness for the first love?

MR. THOMAS HARDY ON CHURCH RESTORATION.

THE August number of the *Cornhill Magazine* prints Mr. Thomas Hardy's address, "Memories of Church Restoration," read before the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. June 1906

MISGUIDED ZEAL.

The passion for restoration, says Mr. Hardy, became vigorously operative about three-quarters of a century ago, with the result that after the expenditure of millions in nominal restoration we are poorer in specimens of mediæval buildings to-day than we should have been had these buildings been simply left to incur dilapidations at the hands of time, weather, or general neglect. He recalls instances of devastation which have come under his notice:—

Poor forlorn parishes, which could not afford to pay a clerk of works to superintend the alterations, suffered badly in these ecclesiastical convulsions. During the years they were raging at their height I journeyed to a distant place to supervise a case, in the enforced absence of an older eye. The careful repair of an interesting early English window had been specified; but it was gone.

The contractor, who had met me on the spot, replied genially to my gaze of concern: "Well now, I said to myself when I looked at the old thing, 'I won't stand upon a pound or two: I'll give 'em a new winder now I am about it, and make a good job of it, howsomever.'" A caricature in new stone of the old window had taken its place.

In the same church was an old oak rood-screen of debased perpendicular workmanship, but valuable, the original colouring and gilding, though much faded, still remaining on the cusps and mouldings. The repairs deemed necessary had been duly specified, but I beheld in its place a new screen of deal, varnished to a mirror-like brilliancy.

"Well," replied the builder, more genially than ever. "I said to myself, 'Please God, now I am about it, I'll do the thing well, cost what it will!'"

"Where's the old screen?" I said, appalled.

"Used up to boil the workmen's kittles; though'a were not much at that!"

WHAT IS LOST IN RESTORATION.

Turning from devastation to restoration, Mr. Hardy explains that certain indefinable qualities are inevitably lost in reproduction:—

It is found in practice that even such an easily copied shape as, say, a traceried window does not get truly reproduced. The old form inherits, or has acquired, an indefinable quality—possibly some deviation from exact geometry (curves were often struck by hand in mediæval work)—which never reappears in the copy, especially in the vast majority of cases where no nice approximation is attempted.

The second, or spiritual, attribute which stultifies the would-be reproducer is perhaps more important still, and is not artistic at all. It lies in human association. Some may be of a different opinion, but I think the damage done to this sentiment of association by replacement, by the rupture of continuity, is mainly what makes the enormous loss this country has sustained from its seventy years of church restoration so tragic and deplorable.

The "Times" Literary Supplement

MR. STRANG'S ETCHINGS.

WILLIAM STRANG. Catalogue of his Etched Work, illustrated with 471 Reproductions. With an Introductory Essay by LAURENCE BINYON. (MacLehose, 42s. net.)

The first portrait of Mr. Thomas Hardy (No. 200), in which the head and shoulders are placed, in the manner of Van Dyck, high up on an otherwise empty plate, is identical, so far as we can tell from the greatly reduced illustration, with the frontispiece to "The Art of Thomas Hardy," by Lionel Johnson (1894), in which the plate has been reduced to very different proportions. The fact that no such publication of the plate is mentioned (or that the published plate, if distinct from No. 200, is undescribed) is an indication of the drawbacks of the picture catalogue, when not supplemented by a more detailed text than Mr. Strang has thought fit to provide.

27th April 1906.

The Daily Chronicle. 9th Oct: 1906.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

The eight or ten Englishmen who are leaving for St. Petersburg on Friday will have with them the sympathy not only of all Liberals, but of the British people at large. As a deputation from this country, they convey a memorial to the Russian people signed by prominent representatives of every class and party in British life. Nearly half the Members of Parliament have signed; so have mayors, county councillors, and other public men. Literature is represented by the great names of Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and many others.

Literary World on Fortnightly Review. Apl 1906.

Mr. Israel Zangwill's article, 'Letters and the Ito,' contains under this enigmatical title most interesting contributions from some of the leading writers of Great Britain. The letter that most completely satisfied Mr. Zangwill is Mr. Thomas Hardy's: that brilliant novelist certainly seems to have grasped the salient features of the scheme better than anyone else. He quaintly refers, at the close of his brief letter, to the Jews as 'a people of such extraordinary history and character—who brought forth, moreover, a young reformer who, though only in the humblest walk of life, became the most famous personage the world has ever known.'

Hardy's Home.

Thomas Hardy lives on what was once a part of the royal domain. He built the house himself, but the land upon which he fixed his choice belonged to the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII) as Duke of Cornwall. Mr. Hardy had little hope of obtaining the land, but it so chanced that his application was placed before the prince himself. He asked if it was Thomas Hardy the writer who wanted the piece of land. On being told that it was the novelist he directed that the land be sold to him, saying: "We must do all we can to please such an admirable writer as Thomas Hardy."

INDIANAPOLIS. IND. NEWS. Oct. 19. 1907.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE

JUNE 21, 1906.

SOCIETY OF DORSET MEN IN LONDON.

THE DAY IN "DO'SET DEAR."

He also, continued the Mayor, regretted the absence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, one of the society's vice-presidents, and one who had been of great assistance to the society, and who gave it that short and pertinent motto "Who's afraid?" That motto might be interpreted in many different ways; but to-day they would accept as the interpretation of it "Who's afraid to compare Dorset with any other county in England?" (Applause.) Mr. Watkins had handed him the following letter which he had received from Mr. Hardy:—

1, Hyde Park-mansions, W., June 11th, 1906. My dear Sir,—I much regret that circumstances should detain me here in London at the very time of the visit of the Society of Dorset Men to their native county and mine, especially as I gather from the itinerary that you will be driving near my house on your excursion round Dorchester. It would, indeed, have been most pleasant if I could have been at hand to welcome you to the neighbourhood. I shall, however, in a certain sense have done so already, in a rather lengthy speech of some 20 volumes, which I hope you will take as delivered on the occasion. I trust that the weather may be fine, and I could have wished that time had allowed you to penetrate into the further recesses of the county. This perhaps your enterprise may accomplish later on. —Yours very truly, THOMAS HARDY. W. Watkins, Esq., Hon. Sec., Society of Dorset Men in London."

THROUGH THE WESSEX COUNTRY.

In the Prince of Wales-road they found a long train of well-appointed and well-horsed char-a-bancs and brakes awaiting them, all supplied by Mr. William Hammond, of the Antelope and King's Arms Stables. The party who had taken tickets for the drive, Londoners and Dorset folk together, numbered over 100. Mr. Hammond discharged his responsible commission in a manner that gave entire satisfaction to all. The rain which had been falling during luncheon had now held up, and the afternoon proved fine. Indeed, the rain was really an unrecognised blessing, for it was barely enough to lay the dust, which but for it would have been suffocating. As the afternoon wore on the sun even shone out, and the drive proved most pleasant. It was quite an event as the long procession drove through the town, the houses gay with flags and everybody looking out to see the visitors.

On leaving Encombe the carriages proceeded through the arterial thoroughfares of "Casterbridge." Passing up South-street, down High East-street, up the High-street of Fordington, and down Icen-way—name preserving the memory of the Roman *Via Iceniana*—the long tram of char-a-bancs drove along the Stafford-road, affording the visitors a peep of Max Gate, the country residence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, and of Came Rectory, the thatch-roofed abode during his declining years of the Rev. Wm. Barnes, the Dorset Poet. At "Mellstock," the scene of "Under the Greenwood Tree," where stands the school in which the Dorset Novelist received the rudiments of book-learning, Mr. Dare, the schoolmaster, had paraded all the scholars, holding flags, to salute and cheer the "Dorset Men" as they passed by. It was a pretty incident, which greatly pleased the visitors, who acknowledged the compliment by cheering in turn and waving hats and handkerchiefs. In passing Higher Bockhampton the party could, without alighting from their carriages, obtain a good view of the picturesque birthplace of the Wessex novelist, just on the skirts of that wonderful heath the spell of which is felt so profoundly in "The Return of the Native" and other of the novels. Tender thoughts of poor Fanny Robin must haunt the minds of lovers of the novels as they go along the Puddletown-road to "Weatherbury." Here the church was visited, to enable the party to see the lovely old early Stuart oak still remaining in perfection in the straight-backed pews, the choir gallery with the worn steps, the pulpit and sounding board, and to see the chantry chapel and monumental effigy of a Martin, with its delicate and elaborate tracery of armorial detail in alabaster—to *see* all this, we say, notwithstanding the ancient and somewhat austere admonition by a curious prescience carved on the front of the gallery—*Hæc adeo, non videri; sed audire, et precare*. Then, by the kind leave of Mr. A. C. de Lafontaine, of Athelhampton Hall, the party were given an opportunity to view the early Tudor dining hall with minstrel gallery in fact, and also to ramble through the spacious and lovely Italian gardens laid out with such taste and at such cost by the owner. Mr. de Lafontaine was not at home, but he had left a kind letter of greeting, which the HON. SEC. read to the party as follows:—

"Paris, June 13th, 1906. Dear Sir,—I find much to my regret that I shall not be home before Friday, and so shall be denied the pleasure of welcoming the 'Society of Dorset Men in London' personally. Please make known my disappointment. I sincerely hope your visit will be a pleasant one, and that good weather will favour you.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, ALFRED DE LAFONTAINE. The President or Secretary Society of Dorset Men in London."

An excellent tea was provided in a tent at Puddletown by Mr. John Daw, landlord of the King's Arms.

After tea at Puddletown the drive back to Dorchester was made up White Hill and over the undulating heath, in sight of the cluster of Celtic tumuli near the spot where the beacon stood in the Napoleonic days of scare of invasion so powerfully drawn by Mr. Hardy in "The Dynasts," and in full view of the Valley of the Great Dairies through which purls the crystal Frome, the idyllic scene of Angel Clare's love-making in "Tess of the Durbervilles." Dorchester was regained at 6.30. An hour later the special left the G.W.R. on the return run to Paddington. The visitors had a rousing send off. Of a surety the annual visit to some part of Dorset will be a regular event in the society's annals for many a year to come.

ESTIMATE OF JOHN STUART MILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—This being the 100th anniversary of J. Stuart Mill's birth, and as writers like Carlyle, Leslie Stephen, and others have held that anything, however imperfect, which affords an idea of a human personage in his actual form and flesh, is of value in respect of him, the few following words on how one of the profoundest thinkers of the last century appeared 40 years ago to the man in the street may be worth recording as a footnote to Mr. Morley's admirable estimate of Mill's life and philosophy in your impression of Friday.

It was a day in 1865, about 3 in the afternoon, during Mill's candidature for Westminster. The hustings had been erected in Covent-garden, near the front of St. Paul's Church; and when I—a young man living in London—drew near to the spot, Mill was speaking. The appearance of the author of the treatise "On Liberty" (which we students of that date knew almost by heart) was so different from the look of persons who usually address crowds in the open air that it held the attention of people for whom such a gathering in itself had little interest. Yet it was, primarily, that of a man out of place. The religious sincerity of his speech was jarred on by his environment—a group on the hustings who, with few exceptions, did not care to understand him fully, and a crowd below who could not. He stood bareheaded, and his vast pale brow, so thin-skinned as to show the blue veins, sloped back like a stretching upland, and conveyed to the observer a curious sense of perilous exposure. The picture of him as personified earnestness surrounded for the most part by careless curiosity derived an added piquancy—if it can be called such—from the fact that the cameo clearness of his face chanced to be in relief against the blue shadow of a church which, on its transcendental side, his doctrines antagonized. But it would not be right to say that the throng was absolutely unimpressed by his words; it felt that they were weighty, though it did not quite know why.

Your obedient servant,
THOMAS HARDY.

Hyde Park-mansions, May 20.

Times. May 1st. 1906.

THE OUTLOOK

March 9, 1907

CRABBE AND ALDBOROUGH.

We have always admired Crabbe as the first of the realists, the man who killed the romantic eclogue of the poets, from Virgil through *The Shepherd's Calendar* to the first part of *The Deserted Village*. At the recent celebration of Crabbe's hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary Mr. Thomas Hardy said that he had sucked his earliest inspiration from Crabbe. He meant that Crabbe had first shown him the crude tragedy of country lives. But Crabbe is a distinctly English writer just as Mr. Hardy is—not because of his realism, but thanks to a genius for minute observation of the face of the country. In the list of flowers quoted above we do not find, with M. Huchon, a mere botanist's catalogue; we see rather a chiselled picture of a particular district; and in this flat, often barren and stony tract, particular plants take on themselves an importance never assumed, for instance, in the luxuriant growth of a Devonshire lane.

Crabbe is to the Suffolk coast what Lord de Tabley is to Tabley, Thomas Hardy to Dorset, White to Selborne.

Evening Standard & St James Gazette
June 8 1906.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is just now sitting for his portrait at Mr. J. E. Blanche's studio at 6, William-street, Albert Gate. Mr. Blanche, who is staying in London for the season, and intends being over here half of the year, is very busy with portraits. The Marchioness of Granby and the Ladies Marjorie and Violet Manners are a group on which he is now at work. Mr. Blanche has just finished portraits of Miss Ruby Lindsay, of Mrs. Saxton Noble, and of Mrs. Holford.

January 12, 1907. HORNER'S WEEKLY.

Clergymen Who Figure in Famous Novels.

By GEORGE A. WADE, B.A.

Next in point of time comes the beloved Bishop of Durham, who has, by his splendid sermons and writings, won the hearts and minds of thousands of people who never saw him, as well as being almost the idol of those thousands of students at Cambridge who came under the influence of his extraordinary personality and inspiring teaching there during the time that he was a tutor and professor by the Cam.

But what has the excellent bishop to do with a character in a novel, I hear somebody ask? Well, he has much to do with it, for he does valiant duty in that great story of Thomas Hardy's, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which many eminent authorities consider the finest novel of the past twenty-five years in our land.

You may remember how the hero of the tale, Mr. Angel Clare, whose father is the vicar of the parish so often mentioned in it, speaks more than once lovingly and proudly of his brilliant "brother who is a great scholar at Cambridge"? You may recollect how this brother—the Rev. Cuthbert Clare—together with Angel and another brother, comes into the story at once during a scene of summer revelry at a Dorsetshire village, where Angel lags behind to watch the dancing and sports and is captivated by the face and figure of "Tess." Time after time the character of "Cuthbert Clare" appears in the tale, always as the brilliant but cool, dispassionately-judging brother, whom Angel half fears and wholly loves.

The present Bishop of Durham is the "Cuthbert Clare" of "Tess." He and his family were all well known to Thomas Hardy in his Dorsetshire home, and the novelist wished to portray the beautiful character of old Mr. Moule, the vicar, and of the delightful family life that he knew so well. All round Dorchester old Mr. Moule was almost worshipped, and was loved with whole-hearted devotion, and so Thomas Hardy had not far to go for his character of "Parson Clare." Thus did the present prelate of Durham come to figure in the finest novel written in our own generation.

Photo] [Russell.
THE BISHOP OF DURHAM FIGURES IN "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CURATORS OF THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY FOR 1911

Chief donations of MSS.:—

Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., through *Mr. S. C. Cockerell, M.A.* The original MS. of his 'Poems of the past and the present' (*MS. Eng. poet. d.* 18).

Dorset County Chronicle, 28th June '06

MR. THOMAS HARDY ON THE PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS

Mr. Thomas Hardy is not only the greatest of living novelists. He is also an antiquary of repute, and, as formerly an accomplished architect, a recognised authority on ancient buildings. His views on the preservation of such remains were laid before the annual meeting of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings at Burlington House on Thursday afternoon, when a paper by the distinguished novelist, in Mr. Hardy's absence owing to ill-health, was read by Colonel Eustace Balfour. The paper was entitled "Memories of Church Restoration." In the course of it Mr. Hardy said that it might be true that our more intelligent architects now knew the better way, and that damage was limited largely to minor buildings and to obscure places. But continue it did, despite the efforts of that society; nor did it seem ever likely to stop till all tampering with chronicles in stone was forbidden by law, and all operations bearing on their repair were permitted only under the eyes of properly qualified inspectors. The difficulty which they encountered on the threshold in respect of church conservation was the fact that the building was held in two contradictory lights, and was required for two incompatible purposes. To the incumbent the church was a workshop or laboratory; to the antiquary it was a relic. To the parish it was a utility, to the outsider it was a luxury. How could they unite these incompatibles? He deprecated the wantonness often shown in bodily pulling down an old church that a more stylish one might be erected, the shifting of old windows, and other details irregularly spaced; and "monumental puss-in-the-corner." *Apropos* of this he said that one would like to know if any note had been kept of the original position of Milton's monument in Cripplegate Church, which, he believed, had been removed more than once, and if the position of his rifled grave was now known. After dwelling upon the mistakes of builders and abuses in the rehanging of bells, he asked why the old sets of chimes had been removed from nearly all the country churches? The midnight wayfarer, in passing along the sleeping village or town, was cheered by the outburst of a stumbling tune, which possessed the added charm of being heeded probably by no ear but his own. But one might now go half across England and hear no chimes at midnight. Another abuse of ecclesiastical fabrics was that arising from the fixing of Christmas decorations. The battalion of young ladies to whom the decking with holly and ivy was usually entrusted seemed to be possessed with the fixed idea, that nails might be driven not only into old oak and into the joints of the masonry, but also into the freestone itself, if one only hit hard enough. He lately found a fifteenth century arch to have suffered more damage during the last 20 years from this cause than during the previous five hundred of its existence. Restoration was practically objectionable, and well-nigh impossible, and, moreover, was fatal to human interest. Some might be of a different opinion; but he thought that the damage done to the sentiment of association by replacement, by the rupture of continuity, was mainly what made the enormous loss the country had suffered from its 70 years of church restoration so tragic and deplorable. The protection of ancient edifices against renewal in fresh materials was, in fact, even more of a social—he might say humane—duty than an æsthetic one; it was the preservation of memories, history, fellowship, fraternities. By a curious irony, the parts of a church that had suffered the most complete obliteration were those of the closest personal relation. Their duty lay in organising resistance to the enthusiasm for newness of those priests and churchwardens who regarded a church as a sort of villa, to be made convenient and fashionable for the occupiers of the moment. The Earl of Plymouth presided over the meeting. On the motion of Mr. W. K. Shirley, a hearty vote of thanks was awarded to Mr. Hardy and Colonel Balfour, and in acknowledging the vote the latter said that English tourists could do much in advocating the preservation of old buildings in Scotland, which country in this direction, he regretted as a Scotsman to have to say, was behind England.

The Reader in His Easy Chair.

The Quarrel about Thomas Hardy.

Mr. Hardy is one of the most peaceful of men, but like many other quiet persons, he is frequently the subject of a fight in which he takes no part. Such a fight is going on in America just now. Neither in the States nor in this country has Mr. Hardy ever attained the full popularity he deserves, and the "New York Times," which is the liveliest literary journal in America, has turned its mind to the problem. Its defence of Mr. Hardy is peculiar. The critic holds that Mr. Hardy is the greatest writer in this country. He even affirms that "Desperate Remedies" is one of the most skilfully constructed tales in the language, and he praises the plot of "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and of "The Well-Beloved." "All are dashing and engrossing narratives, specially conceived, and executed with skill unsurpassed by any novelist." But he draws the line at "Tess" and "Jude." He says "England does not deserve Mr. Hardy. It does not appreciate him; it is incompetent to criticise him. It is a pity so many people know only 'Jude' and 'Tess,' two worthless books, nauseating in their false and decadent realism and salacity—books in no wise typical of their author's life-work." This will not commend itself to Mr. Hardy, and it will make many readers sit up. There are things in "Jude the Obscure" especially which one would like to see left out, but those who do not see the greatness of the book and the beauty and depth of "Tess" are out of it. "Tess" will live longest of anything Thomas Hardy has written, though I believe that "The Return of the Native" is his greatest achievement. The critics have been successful in silencing our greatest novelist. It is undoubtedly due to the torrents of abuse directed against "Jude" that Mr. Hardy has written no new novel. Are the critics worth it? It is true, Mr Hardy is at work on a further volume of "The Dynasts," but that is another story—and we would sooner have had another novel.

"Tess."

One correspondent who read this attack—a lady—went to the library and fetched "Tess," and sat down comfortably to look out for passages which should justify such a judgment. Her conclusion was this:—"It is not necessary to dwell on what everyone would probably admit without question—the breathing life of its characters, its almost painful beauty of description, its extraordinary aerial perspective, its grip upon the emotions. Each chapter holds its picture, from the May-day procession of girls carrying white wands in the first, through the idyl of Talbothay's Dairy midway, to the last magical glimpse of Tess asleep in the flushing dawn upon her Stone of Sacrifice." She goes on to affirm that there has never been such an effective indictment in fiction of the so-called "double-standard" as this. "Again, in no other novel that I can think of, unless in one or two of the Russian school, is the truth of the terrible vitality of our own actions, purposed or not, so enforced and driven home. It has been complained of Hardy that he was pitiless to Tess. He was—with the pitilessness of a blind force of nature or of society, which is worse. He makes us feel that not even the angels of God can turn backwards by one hair's-breadth the cogged wheel of human life." This is exactly my own view.

THE READER. August 24, 1907.

[Dr Robertson Nicoll - writer of above

The Daily Mail.

10th March. 1908.

YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

MR. THOMAS HARDY ON LONDON LIFE.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, as president of the Society of Dorset Men in London, has written some "forewords" to the year book of the society, just published. The eminent novelist says:

"The idea of such a society has become familiar to its members; and as the seasons pass, and a younger generation of exiles from the parent county duly succeeds to associateship, it will gradually cease to cross their minds that there ever was a time when 'neither vell nor mark' (to use a phrase from home) of such an institution was apparent in the roaring loom of London life. I could describe to those who are now in the full vigour of their activities in this City, and in the full flush of comradeship with brethren of the society and others, what London seemed like to a Dorset young man who plunged into it alone more than forty-five years ago, in the somewhat reckless method of becoming a Londoner that was perhaps more common then than now. I might also describe what permanent residence in town meant to such a young man—living on from year to year, strolling up and down Holborn Hill before the Viaduct was constructed, wandering in the labyrinth of Seven Dials before the new avenues were cut, and hastening off to Drury Lane or the Princess's Theatre to see Phelps or Charles Kean in a Shakespearean tragedy.

"So far as I can recollect, the last thing that such a young man ever thought of was association with persons coming from his own part of England, or even discovering their existence. Though obviously (it is astonishing how obvious a thing becomes when it has been carried out) nothing tends so largely to remove that isolation which is so apt to depress and harm—sometimes permanently—the lives of country beginners in London as a society like ours, at bottom it is but one symptom among many of the general growth of human altruism noticeable everywhere. I can, unhappily, recall cases in which such a society would probably have saved from rack and ruin many a promising youth so circumstanced.

"My impression is that though the members themselves are grateful to those energetic spirits who set the society going—I can express the belief freely, since I myself had no part in doing it—those who are pre-eminently grateful do not live in London at all, or but a small minority of them. I refer to the mothers of the younger constituents of this body. The sleepless nights and anxious days that have been spent, not only by Dorset mothers, but by those of every other county, at the time of their youthful sons' first plunge into the City alone, would make a pathetic record if they could be revealed.

"Such anxieties—which would be intenser still if all the risks were realised—can never be entirely dispelled. But I think that our county society, young as it is, is doing as much to allay them as can be accomplished by any similar means, and will do more as it unfolds itself in future years."

10th March. 1908.

The Times. —— Dec 10. 1908

DINNER AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.

A dinner was given last night at the Mansion-house by the Lord Mayor (Sir George Wyatt Truscott) "to commemorate the tercentenary of Milton's birth." The seats on the immediate right and left of his lordship were occupied by the American and the Italian Ambassadors, and the large, distinguished, and representative company present included :—

Viscount Goschen, the Bishop of Salisbury, Lord Tennyson, Lord Reay, Lord Burghclere, Mr. Justice Darling, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge (Canon Mason, D.D.), Sir Edward Fry, Mr. Birrell, K.C., M.P., Mr. Alfred Austin, the Dean of Westminster, Canon Beeching, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Lauder Brunton, Professor J. W. Mackail (Oxford University), Sir J. Crichton Browne, Alderman Sir John Pound, Sir Robert Hobart, M.P., Sir William Collins, M.P. (Vice-Chancellor of the University of London), Sir Edward Sullivan, Mr. John Murray, Sir A. C. Mackenzie (Principal of the Royal Academy of Music), Alderman Sir Walter Vaughan Morgan (Treasurer of Christ's Hospital), Sir William S. Gilbert, Sir William Richmond, Sir Oliver Lodge (Principal of the University of Birmingham), Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., Dr. John Peile (Master of Christ's College, Cambridge), the Chairman of the London County Council (Mr. R. A. Robinson), Mr. George W. E. Russell, Alderman Sir James Ritchie, Sir William Anson, M.P. (Warden of All Souls), Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte (Deputy-Keeper of Public Records), Dr. G. K. Fortescue (British Museum), Dr. G. C. Williamson, Professor Manly (University of Chicago), the Master of the Stationers' Company (Mr. E. W. Cox), Mr. H. Yates Thompson, Mr. W. J. Courthope (Civil Service Commissioner), Sir George Chubb, Alderman Sir Alfred Newton (Governor of the Irish Society), Mr. A. W. Pinero, Alderman and Colonel Sir Horatio Davies, Dr. A. W. Ward (Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge), Mr. Thomas Hardy, Sir Henry Knight (Alderman of Cripplegate Ward), Alderman Sir Vezey Strong, Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr. R. F. Scott (Master of St. John's College, Cambridge), Sir Murland Evans, Sir J. A. Murray, Mr. C. F. Moberly Bell, Mr. Lionel Cust (Director of the National Portrait Gallery), Sir George Martin, Mr. Henry Newbolt, Mr. Sidney Colvin (British Museum), the Archdeacon of London, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Mr. S. H. Butcher, M.P., Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Alderman Sir David Burnett, Sir Henry Craik, M.P., Sir William Magnay, Professor Gollancz, Professor W. P. Ker (University College, London), Mr. Laurence Binyon, Lord Howard de Walden, Mr. C. T. D. Crews (Deputy-Master of the Musicians' Company), Mr. A. Shipley (Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge), Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, Professor Oman (Oxford University), Dr. Dabbs, Mr. W. J. Galloway, Mr. James Hugh Blackwood, Mr. Lehmann, M.P., Mr. H. W. Lucy, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, Sir Edward Brabrook, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Austin Dobson, Professor P. Gardner (president of the Hellenic Society), Mr. H. Belloc, M.P., Mr. Sidney Low, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Professor J. S. Nicholson (Edinburgh University), Mr. H. B. Wheatley (Society of Arts), Mr. E. M. Borrajo (Guildhall Librarian), Prebendary Russell Wakefield, Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. Harold Child, Mr. A. B. Walkley, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Sir Homewood Crawford, Mr. W. H. Cummings, the Rev. Principal Fairbairn, the Rev. A. W. Hutton (rector of St. Mary-le-Bow), Mr. Yoxall, M.P., Dr. R. F. Horton, Mr. J. H. Lile, Dr. W. Garnett, Mr. Israel Zangwill, Mr. Bram Stoker, Dr. Sandys (Public Orator of Cambridge University), Professor H. S. Foxwell, Dr. H. Bradley, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Hanson, Mr. Sheriff Baddeley, the Rev. Howard Truscott (the chaplain), and Sir William Soulsby.

Thomas Hardy and the Animal World.

THE seventieth birthday of the greatest of our living novelists, who has just received the Order of Merit, reminds us that Mr. Thomas Hardy is a strong sympathiser with humanitarian progress in general and with the movement towards a sense of closer kinship with the animal world in particular. He has felt and responded to the spirit of the age, as certain passages in his novels, particularly in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," plainly show. The fate of the wounded pheasants after a battue has never been painted with more intimate realism, with closer observation, with sincerer sympathy. Mr. Hardy is a great novelist, who sees with the poet's eye, and paints with the poet's art pictures of life which have a quiet truth and beauty rarely to be found in the writers of our hurrying modern days. Poetry is his first love, and he has gone back to it of late with admirable and astonishing results. His poetry, already greatly esteemed, is, we think, destined to win a higher appreciation among a wider circle in the future. We trust that in his next volume of verse he will touch upon the wrongs of the animal world, and give, at least, some indirect help to our cause by his interpretation of the facts of life as it is and as it ought to be. In his last volume of verse, "Time's Laughing Stocks" (Macmillan), there are some wonderfully dramatic modern ballads, and at least one passage which his readers are intended, we imagine, to interpret as meaning that the earth was made for the other animals as well as for man.

> Let me enjoy the earth no less
> Because the all-enacting Might
> That fashioned forth its loveliness
> Had other aims than my delight.

Mr. Nevinson is able to write essays that read freshly on subjects so well worn as Milton, William Morris, and Thomas Hardy. He has his own point of view, he holds it firmly, he expresses it eloquently, and therefore he cannot help but be interesting, however one may now and again disagree with him. The Hardy essay is a fine summing-up of a great novelist and daring poet. This, for instance, is well said:—

"In the very look of him one seems to detect the shy animal of heaths and woods—the offspring of earth, with ear always close to the ground. But into that primitive being the tormenting spark of intellect has entered. With pity and irony the rather sad eyes look out upon the brotherhood of mankind, so near the earth and so desirous of heaven, and all the face displays a curious sensitiveness—the same intense susceptibility to the piteousness of life that throws the shadow of the gallows across so many of his books, and prompted his protest against the use of horses upon the battlefield during the Boer War."

The Tribune, July 4th 1908.

THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

THE appeal which appeared in our columns yesterday for a fund to purchase the old house in the Spanish palace at Rome where JOHN KEATS died amid all the splendour of the kindly climate and the beautiful city for which he had waited too long, appeals too strongly to the piety and the romance of the English-speaking peoples to lack response. It would at least be a worthy act of reparation to raise a monument on the spot where KEATS had dreamed of failure and neglect. Mr. HARDY, Mr. MEREDITH, and Mr. SWINBURNE, who sign this appeal, are all the inheritors of his spirit, and they have preached his message to a later generation without obloquy and without persecution. It is in some measure a convinced and receptive world which honours to-day the prophet whom its fathers stoned.

Studies in Personality.—3.

Thomas Hardy: The Son of Earth.

By Henry W. Nevinson.

IN one of Mr. Hardy's own illustrations to his "Wessex Poems," we see a Roman high road crossing a steep ridge of down, which rapidly falls into low-lying fields, and beyond them stretches the thin horizon of the sea, just broken by the cliffs of Portland. In the middle of the road, looking towards the sea, stands a lonely sentry, dressed in the uniform of Napoleon's time, and some miles away in front of him you can make out the little Georgian town of Weymouth.

The scene is very characteristic of the great author's work—the Roman road, the wide view, the distant sea, the little town, and the lonely figure standing between earth and sky. The Romans drove that road across the ridge of down already marked by the graves of an earlier savage race, and to the right of where that little sentry stands they built their camp among vast earthworks of warriors who have not left a name. It was this very point in the road that the mixed levies had reached when the news of Buonaparte's landing was contradicted, as is told in "The Trumpet Major." And from that high ridge you may now look round upon a wide and beautiful country which one man's brain has inspired with a life more genuine than its own.

Sensitive Wessex.

Extended among the fields, or folded in woods and little valleys, there they all lie, the scenes of those delicate and human lives—the town of Casterbridge, the villages of Weatherbury, Melstock, and Well-bridge, and behind them, like the edge of a dark and tossing sea, rise the sandhills and fir woods of Egdon Heath. Or, if we look towards the sun, at our feet is the genteel watering-place of Budmouth, and tied to it by the narrow Chesil Beach stands the old and quarried Isle of Slingers. It hardly matters whether we call these places Dorchester, Puddletown, Stinsford, Weymouth, and Portland, or by the author's names. One thing only concerns us: they all breathe the very soul of Bathsheba, and Eustacia, and Tess; of Jude, and John Loveday, and Swithin; and of the Well-beloved's lover, who never could grow old.

The mere identification of places does not much matter. The books would have exactly the same value if there were no such places at all. But of no other part of England could Mr. Hardy have written as he has written of Wessex. I believe he thinks the general type of the English people, especially of the girls, is becoming more and more like his characters. I think so, too, and am heartily glad of it. That class which he most describes—an independent, lower-middle class, not fully educated, not quite exact in its grammar, but brought into touch with the realities of working life on the one side and with intellectual things on the other—that class in England is certainly gaining in humanity, in refinement, and in the subtleties of spirit and passion. But in Wessex people there is a further touch of something which you will not find, say, in Nottingham or Northamptonshire. It is a sensitive and poetic quality, which the curious may trace to the absence of mines and factories, or to the larger survival here of the British spirit, protected by heaths and forests from the invasions of stolid Germanity all those centuries ago. I only know that among those West-country people Thomas Hardy himself was born and grew up, that a tablet in Dorchester Church celebrates the beneficence of a Thomas Hardy of Shakespeare's time, and that on a down west of Portland stands a monument to the Hardy of Nelson's "Victory."

He is no changeling, as most of us are, but has sucked the breasts of the earth that bore him, and the spirit of that beautiful mother, whom so few of us have time to know, has passed into him. In all his work there is something of the grave simplicity of places where man has lived long in close relationship to the ground and the seasons. Most of his characters have grown to be what they are by slow and gradual changes, like woods or the surface of downs. They are deep-rooted in far-off traditions, and behind them all we feel the underlying past. Their interests and difficulties lie in the ancient lot of mankind, as it was in the beginning and is now. They have the profound speech and half unconscious humour of men not too harassed to observe the years—men to whom the world has not been narrowed by violent journeys and removals. In their drama of life, they make little more fuss than nature over birth and death and the varied fortunes between. This is no place for the "Comic Spirit" of cultured drawing-rooms, but humour and pathos are here at home—humour too near a neighbour to sorrow.

The Shadow of the Gallows.

Into this quiet atmosphere of ancient life Mr. Hardy loves to introduce a spirit touched from its birth by something alien, something that reaches out into a world of different experience, whether for delight or intellectual need. Deep in such spirits some trace of precious but perilous substance lies, like a thin vein of gold which is not used for its own sake and spoils the building-stone for use. In his four greatest tragedies—in "Tess," "Jude," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "The Return of the Native"—we find it so. It is so in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "The Hand of Ethelberta," and, very noticeably, in "Two on a Tower." If his genius had been a few degrees less powerful and his success in literature less assured, we might have found the same half-frustrated nature in Mr. Hardy himself. In the very look of him one seems to detect the shy animal of heaths and woods—the offspring of earth, with ear always close to the ground. But into that primitive being the tormenting spark of intellect has entered. With pity and irony the rather sad eyes look out upon the brotherhood of mankind, so near the earth and so desirous of heaven, and all the face displays a curious sensitiveness—the same intense susceptibility to the piteousness of life that throws the shadow of the gallows across so many of his books, and prompted his protest against the use of horses upon the battlefield during the Boer War. It was the same sensitiveness that drove him to the description of the pig-killing in "Jude," and feeds his indignation at any sport involving pain and death. Take away the mysterious gift of genius, and we can see this sensitiveness and longing for intellectual things rendering a man only peculiar and unhappy in English country life, while they might bring him very little further along the higher road. We should find a character well suited for one of Mr. Hardy's own ironic and pitying tales.

Hunger's Friendly Service.

Pity and Irony—they are among the most prominent Spirits that watch the dramatic epic or "panoramic show" of the vast Napoleonic struggle displayed in "The Dynasts." That extraordinary poem—the most remorseless satire since "Lilliput" upon the vain imaginings of kings and heroes—is now nearing its natural end at Waterloo, and the author is absorbed in the condensation of the third volume. Condensation has a great attraction for him, as for all good writers. I believe this is at the root of his persistent practise of verse. A lyric is a short and finished thing; into three pages of verse it seems possible to cram the hundred thousand words of a novel. But for the necessities of sale and livelihood, Mr. Hardy would have written nothing but verse. That hunger compelled him to write prose must seem to us one of the sweet uses of adversity. But how tempting is brevity! Here, in three short volumes, we are given the etherealised spirit of whole libraries, and, as through the small end of a telescope, we behold once more the hosts of conquerors, the doom of kings, and the excited populations of European empires. The queer little figures run about; they love and hate, they laugh and cry, and make a fine to-do. Here creeps the white Austrian army with "a movement as of molluscs on a leaf." There Napoleon shakes his little fist, and Pitt whispers his last great speech at the crisis of destiny. There goes Nelson with his ships, the passionate love in his heart and the penny cannon at the bow. There are the tiny villagers scrambling up their ant-hills to see a real match struck upon the tinder. They speak in ghosts of words. All is so tiny and dim that the squeaks of villagers and emperors hardly differ in their value, and when they have said their little say, the clouds of time pass over them all alike. They vanish as changeful manifestations of the controlling Immanent Will, which may sometimes almost be discerned "as a brain-like network of currents and ejections, twitching, interpenetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms."

To a writer like Swift such a conception of the foremost nations of the world squirming together like maggots in a cheese while the Immanent Will grinds along its way, probably unconscious, probably purposeless—such a conception would have been a theme for mockery and scorn. But in Mr. Hardy there is never a touch of either. Irony is there, but it is the Spirit of the Pities that is chiefly felt. There may be no solution to the ultimate problems of human life. Man may be moving about upon this dying dust-speck in the universe without principle and without purpose. Let it be, so then. Let us refuse to be put off by the imaginations of any fool's paradise. But, at all events, within the limits of the life of men and women as we know it for certain, there is room enough for joy, and plenty of room for pity. That in the midst of our daily struggle from birth to death mankind should ever have conceived such things as laughter or beauty or goodness appears to me a far more marvellous thing than the finest supernatural miracle ever invented in all the mythologies.

A Shy Figure in the Strand.

It is for this love of a mankind interminglied with the earth and nature that we compare Hardy with Wordsworth. In spite of their country themes and country life—though, in fact, Mr. Hardy has probably spent nearly half his years in London—neither of them has any connection with idyllic art; their men and women have nothing in common with nymphs and swains. But both love the mankind that lies as close to the heart of earth as the grass and trees, and among men of low estate it is for the aristocracy of passion that both are always seeking—"the aristocracy of passion," to use Walter Pater's fine phrase for the true patent of nobility.

That is what one thinks of when at times among the brilliant lights and fresh-flowering dresses of a summer afternoon one sees a shy and delicate figure passing down the Strand to hear some favourite old English service at St. Paul's; or when he moves among the shops and marketings of Dorchester, respected by all as a Justice of the Peace and owner of a house and garden—honoured by some even in his own country for the fame which is his right, because, since Wordsworth died, no one has heard the still, sad music of humanity with so fine an ear, and no English writer has ever expressed it in forms so poignant and dramatic.

* * *

TO A BOOK BORROWER.

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven, and you to me
But O the fond! When I have answered thee,
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more; I once did lend thee books,
And what on earth's become of them, address!
No man doth wot;
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea,
But you can draw no more books out of me!

The Book Lover.

The Reader Competitions.

COMPETITIONS AND PRIZES.

We are giving each week a series of interesting competitions in connection with which money prizes are offered. These Competitions are either of a literary character or such as call for some skill and ingenuity on the part of the competitor.

7. **Half a Guinea** is offered for the best Golf Story. Preference, of course, will be given to original stories. Competitors should state whether their attempts are original or not.

Answers to be sent not later than November 13.

8. **One Guinea** is offered for the best Essay (limited to 500 words) on "Shakespeare as a Dog Fancier." Competitors will derive their knowledge from the canine references and allusions in the dramatist's works.

Answers to be sent not later than November 19.

9. **Two Guineas** are offered for the best "Further Adventure of Sherlock Holmes," limited to 750 words. Competitors are to suppose that Sherlock Holmes is married and that his adventures are the source of jealousy on the part of his wife.

Answers to be sent not later than November 21.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

All replies to the above competitions must be written on one side of the paper only and bear the full name and address of the competitor. Neatness and legibility of writing will be considered in awarding prizes. A *nom de plume* may be used.

The closing date of each competition is shown after the announcement.

All replies must come through the post. Envelopes shou'd be addressed "Competition" Editor, The Reader, 31, Whitefriars Street, London, E.C., and the number of the competition clearly marked in the left-hand corner.

Where a word-limit is given the number of words must be written at the head of the MS.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not. Unsuccessful attempts cannot be returned, nor can any correspondence be entered into concerning them.

In all competitions appearing in The Reader the Editor's decision is final.

SHAKESPEARE AND "THE READER."

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1.

Our offer of Half-a-Guinea for the best Shakespearean quotation applicable to the first number of The Reader brought over seven hundred allusions more or less apt. Besides these there were exhortations, good wishes, and sundry poetical pieces of advice and counsel. It is not possible to print as many as we should like of the great number of excellent quotations received. The prize of Half-a-Guinea is awarded to Mr. Edwin Charles Bullock, 3, Saint Radegund Terrace, Jesus Lane, Cambridge, for the following:—

To say you are welcome were superfluous,
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth,
Were more than you expect or more than's fit,
Since worth in show commends itself.
Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here I hope is none that envies it.
—"Pericles," Act 2, sc. iii.

From the number of other good quotations sent in we select the following laconics:—

Why, this is excellent.—"Twelfth Night," Act 5, sc. i.

You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for.—"Romeo and Juliet," Act 1, sc. v.

Our copper buys no better treasure.—"Love's Labour Lost," Act 4, sc. iii.

I will subscribe for thee.—"All's Well that Ends Well," Act 4, sc. v.

I must read this paper.—"Henry VIII.," Act 3, sc. ii.

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Act 1, sc. ii.

Good in everything: I would not change it.—"As You Like It," Act 2, sc. i.

There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper.—"Merchant of Venice," Act 3, sc. ii.

Deliver me this paper.—"All's Well that Ends Well," Act 5, sc. ii.

This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers.—"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 5, sc. i.

Good old chronicle!—"Troilus and Cressida," Act 4, sc. v.

Sir, your pennyworth is good.—"Love's Labour Lost," Act 3, sc. i.

Crammed with excellencies.—"Twelfth Night."

You are very welcome to our house.—"Merchant of Venice, Act 5, sc. i.

I like your work. And you shall find I like it.—"Timon of Athens," Act 1, sc. i.

Assuredly the thing is to be sold.—"As You Like It," Act 2, sc. iv.

'Tis in request, I can tell you.—"Winter's Tale," Act 4, sc. iv.

Stick to your journal.—"Cymbeline," Act 4, sc. ii.

The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.—"Measure for Measure," Act 3, sc. i.

You are welcome—take your place.—"Merchant of Venice," Act 4, sc. i.

We will read it, I swear.—"Love's Labour Lost," Act 4, sc. i.

Excellent. I'll go and buy.—"Merry Wives of Windsor," Act 4, sc. iv.

Praised in every town!—"Taming of the Shrew," Act 1, sc. i.

Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.—Sonnet II.

We will read it, I swear.—"Love's Labour Lost," Act 4, sc. i.

A goodly babe, lusty, and like to live.—"The Winter's Tale," Act 2, sc. ii.

It is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it.—"Twelfth Night," Act 1, sc. iii.

I may truly say it is a novelty to the world. It is indeed.—"All's Well that Ends Well," Act 2, sc. iii.

It hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.—"Much Ado About Nothing," Act 1, sc. i.

'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.—"Taming of the Shrew," Act 4, sc. iii.

EPIGRAM ON "THE READER."

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 3.

In this competition, it will be remembered, a certain number of words were given which had to be placed in the proper order, so as to form a rhymed epigram. This little exercise in ingenuity was very well responded to, and did not prove so difficult as we imagined it would. Several competitors succeeded in arranging the words correctly. The first correct epigram to be posted was sent by Mr. A. R. Bore, 26, Skelton Road, Forest Gate, E., to whom a cheque for Half a Guinea will be sent.

The correct reading of the epigram is as follows:

The Reader is, of course, for those
Who feel the force of sparkling prose.
It will appeal to all those creatures
Who recognise its salient features.

RESEARCHES AND REWARDS.

Below we print the third set of literary questions, to which readers are invited to reply in as interesting and complete a manner as possible. Replies to each question should not exceed 250 words.

To the reader who sends in the best replies to the greatest number of questions during the four weeks over which the competition extends will be awarded a prize of **Five Guineas.** To the senders of the replies considered to be next in order of merit will be awarded prizes of **Two Guineas** and **One Guinea.**

All replies to the third week's questions given below should reach us by first post, November 15.

Address envelopes to "Research" Editor, The Reader, 31, Whitefriars Street, London, E.C.

THIRD WEEK'S QUESTIONS.

1. What were the incidents connected with Dr. Johnson's first trip to Brighton? Give his opinion of this seaside watering-place.
2. Who was William Godwin?
3. Whose failure originated the Literary Fund?
4. Give an example of Sir Walter Scott's unusual powers of observation.
5. What method of composition was employed by Sheridan in writing the "School for Scandal"?
6. Who wrote "Goody Two Shoes"?
7. Has a dramatist ever taken holy orders?
8. Who was the greatest hoaxer among literary men?
9. What was Lord Byron in constant dread of becoming?
10. Who was the literary man that lent another writer £100 and put in the bailiffs to recover the debt?

Important to Ladies:

You can get the real genuine

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"SPRATT'S BISCUIT"

Dry.

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24 & 25, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

NOVELIST AND ARCHITECT.

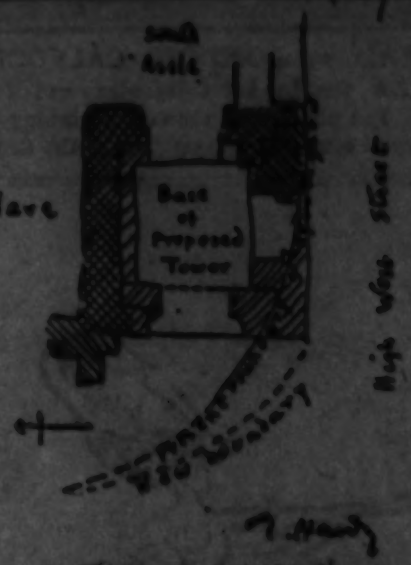
MR. THOMAS HARDY'S DESIGN FOR IMPROVING HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, DORCHESTER.

Morning Leader 3 May '09

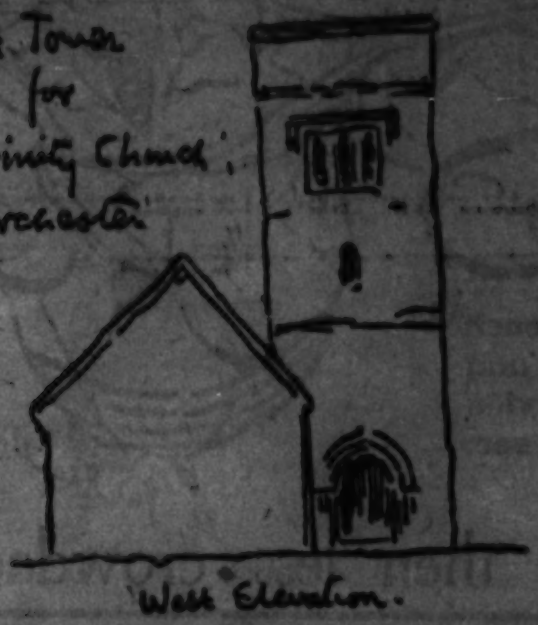
* made years ago: now revived

Below is a fac-simile of Mr. Thomas Hardy's rough pen-and-ink sketch and plan of his suggested tower for Holy Trinity Church, Dorchester. This large towerless church was built on the High-st. early in the seventies. "The church," says Mr. Hardy, "is sadly deficient in external dignity at present, and no stranger in passing realises that such a large church stands there." Mr. C. E. Ponting, of Marlborough, the Diocesan architect, has informed Canon Rowland Hill, rector of Holy Trinity, that the suggestion, including a spire, could be carried out for about £1,000.

The interest of this thumb-nail sketch of the great novelist lies in the fact that, on finishing his schooling at Dorchester (his own "Casterbridge"), within three miles of which he was born in 1840, Mr. Hardy was articled to an ecclesiastical architect of considerable local repute, named Hicks, whose offices were nearly opposite the old Grammar School in South-st. (of which, by the bye, Sir Frederick Treves is an old boy). Here, while studying architecture, the embryo man of letters read the Greek and Latin classics with a fellow pupil of kindred tastes. Mr. Hardy measured and drew from his measurements many of the old churches of Dorset before going to London to assist Sir Arthur Blomfield.



Mr. Hardy's plan for the church improvements.



Mr. Thomas Hardy's sketch of a tower for Holy Trinity Church, Dorchester.

T. Hardy.

The Standard, June 2 1910

THOMAS HARDY.

GREAT WRITER'S 70TH BIRTHDAY.

(From a Correspondent.)

To-day Mr. Thomas Hardy, who is considered by many to be our greatest living poet and novelist, completes his seventieth year. To those who know him the fact seems almost incredible. His health and vigour remain unimpaired, and he retains a keen interest in life and an enthusiasm that many a younger man might envy. He is so associated with Dorsetshire that it is hard to picture him as living away from Max Gate, his home near Dorchester; but at the present time he is in London, where he hopes to stay until the middle of July. He may be observed, almost daily, an interesting and interested figure, passing through the London streets on his way to the Athenæum Club, or "doing" picture galleries with conscientious care, and attending service at St. Paul's Cathedral or some of the City churches.

The early years of his manhood were devoted to architecture, and his interest in that art to-day is as keen as ever. If asked what are his greatest pleasures he would probably say visiting cathedrals and hearing church music. His favourite exercise in the country is cycling, but in town he is an indefatigable walker. His so-called pessimism, he declares, is one rather of reason than of feeling. Certainly, in his ordinary life he is a person of average cheerfulness—one might almost say, of more than average cheerfulness.

Early Literary Work.

It is fairly well known that Mr. Hardy's first literary ambitions were entirely in the direction of verse, and that only practical reasons led him to turn his attention to prose fiction. The earliest dated poems in his various volumes were written in 1866, when he was twenty-five, but as a matter of fact he attempted verse much earlier. The first serious verse he ever wrote was when he was about eighteen years of age, and this has never been printed, although it is in existence. It is entitled "Domicilium," and is a description, in a very Wordsworthian manner, of the house in which he was born and grew up, and its surroundings. Yet his first work to be printed was a skit on an event that had stirred the burgesses of Dorchester. The manuscript was anonymously dropped into the box of a local newspaper. It was printed, much to the writer's surprise and even concern. The editor, wishing to ascertain the author, went to the post office and showed the manuscript to the clerk, who, comparing it with the superscriptions on letters, made the desired discovery. When Thomas Hardy, aged sixteen, next appeared to buy stamps, he was suddenly confronted with the proofs of his authorship, and, with guilty blushes, received the first of this world's plaudits. His early poems, written in London, were sent to various magazines, and were invariably "declined with thanks." He left London in 1867 and lived for some years at Weymouth. Here poetical attempts went on, but received no encouragement, and at length it became absolutely necessary to try something of greater commercial value.

Mr. Hardy's Novels.

It may not be generally known that portions of "Under the Greenwood Tree" were first written as episodes in a novel, "The Poor Man and the Lady," that was destroyed. These, written before "Desperate Remedies," are delightful pictures of rural life. It is somewhat surprising that the church musicians, who appear, with their humours, as if described from direct observation, were not personally known to Mr. Hardy, who, indeed, never in his life saw or heard one of these village choirs. He lived, in childhood, in close contact with ancient worthies who had been members of such instrumental companies, and their narrated experiences keenly impressed him. The village choir was discontinued in his own parish before he was a twelvemonth old.

Mr. Alexander Macmillan, one of the founders of the present firm of Macmillan, was the first to read Hardy's earliest novel. This was so long ago as 1868, and there came to the young author one of the most remarkable letters ever written by the eminent publisher and man of letters. He asked the very pertinent question, "Are you young?" and, after dwelling upon the vigour with which some characters were delineated, ruthlessly criticised the point of view of the author. The novel submitted was a general indictment of fashionable and middle-class society, founded upon such observations as the young author could obtain of it from a Bohemian existence in London of five or six years. "If the fashionable and educated classes," said Mr. Macmillan, "were really as artificial as you have painted them society would go to pieces in a week."

In the novel a working-man Socialist was made to lecture in Trafalgar-square on the inequalities of the human lot, and was overheard by the lady of his affections as she drove past. The story of how Mr. Hardy tried another novel, by the advice of George Meredith, is well known.

"The Dynasts."

To come to the author's later work, the publication of "The Dynasts" has had one curious effect, inasmuch as it has brought letters to him from descendants of many of the characters. For instance, in the scene (which occurs in the third part of the "epic-drama") of the Battle of Salamanca, a captain's wife appears on the stage, searching for her husband's dead body. This lady had followed her husband to Spain with her two young children. In a footnote in the first edition Mr. Hardy expressed wonder as to what had happened to the lady and her unfortunate infants. The footnote brought a reply from a reader, who stated that they grew up, and that life had used them well. This is only one instance among many in which an account of the dead brought words from the living.

"The Dynasts" was written without any thought of its being acted, but several people approached Mr. Hardy with schemes of production. The rather quaint comment of one well-known gentleman connected with the stage was that he only wished he were a millionaire, when the drama would immediately be produced. Although the length of "The Dynasts" is generally supposed to be portentous, it is only a little longer than the three parts of Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," and has not so many lines of blank verse as Swinburne's "Bothwell."

The poem which attracted most attention in Mr. Hardy's latest volume, "Time's Laughingstocks," namely "The Trampwoman's Tragedy," was refused by certain English magazines on the score of impropriety. If time and destiny permit, Mr. Hardy will publish yet another volume of poems. Readers have almost given up hoping for another novel, although Mr. Hardy has never distinctly stated that this will not appear. He feels that a condensed form of expression, as in poetry, attracts him more as the years go on. He does not think it probable that the 150,000 words or so of a novel will ever again come from his pen.

Mr. Hardy has been called Quixotic in his insistence on the rights of animals, which, he says, have assumed a new aspect in his regard since the Darwinian theory showed the kinship of all animate creation. He would render illegal the caging of birds, the confinement of tame rabbits in hutches, and all performances of animals in public exhibitions. That even an ex-President of the United States has any right to seek out and kill lions in their native haunts he totally denies, and lady hunters of big game he declares to be his particular aversion.

Without any definite assurance, one may cherish the hope that a play by Mr. Hardy, based upon one of his most popular novels, may appear before very long. Certainly there are good hopes that, on the Continent, appreciative audiences may make the acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Hardy as playwright.

Daily Mirror.

BIRTHDAY

Thomas Hardy Completes Hi Seventieth Year To-day.

HIS RETIRED LIFE.

Thomas Hardy, the last of that great band literary giants who made the Victorian era glorious celebrates his seventieth birthday to-day.

He stands alone at the age of three score years and ten looking back across the years to h great contemporaries—Tennyson, the Browning Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Reade, Trollope Lytton, Rossetti, Morris, Ruskin and Meredith all have passed away, and he alone of his genera tion of giants survives.

Thomas Hardy lives to-day in his own beloved "Wessex." Max Gate, where he dwells, is an ivy clad house overlooking the gorsy downs, a mil from Dorchester—his own Casterbridge.

He lives his own quiet, secluded life, and seldom goes far from home. Twice in the week—e Wednesday and Saturday afternoon—it is his cu tom to visit the Dorset County Museum, and her at a window in a front room overlooking the stree he sits reading the papers—the "Athenæum" an "Notes and Queries," characteristically hi favourites.

Nobly he carries his years, walking very erect i the light grey suit that he wears invariably beneath a soft grey hat.

EARLY MORNING WALKS.

Whether he takes note of those whom he passes on his way—even though they be his intimate friends—depends upon his mood. On one day he will notice none, on another he will be affable and charming to all.

One of the attendants—a man who goes out moth-collecting—says Mr. Hardy often walks up and down outside his house at two o'clock in the morning.

His home is full of antique furniture. His pets are three cats. He very rarely receives visitors and is only accessible to his greatest friends.

He has no hobby unless it be to stroll about the place, and he spends all the morning writing in his room.

Popular, in the sense in which some of his great contemporaries became popular, he is not, nor could ever have cared to be. His reputation, as that of every real artist always does, began at the top, and may almost be said to have stayed there.

CHOSEN RUSTIC JOYS.

Wherever the English language is read are readers who proclaim "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" as the fiction triumphs of the nineteenth century. But the great public has held aloof from him.

He has all his life preferred the quiet of the rural neighbourhood in which he was born, where he has studied the rustic types he loves to portray, to the clang and turmoil of London. He has done as admirably and completely for "Wessex," and especially for his native district of Dorchester, what Walter Scott did for the valleys of Tweed and Annan, but he has missed Scott's meed of local recognition.

"Does Thomas Hardy ever come here?" asked an enthusiastic worshipper of his of a Dorset farmer at a market dinner at an inn almost within gunshot of the novelist's house. "Thomas Hardy?" said the worthy bucolic, doubtfully. "Ah!—ye mean Bill Hardy, a little, round-faced man, wi' whiskers under his chin—the pig-dealer. Oh, yes, he comes here every market day."

(Photograph on page 11.)

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHORITATIVE DENIAL OF STORY ABOUT HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

The "Morning Leader" Dorchester correspondent sends an authoritative denial to the sensational report that Mr. Pierpoint Morgan had offered Mr. Thomas Hardy any sum he liked to name for the MS. of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Mr. Hardy has never received any letter from Mr. Morgan on the subject. Mr. Hardy has not given the manuscript of "Tess" and "The Dynasts" to the British Museum, nor does he intend to distribute other of his manuscripts among the leading museums of the country.

The "Morning Leader" is also able to say, on the same authority, that Mr. Hardy is not collaborating with Mr. J. M. Barrie in dramatic work.

It has also been stated that Mr. Hardy had actually submitted the synopsis of a drama to the consideration of the author of "Peter Pan." There is no truth whatever in the assertion.

Oct 1911

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

There is no truth in the circumstantial story published on Monday to the effect that Mr. Thomas Hardy has arranged to collaborate with Mr. J. M. Barrie in dramatic work, and that the author of "Peter Pan" is at the present time considering the synopsis of a drama which Mr. Hardy has drafted.

We learn on the highest authority that Mr. Hardy is not collaborating with Mr. Barrie in such a work. Equally unveracious is the statement that Mr. Hardy, having refused the offer of Mr. Pierpont Morgan to purchase the manuscript of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," had given the manuscript, together with that of his epic poem "The Dynasts," to the British Museum. It was asserted that the American millionaire was so eager to get the MS. of "Tess" that he was ready to give any sum the novelist might like to name for it.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hardy has never received a letter from Mr. Morgan on the subject at all. There is no foundation either for the statement that Mr. Hardy has decided to distribute other of his manuscripts among certain leading museums in the country

Oct. '11

Aberdeen Journal 23 Nov. 1911

MR THOMAS HARDY'S GIFT TO THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

THE MS. OFFER BY THE NOVELIST.

Mr P. J. Anderson has received intimation that Mr Thomas Hardy desires to present to the Aberdeen University Library, "if it will be acceptable," the original MS. of his "An Imaginative Woman."

Mr Hardy, on whom the University conferred the degree of LL.D. in 1905, wishes it to be known that he acts after consultation with Mr Cockerill, of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. "I am rather appalled," he writes, "at the temerity of presenting these old MSS. . . . It would, I feel, not be quite becoming for a writer to send his MSS. to a library on his own judgment."

It is hardly necessary to add that the offered gift will be most gratefully received by the University authorities.

It will be remembered that the announcement that the gift was to be made to the University by Mr Hardy appeared in the columns of the "Journal" on the 23rd of October last. The intimation came as a complete surprise to the University authorities, who were unaware that it was about to be made by the distinguished novelist.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has made such a generous distribution of his MSS., once remarked: "When I am dead the only one of my novels that will be read is 'Jude the Obscure.'" But it is safe to assume that posterity will not be so limited in its appreciation of the great novelist. For its rural comedy alone the Hardy series will take its place among the classics. In this connection a friend once asked him how he managed to portray the English country girl so faithfully. "You might almost be a country girl yourself," said the inquirer. "When I was a young man," Mr. Hardy replied, "I used to write love-letters for the village girls to their soldier sweethearts in India. That naturally gave me a good insight into their nature and characteristics."

The site of Mr. Hardy's home at Dorchester, built from his own designs, was secured to him by the generosity of the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales. Mr. Hardy's request cropping up, his Royal Highness said, "We must do all we can to encourage British authors." The land has numerous historic associations, and many Roman relics from time to time have been unearthed in or near the pretty garden. By the way, it does not appear to be generally known that the two plays which are to be performed in November in Dorchester and in London—one from the pen of Mr. Thomas Hardy and the other by another writer—are based upon two of Mr. Hardy's stories—viz., "The Three Strangers" and "The Distracted Preacher," which appear in his volume called "Wessex Tales."

Oct 1911

The Disposal of Literary MSS.

Mr. Henry James's lately published novel, "The Outcry," is concerned with the national clamour over the acquisition of our masterpieces by American millionaires, and now, it seems, these inscrutable powers are trying to obtain the manuscripts of our famous books. At any rate the "Daily News" has discovered that Mr. Pierpont Morgan wanted the manuscript of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" so badly that he offered Mr. Hardy "any sum he liked to name." Our great novelist was not content to refuse this princely offer, but set about distributing his manuscripts to the museums, and it is good to hear that one of them—we do not know which—is coming to Manchester. This seems an excellent disposition, and the "Daily News" comments on the contrast between it and Gustave Mesnier's distribution of his manuscripts to "servants and household intimates." But this is excellent, too; it is charming to think that Mesnier was prodigal with those symbols of immortality and gave them to his gardener or his nurse. Perhaps if Mr. Pierpont Morgan had been short and had wanted one as a man and not as a millionaire he might have got one, too. After all, Americans have a good deal in common with us, and even masterpieces might give more joy among millionaires and their friends than in remote, obscure private collections here. Manuscripts are not, in the same sense, masterpieces, and the amount of joy that they can diffuse is small. Commonly they are not very interesting, for either the author makes few corrections, and so shows us little of hesitancies and evolutions, or he makes many and then writes out a fair copy. It is the state before the fair copy that would be interesting, but authors do not usually offer to posterity the tentative workings of their minds. There is an instinct for the fair case, the fair copy, the unblemished surface, the decent withdrawal of the shreds and patches that prevent even the illusion of perfection.

Manchester Guardian

The Crystal Palace. Oct 24: 11

THE TIMES, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1911.

THE MS. OF "THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE."

MR. HARDY'S GIFT TO DORSET MUSEUM.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has presented to the Dorset County Museum at Dorchester his autograph manuscript of "The Mayor of Casterbridge." The manuscript is in 479 pages, and is bound in half-calf. Some of the author's verbal emendations are of much interest. Mr. Hardy is a member of the Council of the Museum.

MR. THOMAS HARDY IN HIS STUDY AT MAX GATE, DORCHESTER

Mr. Hardy has just published an interesting drama on the Napoleonic epoch

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES and Mr. Thomas Hardy, the new recipients of the Order of Merit, will meet with the cordial congratulations of the whole nation, to whose many glories in the past they add in the present, each in his own way, a lustre of imperishable fame. Mr. Hardy has given to fiction what Sir William Crookes has given to fact, and since the death of George Meredith has held the foremost place amongst English men of letters. His name has been a household word amongst us since the publication of *Far from the Madding Crowd* in 1874, when he was still an architect and had taken up literature as a hobby. Sir William Crookes, on the other hand, commenced life as a Professor of Chemistry at the Chester Training College at the age of twenty-three; and although he held the post only for a year, and has long since abandoned the teaching profession for authorship and original research, the title of Professor has stuck to him, as it always did to Huxley, But such as he is, he is a serious thinker, a hard worker, and one of the most interesting personalities of our time. And as such, like his colleague Mr. Hardy, may he be said to enjoy the good wishes and regard of all cultivated men and women of his time. *The Outlook. July 16. 1910.*

MR. THOMAS HARDY, THE FAMOUS NOVELIST, IN HIS STUDY AT MAX GATE, DORCHESTER.

Photograph by Mr. Clive Holland.

"THOMAS HARDY" POTTERY.—Mr. Thomas Hardy has approved the production of a series of Dorset ware illustrating his novels. The various designs, including a sketch portrait of "Tess," were provided by Mr. Hardy himself who wrote several couplets. Beneath a line drawing of "Tess" are the words—

"No girl in Wessex rivalled Tess
In beauty, charm, and tenderness."

On a vase bearing a representation of Sergeant Troy and Bathsheba Everdene, there is the couplet—

"Far from the madding crowd
Where lovers' hearts beat loud."

There is a third couplet on a vase on which is depicted Gabriel Oak represented in a pose of humility before Bathsheba—

"To his scornful love comes Gabriel Oak
And asks to be one of her shepherd folk."

Among the most pleasing of the designs is a sketch of Wool Bridge Manor House, a traditional home of the D'Urbervilles. The "Hardy" ware is made and painted by hand.

Times. 1910

Times July 20. 1910.

Court Circular.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, JULY 19.

The King held a Council at Marlborough House this morning at 12 o'clock. There were present:—The Earl Beauchamp (Lord President), the Duke of Norfolk (Earl Marshal), the Earl of Sefton, the Lord Rothschild, the Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the Right Hon. Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson, the Right Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes, and the Right Hon. L. Harcourt, M.P. (First Commissioner of Works).

The Earl of Sefton, the Lord Rothschild, the Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the Right Hon. Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson, and the Right Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes were re-sworn; and the Lord Sheffield, Sir George H. Murray, Sir William Mather, Mr. R. C. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., and Mr. James Caldwell were sworn in Members of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

Sir Almeric FitzRoy was in attendance as Clerk of the Council.

The Earl Beauchamp had an audience of The King previous to the Council.

His Majesty conferred the Order of Merit upon Sir William Crookes and Mr. Thomas Hardy.

The Lord Acton, the Hon. Sidney Greville, and Captain the Lord Charles Fitzmaurice (Lord, Groom, and Equerry in Waiting) were in attendance.

General Sir W. G. Nicholson (Chief of the Imperial General Staff) and Colonel F. I. Maxse (Commanding Coldstream Guards) had the honour of being received by The King to-day.

The King and Queen visited Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace this afternoon.

CAMBRIDGE

11 *June* 1913

The Public Orator delivered the following speeches in presenting to the Vice-Chancellor the several distinguished recipients of honorary degrees.

Doctors of Law

(1) Britannorum in navibus, non modo insularum nostrarum, sed etiam imperii nostri maritimi totius salutem esse positam, inter omnes constat; minus fortasse notum est, quantum Collegii Divi Ioannis sociis commensalibus res navalis nostra debeat. Primum, Reginae Elissae in saeculo, contra Hispanorum classem armatam unus ex illis fortiter depugnavit, Dominus ille indomitus, Thomas Howard, qui etiam prope Flores, inter Azores, non modo fortitudinis sed etiam prudentiae laudem sibi vindicavit. Deinde in saeculo Victoriano, Collegio eidem 'non deficit alter, aureus', postea et inter Sinenses et in oceano Atlantico classis nostrae praefectus, ordini illustri de balneo adscriptus, Iacobus Hope. Collegio eidem ab eodem commendatus est iuvenis quidam, 'aureus ipse', atque adeo Collegii illius sociorum commensalium aureorum ultimus, qui sodalium suorum severitatem sale marino, sale Attico, recreabat. Postea, etiam Principibus nostris acceptissimus, navibus illis bene nominatis, Raleio, Mercurio, aliis, feliciter est praepositus. Idem etiam de litoribus nostris fortiter defendendis olim consulebat; deinde, orbis terrarum maria emensus, Australiae in statione longinqua, etiam coloniarum nostrarum fidelissimarum filiis plus quam sexcentis per triennium imperabat. Utinam Regis nostri auspicio, et talium virorum ductu, imperii Britannici totius classis, semper ubique bello parata, orbis terrarum pacem et securitatem inviolatam custodiat.

Duco ad vos classis Britannicae nuper unum e praefectis, ordinis Victoriani equitem, balnei ordini illustri adscriptum, WILMOT HAWKSWORTH FAWKES.

(2) Maris Atlantici in litore utroque illustris est medici insignis Bostoniensis filius, qui Florentiae natus et inter Italos et Germanos educatus, inter Francogallos pictoris celeberrimi in schola artis magnae rudimentis imbutus est. Quot virorum insignium, quot feminarum lectissimarum formis, pictoris huius ingenium immortalitatem novam donavit! Huius arte eximia depicti, per quot saecula superstites erunt, primum praeceptor eius, Carolus Duran; deinde tot doctores nostri honoris causa nominati, vir architecturae peritissimus, Franciscus Penrose; iudex summus, Dominus Russell; disputator olim acerrimus, Iosephus Chamberlain; reipublicae maximae praeses, Theodorus Roosevelt. Artificio quam exquisito quotiens usus est, sive trium sororum formas elegantissimas ordine pulcherrimo identidem disposuit; sive puellarum par incomparabile, horti inter crepuscula, lanternarum inter lumina, inter lilia mixta rosis depingit; sive urbis denique paternae bibliothecam publicam religionis pompa splendida exornat. Nullum pingendi genus, quod tetigit, non ornavit; etiam populo ipso iudice, quicquid creavit, statim vivit. Quod denique de litterarum lumine quodam illustri, populari suo, dixit olim popularis eius alter insignis, etiam de pictore nostro admirabili non minus verum est:—quid potissimum velit, etiam populo ipsi protinus apparet...; ingenium magnum, ingenium verum, habet semper secretum illud, quod omnibus patet[1].

Duco ad vos saeculi nostri Apellem, IOANNEM SINGER SARGENT.

[1] Lowell on Emerson, *My Study Windows*, p. 377, 'the many cannot miss his meaning, and only the few can find it; it is the open secret of all true genius'.

(3) Iuris a doctoribus ad litterarum doctores deinceps transeamus, quorum agmen ducit vir excellentissimus titulo utroque non indignus. Physiologi magni filius, quondam in Universitate Gottingensi, a Rege nostro Hanoveriensi secundo olim fundata, iuris ex studio factus est opum publicarum disciplinae antesignanus. Idem etiam inter Heidelbergenses educatus, atque in alia ex alia Universitate scientiam suam praeclare professus, in anno mirabili illo, saeculi prioris septuagesimo, auspiciis optimis ad Berolinenses vocatus, urbis maximae et vitae publicae in luce, subito effulsit professor imperatoribus Germanis tum primum acceptissimus. Peritis ubique nota sunt opera illa magna scientiae suae fusius explicandae ex illo tempore dedicata, quae partim praeceptorem suum Heidelbergensem non sine libertate quadam secutus, partim suo Marte progressus, omnibus gentibus, omnibus terris donavit. Olim inter collegarum suorum partes duas arbiter integerrimus ab utrisque acceptus, etiam nunc inter omnes honoratus est, 'vir pietate gravis', vir Germanorum imperio iure optimo devotissimus, quorum in concordia cum Britannis indies crescente orbis terrarum pacem magnopere positam esse credimus.

Duco ad vos professorem illustrem Berolinensem, virum excellentissimum, ADOLPHUM HENRICUM GOTTHILF WAGNER.

(4) Italia ad nos misit virum archaeologiae peritissimum, qui urbem natalem lingua Latina, lingua etiam sua, potest salutare:—

'Te saluto, alma Dea, Dea generosa,
O gloria nostra, O Veneta regina!'[2]

Inde Romam abhinc annos prope quindecim vocatus, Italiam totam 'patriam, divam, sanctam genetricem' salutavit[3], et in Foro Romano laboris sui campum gloriosum invenit. Ibi aliud ex alio prioris aevi monumentum diei lumini ab eo feliciter redditum est:— sepulcra vetustissima; pavimentum illud nigrum 'Romuli morti destinatum', et cippus litteris antiquissimis inscriptus; fontium numinis Iuturnae lacus, et 'Curtius ille lacus, siccas quae sustinet aras'. Etiam Domitiani statuae ingentis basis detecta, et Basilica Aemilia et 'Sancta Maria Antiqua' tota patefacta. Ne Foro quidem Romano contentus, etiam montem Palatinum penitus perscrutatus est; domum Liviae, domum Flaviam investigavit; denique parietes ex antiquo tempore superstites invenit, ubi cernere est Iliadis picturas pulcherrimas, Agamemnona ipsum et Agamemnonis equum, coloribus vividis depictas. Utinam montis Palatini exploratorem etiam in posterum urbis aeternae genius numine benigno respiciat, et Italiam totam, per tot annos liberam et in unum coniunctam, etiam in plurima saecula feliciter conservet.

Duco ad vos virum, non modo in Italia et in Germania et inter Francogallos et Hibernos olim decoratum, sed etiam inter Britannos hodie honore debito acceptum, IACOBUM BONI.

(5) Scholae antiquissimae Wintonensis et Collegii Novi Oxoniensis alumnus, Sanctae Mariae Magdalenae Collegii socius, primum abhinc annos quattuor et viginti Museo illo Britannico adscriptus est, quod, velut celeberrimum illud Museum Alexandrinum cum Bibliotheca maxima coniunctum, 'diuturnum praestantium hominum domicilium'[4] esse dixerim. Deinde, biennio proximo, subito litterarum orbi universo adfulsit Aristotelis reipublicae Atheniensis editionis principis editor promptissimus, vir et palaeographiae et Atheniensium historiae antiquae peritissimus. Quid editiones principes alias, Herodae mimiambos, Bacchylidis carmina commemorem? quid Hyperidis orationes, aut primum aut denuo in lucem missas? Editiones illas principes, quae alacriter exceptae litterarum in Italia renascentium saeculum in memoriam revocarunt, editores recentiores, sive Germani erant, sive Cantabrigienses, omnes ingenue sunt

[2] From Latin and Italian poem, quoted by Dr Steele in *The Times*, 13 Nov. 1912.
[3] From Italian poem quoted by Commendatore Boni in his *Relazione* of 1905.
[4] Ammianus Marcellinus, xxii 16.

admirati. Idem de papyrorum Graecarum palaeographia, de Musei Britannici papyris, de codicibus Biblicis, de Novi Testamenti re critica praeclare meritus, inter illos numeratus est, qui

γραφάς τε τῶν παλαιτέρων
ἔχουσιν, αὐτοί τ' εἰσὶν ἐν Μούσαις ἀεί[5].

Etenim, Musis quoque deditus, non modo poëtae egregii, Roberti Browning, quondam doctoris nostri, carmina, et uxoris eius incomparabilis carmina et litteras luculenter edidit, sed etiam unum ex alumnis nostris, a poëta ipso olim desideratum, in memoriam nostram feliciter revocavit.

Duco ad vos virum de litteris et antiquis et hodiernis praeclare meritum, Academiae Britannicae socium, Musei Britannici iam per annos quattuor praesidem insignem, ordinis de balneo equitem, FREDERICUM GEORGIUM KENYON.

(6) Salutamus deinceps veteranum nostrum, virum rerum nauticarum et historiae nostrae navalis iam dudum peritissimum. Abhinc annos unum et sexaginta studiis mathematicis lauream nostram adeptus, olim et Europae et Asiae maria in classe nostra cognovit; postea, patriae redditus, primum in portu nostro celeberrimo, deinde fluminis Thamesis prope ostia, denique inter ipsos Londinienses historiam navalem praeclare professus est. Hodie vero propterea praesertim laudandus est, quod, abhinc annos viginti, societatis navium nostrarum monumentis historicis accuratissime edendis inter conditores praecipuos exstitit. Inde exorta est Hispanorum classis armatae quondam felicissimae nuncupatae, a Britannis tamen Elissae in saeculo devictae, historia e rerum monumentis ipsis ab ipso abhinc annos undeviginti in perpetuam victoriae tantae memoriam conscripta. Inde alia quoque opera plurima, aut ab ipso aut ab aliis, historiae nostrae navali melius cognoscendae dedicata. Etiam classium nostrarum ducibus duodecim a Domino illustri Carolo Howard, Hispanorum olim adversario magno, usque ad Nelsonum ipsum, et Angliae partis nostrae et Britanniae totius decus immortale, librum a se editum dedicavit. Ipse neque Nelsonum neque nomina minus magna laude debita fraudavit, sed in vitis illorum diligenter conscribendis tot virorum de re navali nostra bene meritorum memoriam fidelissime conservavit.

Duco ad nos virum de historia nostra navali optime meritum, Collegii Caiani honoris causa socium, equitem auratum, IOANNEM KNOX LAUGHTON.

(7) Adest vir venerabilis ex ineunte saeculo Victoriano usque ad hunc diem feliciter superstes, qui opus maximum, nihil minus quam linguae nostrae totius historiam Lexici immensi in forma, abhinc annos quattuor et triginta incohavit; deinde post sex annos et Lexici tanti officinam et vitae suae tabernaculum ad Academiam celeberrimam Oxoniensem transtulit. Aderant verborum copiae satis magnae a Societate philologica Londiniensi olim congestae; accesserunt multo plures a lectoribus assiduis scriptorem unumquemque pertinaciter perlegentibus et diligenter excerpentibus in ordinem collectae; aderat denique operis tanti dux et auctor, immensae copiarum moli digerendae, ordinandae, mentis sagacissimae lumine illustrandae destinatus. Quis non meminit Horatium, verborum de ortu et obitu canentem?

'Ut silvae foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
prima cadunt, ita verborum vetus interit aetas'...

Atqui opus ipsum, in quo tot vocabulorum vicissitudines uno in conspectu positae ordinantur, recensentur, explicantur, sine dubio immortale est; ergo operis tanti conditori indefesso in perpetuum 'stet honos et gratia vivax'. Interim viro venerabili Nestoris annos hodie exoptamus, ut opus tam fortiter incohatum, tam prospere continuatum, ad finem felicem perductum videre possit.

Duco ad nos virum titulis plurimis iam dudum merito decoratum, Academiae Britannicae socium, equitem auratum, IACOBUM AUGUSTUM HENRICUM MURRAY.

[5] Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 451.

(8) Adest vir inter Hesperiae nostrae loca fabulosa natus, qui litterarum gloria olim accensus, fuit non modo 'faber fortunae suae', sed etiam 'nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri'. Inter opera eius omnibus aliquatenus nota, quid commemorem arbore sub silvestri Arcadiae imaginem illam minutissime depictam? quid oculorum caeruleorum par illud pulcherrimum? quid vitam rusticam procul a turba insana remotam? quid bucinatorem illum magnanimum? quid urbis paternae praefectum imperiosum? quid Tessam denique, puellam amabilem, puellam mente saltem puram, quam ad mortem infamem adegit 'fortuna omnipotens et ineluctabile fatum'? Idem quotiens insusurrare nobis videtur Vergilianum illud:—'varium et mutabile semper femina'; quotiens rusticorum suorum colloquiis vim comicam prope Shakespearianam impertit; quotiens, inter loca prope deserta, ex ipsa hominum necessitudine mutua, tragoedias vere Sophocleas pangit. Non fabulas tantum narrat, non animi sensus teneros excitat, sed, velut in theatro quodam, quasi personas unamquamque morum varietatem exprimentes, fati necessitate quadam inextricabili irretitas inducit. Idem etiam carminum genus lyricum feliciter tentavit; argumentum denique ingens aggressus, de Nelsoni et Wellingtonii victoriis, poëma tragicum, poëma epicum, omnibus numeris absolutum condidit.

Habetis virum et de patria et de litterarum republica optime meritum, rerum naturae et morum interpretem subtilissimum, THOMAM HARDY.

(9) Claudit agmen filius familiae in Museo Britannico diu cum laude maxima cognitae. Olim inter Oxonienses et Lipsienses educatus, iam inde ex tempore illo virorum in arte musica praesertim insignium vitas scribere exorsus est. Mox in libro revera aureo medii aevi mentem ipsam novo lumine illustravit, ubi, quasi cursorum in ordine perpetuo, lampada tradit ultimam Ioannes Wycliffe, novi rerum ordinis praenuntius ille, cuius merita in libro altero celebravit, cuius opera quaedam luculenter edidit. Postea Europae totius et geographiam et historiam tabulis pictis quam pulchre, quam erudite, illustravit. In Museo suo seclusus, non modo in litteris historicis recensendis, sed etiam in Angliae totius historia conscribenda, quam promptus, quam perspicax adiutorum suorum hortator et adiutor fuit. Idem, scholarum antiquarum in turre conspicua Universitatis suae tabulario iam per annos quattuor praepositus, tabularum illarum historiam ordine quam lucido nuperrime narravit. Iuvat hodie recordari, quo die Musarum sedes, Oxonia, a copiis popularibus capta erat, unum ex alumnis nostris fuisse exercitus victoris ducem, Thomam Fairfax, litterarum amatorem illum, qui bibliothecam Bodleianam et tabularium bibliothecae proximum ab omni periculo tutum conservavit.

Duco ad vos tabularii illius feliciter olim conservati custodem, Academiae Britannicae et Sanctae Mariae Magdalenae Collegii Oxoniensis socium, virum vinculo non uno cum Cantabrigiensibus coniunctum, REGINALDUM LANE POOLE.

From Sir John Sandys, Merton House, Cambridge.
With the Public Orator's compliments.

The Times. June 12. 1913.

HONORARY DEGREES AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE PUBLIC ORATOR'S SPEECHES.

The Vice-Chancellor (the Master of Magdalene) presided over a crowded assembly in the Senate House at Cambridge yesterday afternoon, when amid much enthusiasm honorary degrees were conferred upon a number of distinguished men. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on Admiral Sir W. H. Fawkes and Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., and that of Litt.D. on Professor Adolph Wagner of Berlin, Commendatore Boni, Sir F. G. Kenyon, Sir J. K. Laughton, Sir James Murray, Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., and Mr. Reginald Lane Poole. Each was presented by the Public Orator, Sir John Sandys, in a laudatory Latin speech.

A large number of ladies were present, whose dresses combined with the rich colours of the doctors' robes to make the scene a very picturesque one. All the recipients of degrees had a cordial reception, but Mr. Hardy had by far the heartiest of all, the applause in his case being loud and prolonged.

DOCTORS OF LETTERS.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., was introduced as 'virum et de patria et de litterarum republica optime meritum, rerum naturae et morum interpretem subtilissimum.' The Orator went on to refer in happy phrase to some of his works:—"Adest vir inter Hesperiae nostrae loca fabulosa natus, qui litterarum gloria olim accensus, fuit non modo 'faber fortunae suae,' sed etiam 'nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri.' Inter opera eius omnibus aliquatenus nota, quid commemorem arbore sub silvestri Arcadiae imaginem illam minutissime depictam? quid oculorum caeruleorum par illud pulcherrimum? quid vitam rusticam procul a turba insana remotam? quid bucinatorem illum magnanimum? quid urbis paternae praefectum imperiosum? quid Tessam denique, puellam amabilem, puellam mente saltem puram, quam ad mortem infamem adegit 'fortuna omnipotens et ineluctabile fatum'? Idem quotiens insusurrare nobis videtur Vergilianum illud:—'varium et mutabile semper femina'; quotiens rusticorum suorum colloquiis vim comicam prope Shakespearianam impertit; quotiens, inter loca prope deserta, ex ipsa hominum necessitudine mutua, tragoedias vere Sophocleas pangit. Non fabulas tantum narrat, non animi sensus teneros excitat, sed, velut in theatro quodam, quasi personas unamquamque morum varietatem exprimentes, fati necessitate quadam inextricabili irretitas inducit. Idem etiam carminum genus lyricum feliciter tentavit; argumentum denique ingens aggressus, de Nelsoni et Wellingtonii victoriis, poëma tragicum, poëma epicum, omnibus numeris absolutum condidit."

HONORARY DEGREES.

TO-DAY'S BRILLIANT CEREMONY AT CAMBRIDGE.

CELEBRITIES HONOURED.

There was a brilliant scene at the Senate House this afternoon when "May week" visitors had the opportunity of seeing a number of distinguished visitors on whom the University conferred honorary degrees. The Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Donaldson), and the Fellows of Magdalen College afterwards held a reception at Magdalene College.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., had been born amid the legend-haunted scenes of the "Hesperia" of England, and, when once he had been smitten with a longing for fame as a man of letters, he had not only become "the architect of his own fortune," but had also given proof that he was "nullius addictus jurare inverba magistri." Among the most popular of his works were "Under the Greenwood Tree," described on its title-page as "A rural picture of the Dutch School," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Trumpet-Major," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and, finally, "Tess," "puella illa amabilis, puella mente saltem pura, quam ad mortem infamem adegit 'omnipotens fortuna et inluctabite fatum.'" Other women in his works, by their fickle and wayward fancies, seemed to deserve the Virgil description, "varium et mutablie." He had given the conversations of his rustics a comic force worthy of the rustics of Shakespeare; while, in lonely and sequestered places, he had brought into being dramas of Sophoclean grandeur by reason of the close interdependence of human lives. He was not merely a writer of narrative, he did not excite sentiment; his personages were like actors in a play, each of them expressing some definite variety of character, and all of them apparently entangled in the toils of an inextricable fate. He was also a great lyrist. Lastly, he had outsoared the measure of all praise in achieving, in his "Dynasts," a great epic drama on the victories of Nelson and Wellington.

THOMAS HARDY'S HOME: MAX GATE AT DORCHESTER, ENGLAND.

A Visit to Thomas Hardy.

(Copyright, 1912, by Curtis Brown.)

London, Jan. 18.—At this moment Thomas Hardy is the most famous and the least known man in English letters. He is at once one of the wealthiest and perhaps the most humble living of all well-known writers.

Max Gate, his home, stands, very like any other respectable suburban villa, just outside Dorchester, where the town has been left behind and wooded hills and naked coombs begin to stretch away into the distance. It is a little red brick house, covered over with ivies and creepers, and only two stories high, if one does not count the square towers which rise on each side of the building. There are white gates on the road and a cunningly twisted little drive with a clump of tall shrubbery in the middle, making the place practically invisible to one who travels thus far to see a great man's house.

But it is not to be presumed that, because Mr. Hardy chooses to live simply with a household staff of only two servants, his home is not the home that one would expect of a man of letters.

The house is comparatively modern—Mr. Hardy built it not very many years ago—and though it has no resemblance whatever to the farmstead homes that its owner has loved to write about, and nothing of the proportions of a mansion, yet it presents the maximum degree of refinement with the minimum degree of size. A little white hall is just within the door, and one turns from that to a larger hall. Then, right and left, are two almost spacious rooms—the dining-room and the drawing-room. Upstairs Mr. Hardy has his study, and into this sanctum few of even his most personal friends have ever entered.

Yet Mr. Hardy is not exactly the recluse that some might imagine. He is rather the man who is so modest, so utterly retiring and lives buried, as it were, in so remote a spot that few people ever attempt to beard him in his den. It is well known, however, that many a young American woman has marched boldly through the white gates of Max Gate, pulled the bell chain at the front door, asked to see Mr. Hardy and has been rewarded with a brief but altogether delightful interview. Many other people have handed a Hardy book to the servant at the door and asked if the author would be so kind as to sign it. They have never been refused. The story that Mr. Hardy is a recluse, and even a sour one, is thus easily disposed of. But the fact remains that he cannot be termed sociable. Even his oldest friends need some excuse when they call upon him, and quit his presence as soon as the excuse has panned out. He has not, in fact, many personal friends, although his unknown ones must be numbered in tens of thousands.

Here was the writer's own experience when he first ventured to wait in person upon the great man. At that time I knew nothing of Mr. Hardy himself, had never even seen a photograph of him. I knew that then he was just past 70 and that no matter what sort of an individual he might prove in the flesh, nothing could despoil me of my uttermost admiration for him. His books had brought the smell of country air into my nostrils within dank city walls; with Tess and Jude and Bathsheba and Joseph Poorgrass I had walked the wide Wessex downs which I had never seen. Thomas Hardy had been endless country vacations to me, and, be what he might, I was prepared to love him.

I wrote a bold letter, said that I was cycling through Dorsetshire and would give much for the honor personally of meeting one who had been my constant friend, although a stranger. A small letter card came back. "I will be at home if you care to call at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday." I took train from London to Salisbury with my bicycle, and Friday morning found me pedaling through the hilly, narrow, leafy lanes which divide the good old town of Salisbury from the better old town of Dorchester. And what a sight is the approach by the highway to any one of these fine old cities. Compare it with the railways' approach through the back gardens of the suburbs! I had seen the spire of Salisbury cathedral sink slowly behind me into the plain, and now from afar I beheld the grey tower of Dorchester's fine old church rising from the vale of smoke which represented the town itself. It was when I drew still nearer that I espied in the distance a tall monumental looking erection apparently just beyond the town.

I had been looking anxiously out for a true Dorset peasant and now I met one—a withered old man cutting the hedge—and I asked him what was the monument that I could see.

"That?" he said. "Oh, that be the Hardy tower, master."

"The Hardy tower?" I echoed, for I had heard that the world-famed novelist was scarcely appreciated, like all prophets, in his own country. "What Hardy?"

"I don't know, master, but the writing on it says, 'Thomas Hardy.' I've been up'n, but I only knows that much."

I was amazed and questioned him further. "Was it the Thomas Hardy who wrote books and lived at Dorchester?"

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BUFFALO EXPRESS. (1912)

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caught of a lawn where the grass grows unshorn amidst the trees. One notices how carefully the trees have been planted to shield the house from any outside view.

The door was opened by a young servant girl who seemed the very embodiment of Mr. Hardy's peasant heroines; a short, well-formed young woman with the freshest of color and the pleasantest of smiles. She said that Mr. Hardy was expecting me and took me into a bright room where I had time enough to look about me. I saw that the furniture was all the handsomest of old English and that the few pictures on the walls were by the younger modern artists, such as exhibit at the famous New England Art Club. It did not at all seem like an old man's room. On a polished table under the window was spread a copy of an illustrated weekly magazine, and

S HARDY, THE NOVELIST.—His most recent picture.

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the sun touched and emblazoned a bowl of wild poppies. Then I heard footsteps coming across the hall outside, and waited expectantly.

I had somehow expected to see a tall and even a burly figure enter the room: I had heard of Mr. Hardy's yeoman descent, but now there entered a little, timid-looking man, very pale, and with an embarrassing look that might have been irritation on his seared face.

"I'm very pleased to see you," he said nervously, offering me his hand. "Won't you sit down?"

I sat down and then Mr. Hardy seemed to wait. In an agony of nervousness, I began to wish that I had not come. But the picture he presented was, for the moment at least, all satisfying. there was more than nervousness in the str.ngely harassed looking face, with the most sensitive features that I had ever seen. The deep-set eyes were troubled, but there was no mistaking their fearless courage. I knew that I was looking at a man whose soul was more ravaged than ever his careworn features were with the riddle of life and the tragedy of it, and yet a soul utterly self-reliant, for all the shyness of the outward man. And whatever there seemed personal in the look of irritation, I believed that he was only wondering if I had come on a complete fool's errand, to stammer out a few ill-chosen compliments and go my own useless way. It put me on my mettle. I attempted no compliments, and asked him instead why he was so pessimistic a writer, why he wrote at once the most beautiful and the most dreadful stories, and why he had not shown us far more often than he had done a picture of requited love, or of requited love that was not victimized at once by some pitiless act of fate.

Mr. Hardy l d not sat down himself, but had stood by the fireplace with his white hands holding the lapels of coat.

We were on better terms in a moment, as Mr. Hardy replied, his voice, curiously halting, but not as if he was in any doubt of his sentiments. It seemed a mixture of irony and diffidence.

"You are a young man," he said. "The cruelty of fate becomes apparent to people as they grow older. At first one may perhaps escape contact with it, but if one lives long enough one realizes that happiness is very ephemeral."

"But is not optimism a useful and sane philosophy?" I asked him.

"There's too much sham optimism, humbugging and even cruel optimism," Mr. Hardy retorted. "Sham optimism is really a more heartless doctrine to preach than even an exaggerated pessimism—the latter leaves one at least on the safe side. There is too much sentiment in most fiction. It is necessary for somebody to write a little mercilessly—although, of course, it's painful to have to do it."

We talked for a long while on very many subjects, but I do not think Mr. Hardy revealed himself more thoroughly than he did in his answer to my question. It was a happy question, because it was one that thousands of his readers would wish to ask him. It seemed to me that in his answer the man's apparent cynicism was swept away—"of course, it was painful to have to do it." It suggested the answer to the riddle of Mr. Hardy's seared and careworn face.

Here was one of the most successful of all men, and at a ripe old age still hale and even vigorous. In all his works there is no note of morbidness—only that stinging reminder of fate's cruelty—and it was painful to have to do it. It this courage that is always demanded of those who dare to write tragedy. And the price he has paid for his courage is written on his brow.

I knew the tenderness of his nature best, perhaps, when he spoke of the passion that we call love. "Love is tragic," he said, "but it is very beautiful." And few writers have ever made it seem a thing more beautiful than he has.

He is a man with whom humanity comes first and humanity's love setting—the wide fields of Nature—come next. His love of the country is the love of men and women. To him the most enthralling picture of human life is man under the broad heavens—childhood, courtship, old age and the final passing. It is always the clean earth that he writes of, and his amphitheater always the wind-swept places where Nature is Mother.

I have met Mr. Hardy many times since that first interview, but it is only very slowly that his character appears to become revealed. I feel that I have never come nearer to him than when he answered that question about pessimism. Perhaps one might sum up his outlook on life in just four words—"the pity of it!"

HENRY DEAN.

NEWS

28, 1912.

HARDY.

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The Westminster Gazette. 28th Dec 1914.

Sir Henry Lucy makes noteworthy references to "Some Men of Letters" in the January *Cornhill*.

How Thomas Hardy had the income derived from one of his novels "unexpectedly increased by unpremeditated circumstance" is also told by Sir Henry Lucy:

A whole chapter of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" proved too strong for the palate of the excellent family weekly paper which had purchased the serial rights of the novel. It was accordingly left out, the blates naturally mystifying the constant reader. Mr. Hardy had all the best of the transaction. He slightly recast the chapter so that it might stand by itself, and sold it at a high price to another periodical, receiving, of course, the full price for which he had sold the serial rights to the proprietors of the weekly *Graphic*. When the novel was reprinted in book form there was an immense rush for it by readers of the *Graphic* who had got wind of the excision and were dying to see what it was a fatherly editor judged undesirable to find admission within their family circle. Thus Mr. Hardy scored again.

A similar experience, it is added, befell Mr. Hardy in connexion with a story that made its first appearance in *Harper's Magazine*.

The Daily Chronicle. June 1st. 1911.

OUR GREAT NOVELIST.

Seventy-two Not Out: A Birthday Tribute to Mr. Hardy.

THOMAS HARDY, PENSEUR ET ARTISTE. par F. A. Hedgcock. London, Hachette and Co., 10f.

By Violet Hunt.

If we have any quarrel with the honest, thorough-going, and very serviceable work of M. Hedgcock, it is with its sub-title. It may or may not have been a daring thing for a French man of letters to write a compendious analysis and a sufficient biography of an English imaginative writer, who, with the good wishes of the wide, wide world, will to-morrow celebrate his seventy-first birthday. Certainly we have to thank the French for a most remarkable group of biographies and studies of English men of letters, and more particularly of English men of letters of the eighteenth century.

Monsieur and Mr.

We have nothing like them in English, and if we do not refer to them particularly it is only because here we wish to write in terms purely gratulatory. To say that the best monographs on Swift, Sterne, Smollett, or Charles Lamb are the work of M. Un Tel, M. X., or M. So-and-so, each of them Bachelier ès Lettres, might be to raise up a swarm of patriotic defenders of Mr. P. G., Mr. W. M., and Mr. X. Y. Z., each of whom may well be a member of the British Academy of Literature. And this is a season of patriotic rejoicing; let us cast no shadow upon it.

We have nothing but congratulations for our partners in the Entente Cordiale. They will soon know more about us than we do ourselves. And we have nothing but congratulations for ourselves. M. Hedgcock, in his biography of Mr. Hardy, gives us exactly what we want to know about Mr. Hardy, and exactly what we need to know in order to appreciate Mr. Hardy's works. He does not, that is to say, give us any indiscretions; he does not even let Mr. Hardy tell about or dilate upon his private tastes, or why he always dresses in pea green and wears an orange tie. No, M. Hedgcock has muzzled Mr. Hardy, and we do not believe that that was a difficult task.

The Wessex Man.

But instead of these personal details the author gives us a scrupulously tasteful account of Mr. Hardy; of his birth in the Kingdom of Wessex; of his sojourn in London, and of the influences that he came under in the world of thought in the London of those days. He gives us no personal details, except those all-important ones—as to what may have influenced Mr. Hardy, and so have found expression in all that series of works from "Under the Greenwood Tree" to "Jude the Obscure," all that series of oak-grained, oak-hearted works that we regard with so intense and so lasting an affection. And to this biography, a model as it is of tact and of taste and of knowledge of what we needed, the author has added chapters in which, gravely and soberly, he analyses the art and philosophy of each one of Mr. Hardy's fourteen volumes.

These chapters we could have better spared—we personally—because we have read and reflected for ourselves upon each of the books and upon Mr. Hardy's soi-disant pessimistic philosophy. But we have nothing whatever against M. Hedgcock's having written such chapters for the benefit of those of our countrymen who have had no leisure to read Mr. Hardy or no will to reflect upon his books.

Let us then fall foul of M. Hedgcock's sub-title. He styles Mr. Hardy "Penseur et Artiste." But Mr. Hardy is something more than a thinker and something more than an artist. He is a wise man and—yes, let us use the one expression that will really express it—he is "a dear." He is wise with the infinite, deep, patient wisdom of the peasant; he is beloved with the love that we give to a man who is immensely wise and always and for ever unobtrusive. And he is beloved with the love that we give to a poet, and with some of the love that we give to a great, fine, and familiar oak tree. That is exactly it. That Mr. Hardy has thought many thoughts; that he has put down on paper many thoughts, too, all this does not make him a thinker in the sense that Nietzsche was a thinker, or that Schopenhauer was a thinker, or that even Hegel was. Neither is he an artist in the sense that Flaubert or Maupassant, or even Beckford, the author of "Vathek," was one. To be either a thinker or an artist in this, the generally accepted sense of the word, is to be something self-conscious, and this Mr. Hardy never was. No, he is a poet, and a poet is a natural product, just like an oak tree; and Mr. Hardy's works are natural products, just like his thoughts.

The Inspired Thought.

His works are neither chiselled nor controlled; on the contrary, they are inspired. And so it is with his thoughts. The real thinker writes with his head; optimist or pessimist, he is clear, hard, or brilliant, like Nietzsche, who could turn off thoughts as a brilliant virtuoso turns off cadenzas from a violin. But Mr. Hardy thinks with his feelings. He is moved by his compassions or his indignations; and his compassions, his indignations, or his patience suggest thought to him. And so with the thinker, so with the artist; he is aloof. But this is not the case with Mr. Hardy, who expresses himself in terms of humanity and of the humanities. In short, he is a poet.

M. Hedgcock tells us that the first Le Hardi came over from Jersey to Wessex in the fifteenth century; that another ancestor founded a grammar school at which, centuries later, the young Thomas Hardy got his first letters. Other education Mr. Hardy got in architects' offices and from the study of the Greek tragedies. And if we consider Mr. Hardy as poet we seem to see him as inspired with the spirit of the Greek tragic writers. His poems—and when we write poems we mean all his prose, too—go darkling on from line to line, from scene to scene, with the background of earth, of woodlands, and of the great plain; they go on under the remorseless, the uncruel, the unkind, the passionless inspiration of destiny. But they would have done this if Mr. Hardy had never heard the name of Œdipus. For the spirit which inspires Mr. Hardy is the spirit which inspired the Greeks; it is the tone of mind of his own people. Those who for centuries have lived on the land, they know the mind of the Lord. They are beaten by the winds, they are starved by the frost; the droughts make lean their yearling lambs; they are mazed by blights, or they stand with thankfulness beneath the moon looking out over their full fields of wheat; until at the last the Lord brings them into the wisdom they have deserved.

Gathered Wisdom.

They know, by the wise lore of generation after generation—that as a man sows, so he shall reap. They know that if a man do this it shall have that effect. M. Hedgcock accuses Mr. Hardy of putting into the mouths of his peasants quaint, humorous, or enlightened sentiments which M. Hedgcock thinks that no peasant could have compassed. He accuses Mr. Hardy roundly of using his peasants in order to voice his own theory of life. But in this M. Hedgcock is wrong—he is a Bachelor of Letters.

Those of us who know the peasant, know very well that there is no sentiment that the peasant cannot utter, and no idea of life is necessarily foreign to him. There is no thought that may not have come into his head during the long hours whilst following the plough. He has nothing to do but to think, and there is no theory of life that he may not have heard from his father, who during the long years of a lifetime, whilst he watched his sheep on the solitary uplands, had nothing to do but to think. They think and think while the slow seasons wheel round over their heads, and they have thought and thought for generations, whilst the slow aeons have wheeled round over their heads. We who are Bachelors of Letters have no time to think, for we must always be expressing ourselves in books or on Stock Exchanges; but they who are the real graduates of thought pass for unthinking because they have no gifts of expression. How should they have; the fields are very solitary places, where there are no audiences.

But in Mr. Hardy all these people, nay all these natural objects, have found their expression. It is as if an oak spoke of the fierce winds that tore at its branches; it is as if a crag spoke of salt mists that come up from the sea, and of the suns that year by year disintegrate pride of its hardness. It is as if an old shepherd spoke of the passing away of all the masters he had served and of all the families that he has seen to pass and die during a hundred years of watching his sheep. And because every accent of his voice, every word from his pen suggests to us these knowledges that we so much desire and that are so necessary if we are to keep our minds and our souls clean—because of this Mr. Hardy the poet, is truly, for all of us, the Well-Beloved.

On June 2, 1912, on the occasion of his 72d birthday anniversary, Mr. Hardy was presented the gold medal of the British Royal Society of Literature, an honor which had been bestowed on only some 15 others, among them being Walter Scott, Robert Southey, Washington Irving and George Meredith.

DAILY CHRONICLE

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1912.

DEATH OF MRS. HARDY.

Novelist's Wife Passes Away on Day of Festival.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

DORCHESTER, Nov. 27.

By a tragic coincidence, on the very day of the little festival by which his fellow-townsmen now pay yearly honour to Mr. Thomas Hardy, a gloom has been cast over the old Dorset town by the news of the sudden death early this morning of Mrs. Hardy.

How terribly unexpected this was may be gathered from the circumstance that only last night the famous novelist himself was attending a dress rehearsal of "The Trumpet Major," the adaptation from his novel that has been revived this evening at the Corn Exchange.

For nearly 40 years Mrs. Hardy, who was a Devonshire lady—a daughter of Mr. J. A. Gifford and a niece of the late Archdeacon Gifford—had shared Mr. Hardy's struggles and triumphs, and had seen him rise into fame. They were married in 1874, the very year in which he published "Far From the Madding Crowd." Hers was a charming personality, as those know who have had the privilege of chatting with her and her husband together by the quiet fireside at Max Gate.

While taking naturally an intense interest in Mr. Hardy's work, she had strong opinions of her own. She was a keen suffragist, even to the extent of taking part in processions through the town. She also shared Mr. Hardy's literary and artistic tastes, and was herself the authoress of a number of short stories, poems, and sketches.

OLD WESSEX ON THE STAGE.

As may be readily understood, immediately on hearing the news the promoters of the play suggested to Mr. Hardy, who himself walked down to the town this morning to make necessary arrangements, that the play should be postponed. Mr. Hardy, however, out of consideration for those who were coming from long distances on the borders of Wessex and beyond, would not hear of the abandonment.

So the play has been duly played, but not, of course, with the full-hearted jollity that four years ago inspired those gay, rousing scenes of Napoleonic days.

To tell the truth, although Sutton Points, the original of "Overcombe," with its old mill still there, is as true and typical a Wessex village as any that Mr. Hardy has painted, "The Trumpet Major" is not quite a Wessex novel in the sense that some others are. It is not so much of the soil—it reminds one, both as book and play, more of Jane Austen and "Quality Street." Yet, as Mr. Hardy himself told the present writer, it is especially dear to its author's heart as having been the germ of "The Dynasts," that tremendous world-drama, into every page of which Mr. Hardy put enough material for a whole novel.

Once again the rattling soldiers' song of the "Budmouth Girls," from "The Dynasts" itself, was rolled out during the interval. The revisions which have been made by the adaptor—Mr. A. M. Evans, until recently a chemist in the town—are not, as it proves, very far-reaching, and the cast is practically the same as it was four years ago. The part of the "Trumpet Major" is taken, as before, by Mr. H. O. Lock, a Dorchester solicitor.

One of the principal changes is in the part formerly taken by Mr. Evans—that of Festus Derriman, now played, and very well played, by Mr. W. H. Jameson, a local hosier, who leapt into fame last year as the hangman in "The Three Wayfarers."

This year, as before, Mr. T. H. Tilley, ex-Mayor of Dorchester, has superintended all the scenery, and proves absolutely indispensable in the comic part of Cripplestraw.

DEATH OF MRS. THOMAS HARDY.

Mrs. Hardy, the wife of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, died at her residence, Max Gate, Dorchester, this morning.

The deceased lady, who was a niece of Archdeacon Giffard, had been in failing health for some time.

This evening the local players at Dorchester are announced to perform Mr. Hardy's play, "The Trumpet-Major," and by Mr. Hardy's wish the production is not to be postponed.

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, Nov 27 1912.

DEATH OF MRS. HARDY.

GREAT NOVELIST'S LITERARY WIFE.

Mrs. Hardy, the wife of Thomas Hardy, the novelist, died at Dorchester yesterday. Mrs. Hardy was a daughter of Mr. J. A. Gifford, and niece of Archdeacon Gifford. She married Mr. Hardy, then a rising novelist, in 1874, the year which saw "Far From the Madding Crowd." She had strong literary leanings, and wrote a number of stories, sketches, and verses. Some of her poems have been published. She was a zealous humanitarian and an ardent supporter of woman suffrage, having taken part in several London demonstrations.

AMATEURS IN "TRUMPET MAJOR."

In spite of his sad bereavement, Mr. Hardy expressed his desire that the performance of "The Trumpet Major" by the amateurs of Dorchester should not be put off, and last night the Corn Exchange was filled to witness the play.

There have been some slight alterations in the piece since its adaptation by Mr. A. H. Evans in 1908, particularly in the third act, but the idyllic rustic atmosphere has been preserved, while the setting of the play was altogether admirable. The play was performed with the same fidelity and accuracy as that which won so much praise for it at its first production. The part of the Trumpet Major was again taken by Mr. H. O. Lock, and most of the original cast remains; but Miss E. Hawker was a new Ann Garland. Mr. W. H. Jameson was Festus Derriman, and Mrs. Major gave a singularly clever rendering of the part of Matilda Johnson.

The "Trumpet Major" will be played in London next month

Standard. Nov. 28th.

Mrs. Hardy, the wife of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, died somewhat suddenly at Max Gate, Dorchester, yesterday. She was a daughter of J. A. Gifford, and a niece of Archdeacon Gifford. She married Mr. Hardy in 1874. Mrs. Hardy had strong literary tastes, and wrote a number of sketches and verses.

THE DAILY NEWS

NOVEMBER 28, 1912.

MRS. THOMAS HARDY.

Death of the Famous Novelist's Accomplished Wife.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Hardy, wife of the novelist, which took place at Max Gate, Dorchester, yesterday.

Mrs. Hardy, who had been in failing health for some time, was the niece of Archdeacon Gifford, and her marriage took place in 1874, three years after Thomas Hardy had published his first book. "Far from the Madding Crowd" was published in the year of their marriage.

An accomplished artist, the deceased lady had adorned the walls of Max Gate with examples of her work. She kept a book in which were recorded the names of the people and the places of her husband's books. "Budmouth," for instance, was Weymouth; "Wintonshester" was Winchester; and "Melchester" Salisbury.

She once related that after her husband wrote "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," he received scores of letters begging him to end the story happily, and one old gentleman of over 80 absolutely insisted upon Tess's complete forgiveness and restitution.

The local players at Dorchester had arranged to perform Hardy's "The Trumpet-Major" last night, and by his wish the production was not postponed.

Times. 28th. 11. '12.

MRS. THOMAS HARDY.

Mrs. Hardy, wife of Mr. Thomas Hardy, died at Max Gate, Dorchester, yesterday morning. She had been failing for some time, but her illness was not regarded seriously, and the end was quite unexpected.

She was Miss Emma Gifford, daughter of Mr. J. A. Gifford and niece of Archdeacon Gifford, and she was married to Mr. Hardy in 1874, the year in which he published "Far from the Madding Crowd." She tried her pen at writing short stories, sketches, and occasional verses, some of which have from time to time appeared in the "Poets' Corner" of the *Dorset County Chronicle*, and a favourite pastime of hers was water-colour sketching from nature, especially Wessex scenery. She was very fond of animals, and had some beautiful cats at Max Gate. In former years Mrs. Hardy, like her husband, greatly enjoyed cycle exercise, and was, indeed, among the first women cyclists in the country. She was ardent in the cause of woman suffrage, and walked in some of the suffrage processions in London.

THE TIMES, MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1912.

FUNERALS.

MRS. THOMAS HARDY.

The funeral of Mrs. Hardy took place on Saturday at Stinsford (the West Mellstock of "Under the Greenwood Tree"). The body was laid beside those of Mr. Hardy's father, mother, and grandfather. The chief mourners were Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry Hardy (his brother), Miss K. Hardy (his sister), and Mr. G. Gifford (nephew). Owing to the late arrival of the train Mr. Hardy's niece, Miss Gifford, did not reach Stinsford until after the funeral.

There were also present Miss Owen, Hawkshead, Westmoreland; Dr. F. W. Macdonald, the Rev. R. C. and Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Marrable, Mrs. C. F. Symes, Mrs. Metcalfe, Dr. Kerr (president of the Dorchester Debating Society), Mr. T. H. Tilley, and Mr. A. G. Symonds. The Rev. H. G. R. Cowley (vicar of Stinsford) and the Rev. A. Metcalfe (rector of St. Peter, Dorchester) officiated.

On the coffin lay a wreath of white flowers with the inscription, "From her lonely husband, with the old affection."

THE TIMES, SATURDAY,

NOVEMBER 30, 1912.

HARDY.—On the 27th Nov., at Max Gate, Dorchester, after a very short illness, EMMA LAVINIA, wife of THOMAS HARDY, and younger daughter of the late John Attersoll Gifford, of Plymouth.

MRS. THOMAS HARDY.

A correspondent sends us the following as supplementing the obituary notice of Mrs. Thomas Hardy in *The Times* of Thursday:—

"She had lived with Mr. Hardy at Max Gate since 1885, when they first took up their residence there in what was then a new house. She was a stanch Churchwoman, having been brought up by her mother in strong Evangelical principles which she never forsook, and to the last lent her support to societies maintaining those principles. In her earlier married life she often assisted her husband by writing to his dictation, particularly in the case of the novel entitled 'A Laodicean,' which was almost entirely dictated to her from a sick-bed. She also used to accompany him to the places which it was necessary to visit in the course of his work. It has been stated in the Press that Mr. Hardy wished the performance of Mr. Evans's dramatisation of 'The Trumpet Major' not to be postponed on account of his loss, but a more accurate statement would be that, appreciating the serious difficulties of a postponement on the very day of the performance, when many of the audience were arriving in the town from beyond London, he consented to there being no interference with the play.

"Mrs. Hardy is to be buried to-day (Saturday) in Stinsford Churchyard, about a mile from Max Gate, beside the graves of Mr. Hardy's mother and father."

Standard. Dec: 2nd 1912.

THE LATE MRS. THOMAS HARDY

FUNERAL AT "WEST MELLSTOCK."

The funeral of Mrs. Thomas Hardy took place at Stinsford, near Dorchester, on Saturday afternoon. The little village is the "West Mellstock" of "Under the Greenwood Tree," and it is here that Mr. Hardy's father, mother, and grandfather are buried. Mr. Hardy attended the funeral, accompanied by his brother and sister and a nephew (Mr. G. Gifford), and by the graveside were a number of personal friends. The coffin bore a large brass cross, with the inscription, "Emma Lavinia Hardy. Died Nov. 27, 1912. Aged 71." The service was conducted by the Rev. H. G. B. Cowley (vicar of Stinsford) and the Rev. A. Metcalfe (rector of St. Peter's, Dorchester). There were many beautiful wreaths, that from Mr. Hardy being one of white winter flowers and lilies, with the following touching dedication in his own handwriting: "From her lonely husband with the old affection." There was also a wreath from the Society of Dorset Men in London, of which Mr. Hardy was a past president.

Among those who attended, besides the immediate relatives, were Dr. P. W. Macdonald, Rev. E. C. Leslie (Came) and Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. C. F. Symes, Mrs. D. H. Marrable, Mrs. Metcalfe, Dr. Kerr (president of the Dorchester Debating Society), Mr. T. H. Tilley (who has taken a leading part in each of the Hardy plays), Mr. A. G. Symonds, and Mrs. Owen (Westmorland).

Death of Mrs. Thomas Hardy.

Quite unexpectedly yesterday (Wednesday) morning, like the proverbial "bolt from the blue," on the very morn of the performance of the "Hardy" play, "The Trumpet Major," came to Dorchester the news that Mrs. Thomas Hardy had passed away at Max Gate. Mrs. Hardy had been in failing health for some time, but had been laid up only a few days, and under the care of Dr. Gowring. That a fatal ending to her illness, apparently not serious, was utterly unexpected may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Hardy on Tuesday night, at the invitation of the Dorchester Debating Society, showed his kindly interest in the efforts of the dramatic corps by attending the final full-dress rehearsal at the Corn Exchange. There was then apparently no ground for anxiety about Mrs. Hardy's condition; but early next morning a change for the worse was observed, and she passed away about seven o'clock. It is with deep regret that we record the fact, and with an expression of sincere condolence with our eminent fellow townsman, an expression in which the whole town will join.

The deceased lady, Miss Emma Gifford, was the daughter of Mr. J. A. Gifford, and niece of Archdeacon Gifford, and had shared Mr. Hardy's growing fortunes and fame for nearly forty years since they were married in 1874, the very year in which he published his delightful and thoroughly characteristic story "Far from the Madding Crowd" following "A Pair of Blue Eyes." Mrs. Hardy shared her husband's literary and artistic tastes. She tried her pen at writing short stories, sketches, and occasional verses, some of which have from time to time appeared in the "Poet's Corner" of the *Dorset County Chronicle*, and a favourite pastime of hers was water-colour sketching from nature, in the course of which she produced many tasteful transcripts of the Wessex scenery made for all time "a thing of beauty" in the novels. With Mr. Hardy's strong humanitarian feelings she sympathised deeply, and was ever ready to champion the cause of sub-human suffering, while her beautiful cats at Max Gate indicated her love for animals. While still strong and active, Mrs. Hardy, like her husband, enjoyed cycle exercise, and was, indeed, among the pioneer lady cyclists in the county, giving other ladies the benefit of her experience and advice. She was a devoted Churchwoman, and, while the state of her health admitted, a regular worshipper at St. Peter's Church, whither she drove from Max Gate. Into the movement for the enfranchisement of women she threw herself with ardour, going even to the extent of taking part in Women Suffragist processions in Town with Lady Frances Balfour and other recognised leaders.

When the executive of the Dorchester Debating Society heard the sad and startling news, their natural impulse was to postpone the performances of Mr. A. H. Evans's version of the "Trumpet Major" advertised for Wednesday and Thursday (to-day); but they have ascertained that it is Mr. Hardy's wish, in consideration of the great inconvenience and difficulty of postponement, that the performances should be given. Dorset Chronicle Nov. 28-12

Daily Mail Nov. 28th. 1912.

LATE MRS. THOMAS HARDY.

BEREAVEMENT OF THE WESSEX NOVELIST.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Hardy, wife of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, which occurred yesterday morning at their home, Max Gate, Dorchester. For some time past she had been in failing health.

Mrs. Hardy was a West-countrywoman, the daughter of Mr. J. A. Gifford and a niece of Archdeacon Gifford. In 1874, the year that saw the publication of "Far from the Madding Crowd," she married Mr. Hardy, and she shared loyally the difficulties and triumphs of his literary career. At the same time her own artistic nature found expression. She wrote graceful verses which appeared in the "Poets' Corner" of the county newspaper, and published several little volumes of prose and poetry. An artist in water-colours, she produced some effective sketches of scenes described in her husband's Wessex novels.

Like her husband, she was an ardent cyclist until recent years. A strong advocate of woman's suffrage she had taken part in processions in London, but she was not a "militant." She was an earnest humanitarian and a loyal churchwoman. She leaves no children.

It had been arranged that last night the Dorchester Players were to perform Mr. Hardy's play "The Trumpet-Major," and by Mr. Hardy's wish the production was not postponed.

THE Committee have ascertained that it is Mr. Hardy's wish the Public shall not be Inconvenienced by a Postponement, and therefore the PERFORMANCES of Mr. A. H. EVANS'S Play, founded on the

"TRUMPET MAJOR,"

WILL TAKE PLACE AS ADVERTISED

TO-NIGHT and TO-MORROW.

Sheffield Telegraph. 2.12.12.

FUNERAL OF MRS. THOMAS HARDY.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Thomas Hardy took place on Saturday, at Stinsford, near Dorchester. The coffin was interred beside the graves of Mr. Hardy's parents and grandparents.

Mr. Hardy, who had laid a simple token of affectionate remembrance on the coffin, followed the body to the grave, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Henry Hardy, and his sister, Miss Kate Hardy. Several personal friends were present, as also were representatives of various local bodies.

BLACK AND WHITE. April 4. 1908.

THOMAS HARDY

THE NOVELIST OF WESSEX

An Appreciation

BY NEWMAN FLOWER

"HE HAS GIVEN TONGUES TO THE TREES, AND A VOICE TO EVERY WIND"

"Far from the Madding Crowd"

IN one of the most splendid corners of Wessex stands, at the end of a narrow sloping lane, a thatched cottage, the latticed windows of which overlook the fringe of the vast moor which figures in the Wessex novels as Egdon Heath. In this cottage was born Thomas Hardy, the most picturesque and perhaps the greatest of Britain's living novelists—the man who, though of humble birth, has risen to the highest rank in literature by sheer brain force—the man who in his sixty-eighth year has completed and given to the public the greatest work of his life. For though *The Dynasts* will never have the popularity of *Tess*, or, indeed, most of his earlier productions, it stands as a thing apart, a colossal achievement, for breadth of thought, grasp of subject, and beauty of workmanship. And this moor was the playground of Hardy in the days when his genius was germinating. There is no sound of life there—nothing but an apalling stillness broken by the rustling of a long line of lean and wind-bent firs to the left of the homestead, and the drone of insect life in the bronze gorse and bracken.

The Man

Three miles away is Dorchester, the Casterbridge of the novels, and in its main street you will often meet the novelist, for his house stands on the summit of the incline just beyond the town. You will recognise him by his short, quick step, by the sharply defined features. It is a strong face, terminating in a wonderful forehead. His house, Max Gate, he planned and built himself, and it overlooks one of the richest valleys in Southern England, while perched on a distant hill, exactly facing the novelist's house, is the monument to Admiral Hardy, an ancestor of the writer. Thomas Hardy lives the life of a literary recluse, and seldom wanders far from his native place. But he is out in all weathers, caring nothing for wind and tempest; nor does he ever wear an overcoat. When the weather gets colder, he dons an extra waistcoat and another, till perhaps he will wear three or four in the depth of winter. He shuns society; he objects strongly to being "lionised," and those who know him best are the workers in the Frome Valley, who have been the subject of his life's study.

The First Glimpse of Fame

When Tinsley brought out *Under the Greenwood Tree*, the public failed to realise that in Hardy the publisher had found a genius, and the failure of the book nearly broke Tinsley's heart; though, when Hardy's later novels brought him fame, *The Greenwood Tree* met with the long-deferred success. There is a story told of how Frederick Greenwood found on a railway bookstall a copy of this novel, and, noting the similarity between its name and his own, bought and read it. Struck with its cleverness, he invited the young author to contribute to the *Cornhill*, whereupon Hardy wrote *Far from the Madding Crowd*, which appeared serially in the pages of this magazine. Whether this be true or otherwise, it was *The Madding Crowd* that proved its author a novelist who entered the front rank at a bound.

The Origin of "Tess"

Hardy's characters, or most of them, are taken from real life, and just as you can, if you are a native recognise every hamlet, every field almost, in his novels, so you can meet in any corner of Dorset to-day a Tess, Bathsheba, Fancy or Grace Melbury. These characters are precisely typical of the women of the county. But, concerning Tess, I have heard it told in the happy-go-lucky old town of Dorchester that the novelist took the character from a tragedy which occurred there years ago. According to the story, when he was at school there, a certain beautiful young woman—the wife of a publican—was so maltreated by her brute of a husband that one day, in a fit of fury, she picked up a knife and killed him. She was tried and condemned, and hanged outside the local prison, the boy Hardy and a school chum climbing a tree that overlooked the prison yard, from which point of vantage they saw the execution. But even if this is so, the unfortunate woman was not the origin of Tess. Hardy was once walking in the western side of the country, when he saw a girl driving a cart—a girl who so impressed him as a type worth putting into a novel that the story wove itself promptly in his mind. Possibly the woman is still working in one of the dairies in that evergreen valley, sublimely unconscious of the fact that a man she once passed on the highroad made her the original of one of the greatest heroines in modern fiction. Those who have not read *Tess of the Durbervilles* have missed reading a masterpiece.

The Return of the Native

I have always harangued my fellow-natives of Dorset on the lack of appreciation they show for the work of Thomas Hardy. They will talk to you of the poetry of William Barnes, they have erected a monument to him in the main street of their county town; but when it comes to the man who has pourtrayed their life more faithfully than any writer in any age they are silent. "A prophet is not without honour," etc. Alas! though I must confess it, it is true of Wessex. Two Easters ago, in the course of a ramble through the Hardy country, I entered the churchyard of the village that figures as Weatherbury in the novels, for the purpose of looking at what I had previously missed—the gargoyles from which the rain poured and washed the flowers Sergeant Troy planted on Fanny Robin's grave in *Madding Crowd*. As I emerged, I entered into conversation with a native, and in some roundabout fashion the conversation turned to the subject of boxing. Eventually, as he had just returned from Dorchester market, I asked him if he had seen Mr. Hardy there that day. "The builder, d'you mean?" "No, the novelist," said I. "Oh, the poet chap! No, but I would think no more of shaking hands with him than I would with you!" To his crude mind, one who talked on boxing was the equal to this genius of his native county.

Why He Prefers Verse

It is quite possible that Thomas Hardy will not write another novel. When *A Pair of Blue Eyes* appeared, Coventry Patmore told him it would have been a far finer work had it been rendered in verse. Perchance it was this remark, falling from the lips of so brilliant a critic, which has led him in these later days to follow the calling of the Muse rather than pursue his fame as novelist. *Jude the Obscure* has been the novel of which he has the highest opinion; but I should say its place has since been usurped by *The Dynasts*, over which the author has expended more labour than the public will ever know—more labour than the average writer devotes to a score of novels. Yet it is as the true novelist of the country that he will remain better known—the novelist who has, as no other writer has done so powerfully and so well, pictured Nature as he sees it, who has given back in splendid prose the song of the wind and of rushing rivers, and reflected so truly the colour of woodland and of mbor.

The Dynasts"

This remarakble poem in dramatic form has been published in sections, the third of which recently appeared, and the fact that the central figure is Napoleon should make it of especial interest just now, when everything that the great Emperor has said or done is being collected and treasured. You may not know, but Napoleon is the most written of personage just now, and *The Dynasts* is a singularly fine addition to the literature of an ever-fascinating subject.

The Daily Chronicle, Jan. 28th 1899

ARMIES WITHOUT CAVALRY.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S PLEA FOR HORSES.

Mr Thomas Hardy, who is keenly interested in humanitarian movements of all kinds, has made the following contribution to the Peace Crusade in a letter in the forthcoming issue of "War against War":—

I think that a practical beginning may soon be made in the cause of peace, though the moving force thereto may be, for a time, less perhaps a conviction of the iniquity of war than of its absurdity.

As a preliminary, all civilised nations could at least show their humanity by covenanting that no horses shall be employed in battle except for transport. Soldiers, at worst, know what they are doing, but these animals are denied even the poor possibilities of glory and reward as a compensation for their sufferings. The feasibleness of their disuse would largely depend on the truth of what has been asserted—that the cost of cavalry expended on infantry would produce more effective results.

Echo. Feb 3. 1899

"War Against War" contains an admirable suggestion by Mr. Thomas Hardy, which, however, has little chance of being realised. He suggests that all civilised nations should show their humanity by agreeing not to use horses in battle. The war-horse has all the suffering of war, with none of the glory, or, at least, the consciousness of glory. But the horse is so essential to the "pomp and circumstance of war" that it will probably see the war era out. There is no romance of chivalry about motor-cars and bicycles, which might be suggested to serve as substitutes.

Sporting Times. Jan 28. 1899.

NORTHERN CRACKS.

BY

THE BRITISH TROMAN.

Curious are the ideas even of great ovelists. Thomas Hardy, the pessimist, ays if we can't abolish war, at any rate t us abolish cavalry. It is a shame, says e, to kill and torture the horse in battle. oes Mr. Hardy think for a moment that the eye of the army" will ever be put own by any amount of Humanita- an talk. So long as human nature emains human nature so long will here be armies and fighting. National xistence depends on the sword, and avalry is a most important branch of the ervice. Of a surety these humanitarians re wonderful people. One of them has eard a thrush singing at Whitby and straightway breaks out into sentiment, aying we cannot be a musical nation or we ould not destroy thrushes because they ake a portion of our currants and straw- erries. A thrush's song is very beautiful, ut it won't feed a market gardener's ungry family. As for our being a musical ation, well, I leave that. We are quite usical enough in my opinion. There are sort of musical people who think the rest f the world was made to listen to and ppreciate their more or less feeble efforts.

The New Age. Feb. 2. 1899.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, who has always lent his hearty support to humanitarian movements, makes an admirable suggestion in "War against War." He thinks that a practical beginning may soon be made in the cause of peace, though the moving force thereto may be, for a time, less, perhaps, a conviction of the iniquity of war than of its absurdity. As a preliminary, all civilised nations could at least show their humanity by covenanting that no horses shall be employed in battle except for transport. Soldiers, at worst, know what they are doing, but these animals are denied even the possibilities of glory as a compensation for their sufferings. The feasibleness of their disuse would largely depend on the truth of what has been asserted—that the cost of cavalry expended on infantry would produce more effective results.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 3, 1911

QUERIES AND ANSWERS IN ALL BRANCHES OF LITERATURE

S. M. C.—Will you kindly inform me in your next issue of THE REVIEW whether Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, is still alive; and if dead, when did he die? Who is Arthur Sherburne Hardy?

Thomas Hardy is alive. Arthur Sherburne Hardy was born at Andover, Mass., Aug. 13, 1847. He was graduated from West Point in 1869, and served one year in the Third United States Artillery. On March 9, 1880, he married in Athens, Greece, Grace Aspinwall Bowen. He was professor of civil engineering at Iowa College, 1871-3, and professor of civil engineering, 1874-8, and mathematics, 1878-83, at Dartmouth College. He edited The Cosmopolitan Magazine 1893-5, and was United States Minister Resident and Consul General at Teheran, Persia, 1897-9. He was Minister to Greece, Roumania, and Servia, 1899-1901; to Switzerland, 1901-3, and to Spain, 1902-3. He is the author of "Elements of Quarternions," 1881; "Elements of Calculus," 1890; "Elements of Analytical Geometry," 1889; "New Methods in Topographical Surveying," 1883; "Imaginary Quantities," 1881; "But Yet a Woman," 1883; "Wind of Destiny," 1886; "Passé Rose," 1889; "Life and Letters of Joseph H. Neesinia," and "Songs of Two," (poems,) 1900, and "His Daughter First," 1903. His last given address was Woodstock, Conn.

Times. April 24. 1912

...tion of University College, and by its late Department.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.—Messrs. Sotheby's last sale of autograph letters included the original signed MS. of Thomas Hardy's "The Melancholy Hussar," 27 pages quarto, with numerous interlinear corrections and alterations—£50 (Spencer); a poem in Rudyard Kipling's autograph, "The Quest," 41 lines—£16 10s. (Shepherd); a letter from Sterne to Sir W. Hamilton while on his Continental tour, dated Rome, March 17, 1766—£45

American Catalogue

COMPLETE STORY BY THOMAS HARDY.

249. HARDY (THOMAS). Holograph Manuscript, signed: "The Doctor's Legend." Written on 16 4to pp. The first leaf is split in centre and margin torn.

MANUSCRIPTS BY HARDY ARE ESPECIALLY RARE. The present story of over 3,000 words is in its original state, with corrections and additions by the author, and was written expressly for The Independent.

SOME STORY-BOOK PEOPLE.

By Constance Smedley.

(Lists)

V.—Thomas Hardy.

Thomas Hardy is the least personalised of all the story-book people I have ever met. For one thing, he lives in the heart of the Down country, and is so much a part of Wessex that although he and his wife come up to town for a few weeks of each London season, the public does not realise his presence, and his name is seen in few reports of literary and artistic functions. There are a remoteness and a dignity about him which remind one of the country he comes from. And yet when one visits him in his native town, he is as simple and friendly as the Downs to those who make their home therein. Only Hardy is lost outside them, and retreats into an invincible fastness from which his oldest friends find it difficult to extricate him.

His soul in Wessex.

I remember an old friend of his telling me that he only once got into really natural and intimate conversation with Hardy in London; that was in the crypt of Westminster Abbey. In the artificial atmosphere of drawing-rooms and clubs and restaurants Hardy has nothing to say, and subsides into a curious dreamlike blankness that would be wistful if it were not so very far away. It is as though the green pastures and the stretches of moor and down, the intimacies of village and farm and sheepfold, all the phases of the life which grows so near the soil that it seems fundamentally part of it—this environment holds the soul of Hardy, and when he enters cities only his body comes: his mind is inextricably rooted in the country of which he is the voice—the Wessex that now bears his name, "the Hardy country."

Hardy's mother.

He was born of peasant stock: his kinsmen still ply humble trades round Dorchester. There till her death his mother lived in the tiny cottage where she reared her family. There till she died Hardy visited her daily, drawing knowledge and inspiration from her memories and her rich and racy wisdom. She was a woman of striking character and intellect, and Hardy valued her judgment on his work and consulted her on every point. It was she who gave him the idea for "Tess," a local story she remembered from her youth. This strong love between Hardy and his mother had a deep effect on his work, for it kept him at the roots of things when fame would have lifted him away. No writer has been more honoured or sought out than Hardy, and not by the lion-hunting crowd alone, but by viceroys and statesmen. Literary "functions" are seldom honoured by his presence; but there are some great houses where Hardy consorts with his intellectual peers, and into whose calm and leisured atmosphere he occasionally is induced to penetrate. Yet he is never quite happy away from his native atmosphere—the silent Wessex-land. I was fortunate enough to meet him there. I motored down, and as the car descended and ascended the vast green downs, and swooped through buried villages and quiet country towns near which no railway ran, one felt the remoteness of the land.

His wife.

As we neared Dorchester, we recognised the pollard willows that surrounded "Casterbridge." The cobbled streets, the quaint old houses, overhanging, jostling each other's roofs and chimneys; the inn which the car entered through a passage leading underneath the coffee-room—formed an unforgettable experience. It was like finding a country we know in dreams. The old-fashioned landlady and landlord, coming forth with hearty greeting, the dignified coffee-room with its old servant, the dark passages and twisting stairs, were all of a market town which belonged to another age. A friendly note from Mrs. Hardy was on my dressing-table, and after dinner we sallied off through the dimly-lit streets and into complete darkness. Then the car turned into a heavily-shrubbed drive, and light streamed from a porch. Mrs. Hardy welcomed us. Report has it who was the original of "A Pair of Blue Eyes." The daughter of a Dean and local magnate, Hardy met her as a young man when in the neighbourhood of her father's home. He was engaged in architectural work, and has never lost a keen enthusiasm for his first profession. Smiling, of soft complexion and Victorian fastidiousness, Mrs. Hardy is an amazing example of the spirit of the age, for not only does she hold advanced views on the position of woman, but she is deeply sympathetic with all progressive movements. It was at her wish that they first lived in London; but the call of his homeland was irresistible. Hardy positively pined till he broke away and built his home close to his own people, amongst the racy local life of farms and cottages whose study has been his lifework.

At home.

Presently into the lamp-lit drawing-room Thomas Hardy entered, and I saw someone very shy and very simple—an extraordinarily nebulous individual. People generally photograph themselves upon my consciousness in vivid flashes, but after an hour's talk I only carried away an indistinct picture of an elderly man, not very tall, who was gentle and patient, but who could shut himself into such a shell of silence that you might as well tap at a sarcophagus and expect it to open. There was a certain habitual blankness forming an unshakable retreat, an iron-grey expression like the intense silence of a moor, which suggested that Hardy was used to putting talk aside. How many "ardent admirers" must have made the pilgrimage to see "the master"! But I came with an introduction from a dearly-loved colleague, and very soon Hardy lost his air of defence and talked of "The Dynasts"—and of his books—and very much of Wessex and its customs—fetching maps and explaining localities, and making the Wessex of his stories live. There was very much that was interesting, but his words were not to be recorded: only the impression was my property—the impression of someone who lived quite out of himself, inhabiting a wider atmosphere than one of personality.

"The Dynasts."

He had just received some information about the old industry of calico weaving, and told how he had heard of this and that local custom that figured in his books, and which still survived. I had recently been staying in another part of Dorset, and had found many of these customs still existing. The baker in the village was a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas More; his grandfathers had been the squires of the district, but racing had lost the family estates. His father had sunk into poverty, and the son, ill-educated, was engaged in baking cakes from the recipes of his great-grandmother, a noted housewife. So the fall of the D'Urbervilles was corroborated in this instance of an ancient family. But the simple Hardy of the Wessex gossip changed oddly to the Hardy of "The Dynasts." His eyes looked very far then, as though he saw great canvases, and his words brought huge forces rising—eddying——

In Dorchester.

At last they came with us into the hall, and Hardy held a light as we got into the car. It fell on a thoughtful face and shoulders a little bowed. He was neither old nor young; ageless like his Downs; and grey with colourless tones rather than silvery pallor. Next morning we breakfasted in the bow window of the coffee-room, poking out over the thronged street. It was market-day: country folk were thronging the cobble-stones, Christian names abounded, all knew each other, all were talking and greeting and comparing produce. It was only half-past eight when the car picked its way through the busy life and out into the Downs. They lay green and young in the sunlight. I liked to think of Hardy passing through the bustling streets of Dorchester, nodding to this farmer and to that, kinsmen and neighbours of kinsmen for long centuries.

(To be continued.)

Mr Hardy finds that there has been an article in "T. P's Weekly" describing a visit to his house, & an interview with the inmates. The Editor may not be aware that the important statements the article contains are largely false, & that admission to the house was gained on the pretence of paying a friendly call, so that no suspicion of the writer's purpose was entertained. It is rather surprising that any respectable editor should print such unfair personalities & without inquiry. [Letter sent to the Editor]

Jan 17. 1910.

The Daily Chronicle, Jan. 26th 1899

ARMIES WITHOUT CAVALRY.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S PLEA FOR HORSES.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, who is keenly interested in humanitarian movements of all kinds, has made the following contribution to the Peace Crusade in a letter in the forthcoming issue of "War against War":—

I think that a practical beginning may soon be made in the cause of peace, though the moving force thereto may be, for a time, less perhaps a conviction of the iniquity of war than of its absurdity.

As a preliminary, all civilised nations could at least show their humanity by covenanting that no horses shall be employed in battle except for transport. Soldiers, at worst, know what they are doing, but these animals are denied even the poor possibilities of glory and reward as a compensation for their sufferings. The feasibleness of their disuse would largely depend on the truth of what has been asserted—that the cost of cavalry expended on infantry would produce more effective results.

Echo. Feb. 3. 1899

"War Against War" contains an admirable suggestion by Mr. Thomas Hardy, which, however, has little chance of being realised. He suggests that all civilised nations should show their humanity by agreeing not to use horses in battle. The war-horse has all the suffering of war, with none of the glory, or, at least, the consciousness of glory. But the horse is so essential to the "pomp and circumstance of war" that it will probably see the war era out. There is no romance of chivalry about motor-cars and bicycles, which might be suggested to serve as substitutes.

Sporting Times. Jan. 28. 1899.

NORTHERN CRACKS.

BY

THE BRITISH YEOMAN.

Curmus are the ideas even of great novelists. Thomas Hardy, the pessimist, says if we can't abolish war, at any rate let us abolish cavalry. It is a shame, says he, to kill and torture the horse in battle. Does Mr. Hardy think for a moment that "the eye of the army" will ever be put down by any amount of Humanitarian talk. So long as human nature remains human nature so long will there be armies and fighting. National existence depends on the sword, and cavalry is a most important branch of the service. Of a surety these humanitarians are wonderful people. One of them has heard a thrush singing at Whitby and straightway breaks out into sentiment, saying we cannot be a musical nation or we would not destroy thrushes because they take a portion of our currants and strawberries. A thrush's song is very beautiful, but it won't feed a market gardener's hungry family. As for our being a musical nation, well, I leave that. We are quite musical enough in my opinion. There are a sort of musical people who think the rest of the world was made to listen to and appreciate their more or less feeble efforts.

The New Age. Feb. 2. 1899.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has always lent his hearty support to humanitarian movements, makes an admirable suggestion in "War against War." He thinks that a practical beginning may soon be made in the cause of peace, though the moving force thereto may be, for a time, less, perhaps, a conviction of the iniquity of war than of its absurdity. As a preliminary, all civilised nations could at least show their humanity by covenanting that no horses shall be employed in battle except for transport. Soldiers, at worst, know what they are doing, but these animals are denied even the possibilities of glory as a compensation for their sufferings. The feasibleness of their disuse would largely depend on the truth of what has been asserted—that the cost of cavalry expended on infantry would produce more effective results.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 3, 1911

QUERIES AND ANSWERS IN ALL BRANCHES OF LITERATURE

S. M. C.—Will you kindly inform me in your next issue of The Review whether Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, is still alive; and if dead, when did he die? Who is Arthur Sherburne Hardy?

Thomas Hardy is alive. Arthur Sherburne Hardy was born at Andover, Mass., Aug. 13, 1847. He was graduated from West Point in 1869, and served one year in the Third United States Artillery. On March 9, 1896, he married in Athens, Greece, Grace Aspinwall Bowen. He was professor of civil engineering at Iowa College, 1871-3, and professor of civil engineering, 1874-8, and mathematics, 1878-93, at Dartmouth College. He edited The Cosmopolitan Magazine 1893-5, and was United States Minister Resident and Consul General at Teheran, Persia, 1897-9. He was Minister to Greece, Roumania, and Servia, 1899-1901; to Switzerland, 1901-3, and to Spain, 1902-3. He is the author of "Elements of Quarternions," 1881; "Elements of Calculus," 1890; "Elements of Analytical Geometry," 1889; "New Methods in Topographical Surveying," 1883; "Imaginary Quantities," 1881; "But Yet a Woman," 1883; "Wind of Destiny," 1886; "Passé Rose," 1889; "Life and Letters of Joseph H. Neesinia" and "Songs of Two," (poems,) 1900, and "His Daughter First," 1903. His last given address was Woodstock, Conn.

Times. April 24. 1912

tion of University courses, and by its Art Department.

Sale of Autograph Letters.—Messrs. Sotheby's last sale of autograph letters included the original signed MS. of Thomas Hardy's "The Melancholy Hussar," 27 pages quarto, with numerous interlinear corrections and alterations—£50 (Spencer); a poem in Rudyard Kipling's autograph, "The Quest," 41 lines—£16 10s. (Shepherd); a letter from Sterne to Sir W. Hamilton while on his Continental tour, dated Rome, March 17, 1766—£45

American Catalogue

COMPLETE STORY BY THOMAS HARDY.

249. HARDY (THOMAS). Holograph Manuscript, signed: "The Doctor's Legend." Written on 16 4to pp. The first leaf is split in centre and margin torn.

Manuscripts by Hardy are especially Rare. The present story of over 3,000 words is in its original state, with corrections and additions by the author, and was written expressly for The Independent.

SOME STORY-BOOK PEOPLE.

(Lies)

By Constance Smedley.

V.—Thomas Hardy.

Thomas Hardy is the least personalised of all the story-book people I have ever met. For one thing, he lives in the heart of the Down country, and is so much a part of Wessex that although he and his wife come up to town for a few weeks of each London season, the public does not realise his presence, and his name is seen in few reports of literary and artistic functions. There are a remoteness and a dignity about him which remind one of the country he comes from. And yet when one visits him in his native town, he is as simple and friendly as the Downs to those who make their home therein. Only Hardy is lost outside them, and retreats into an invincible fastness from which his oldest friends find it difficult to extricate him.

His soul in Wessex.

I remember an old friend of his telling me that he only once got into really natural and intimate conversation with Hardy in London; that was in the crypt of Westminster Abbey. In the artificial atmosphere of drawing-rooms and clubs and restaurants Hardy has nothing to say, and subsides into a curious dreamlike blankness that would be wistful if it were not so very far away. It is as though the green pastures and the stretches of moor and down, the intimacies of village and farm and sheepfold, all the phases of the life which grows so near the soil that it seems fundamentally part of it—this environment holds the soul of Hardy, and when he enters cities only his body comes: his mind is inextricably rooted in the country of which he is the voice—the Wessex that now bears his name, "the Hardy country."

Hardy's mother.

He was born of peasant stock: his kinsmen still ply humble trades round Dorchester. There till her death his mother lived in the tiny cottage where she reared her family. There till she died Hardy visited her daily, drawing knowledge and inspiration from her memories and her rich and racy wisdom. She was a woman of striking character and intellect, and Hardy valued her judgment on his work and consulted her on every point. It was she who gave him the idea for "Tess," a local story she remembered from her youth. [illegible] tween Hardy an[illegible] effect on his wor[illegible] roots of things [illegible] lifted him awa[illegible] more honoured [illegible] Hardy, and n[illegible] crowd alone, [illegible] statesmen. Li[illegible] seldom honou[illegible] there are so[illegible] Hardy consor[illegible] peers, and [illegible] leisured atmo[illegible] induced to p[illegible]

quite happy away from his native atmosphere—the silent Wessex-land. I was fortunate enough to meet him there. I motored down, and as the car descended and ascended the vast green downs, and swooped through buried villages and quiet country towns near which no railway ran, one felt the remoteness of the land.

His wife.

As we neared Dorchester, we recognised the pollard willows that surrounded "Casterbridge." The cobbled streets, the quaint old houses, overhanging, jostling each other's roofs and chimneys; the inn which the car entered through a passage leading underneath the coffee-room—formed an unforgettable experience. It was like finding a country we know in dreams. The old-fashioned landlady and landlord, coming forth with hearty greeting, the dignified coffee-room with its old servant, the dark passages and twisting stairs, were all of a market town which belonged to another age. A friendly note from Mrs. Hardy was on my dressing-table, and after dinner we sallied off through the dimly-lit streets and into complete darkness. Then the car turned into a heavily-shrubbed drive, and light streamed from a porch. Mrs. Hardy welcomed us. Report has it she was the original of "A Pair of Blue Eyes." The daughter of a Dean and local magnate, Hardy met her as a young man when in the neighbourhood of her father's home. He was engaged in architectural work, and has never lost a keen enthusiasm for his first profession. Smiling, of soft complexion and Victorian fastidiousness, Mrs. Hardy is an amazing example of the spirit of the age, for not only does she hold advanced views on the position of woman, but she is deeply sympathetic with all progressive movements. It was at her wish that they first lived in London; but the call of his homeland was irresistible. Hardy positively pined till he broke away and built his home close to his own people, amongst the racy local life of farms and cottages whose study has been his lifework.

At home.

Presently into the lamp-lit drawing-room Thomas Hardy entered, and I saw someone very shy and very simple [illegible]

have made the pilgrimage to see "the master"! But I came with an introduction from a dearly-loved colleague, and very soon Hardy lost his air of defence and talked of "The Dynasts"—and of his books—and very much of Wessex and its customs—fetching maps and explaining localities, and making the Wessex of his stories live. There was very much that was interesting, but his words were not to be recorded: only the impression was my property—the impression of someone who lived quite out of himself, inhabiting a wider atmosphere than one of personality.

"The Dynasts."

He had just received some information about the old industry of caler weaving, and told how he had heard of this and that local custom that figured in his books, and which still survived. I had recently been staying in another part of Dorset, and had found many of these customs still existing. The baker in the village was a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas More; his grandfathers had been the squires of the district, but racing had lost the family estates. His father had sunk into poverty, and the son, ill-educated, was engaged in baking cakes from the recipes of his great-grandmother, a noted housewife. So the fall of the D'Urbervilles was corroborated in this instance of an ancient family. But the simple Hardy of the Wessex gossip changed oddly to the Hardy of "The Dynasts." His eyes looked very far then, as though he saw great canvases, and his words brought huge forces rising—eddying——

In Dorchester.

At last they came with us into the hall, and Hardy held a light as we got into the car. It fell on a thoughtful face and shoulders a little bowed. He was neither old nor young; ageless like his Downs; and grey with colourless tones rather than silvery paller. Next morning we breakfasted in the bow window of the coffee-room, poking out over the thronged street. It was market-day: country folk were thronging the cobble-stones, Christian names abounded, all knew each other, all were talking and greeting and comparing produce. It was only half-past eight when the car picked its way through the busy life and out into the Downs. They lay green and young in the sunlight. I liked to think of Hardy passing through the bustling streets of Dorchester, nodding to this farmer and to that, kinsmen and neighbours of kinsmen for long centuries.

(*To be continued.*)

* * *

The Good Time Coming.

[illegible]re's a good time coming, boys,
[illegible] good time coming:
[illegible] may not live to see the day,
[illegible]t earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
[illegible]nnon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
[illegible]'ll win our battle by its aid,
Wait a little longer.

CHARLES MACKAY.

T.P.'s WEEKLY.

January 7, 1910.

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, *which must be accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to* THE EDITOR, T.P.'s WEEKLY, 5, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C. *Every care will be taken to return rejected MSS., but the Editor does not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.*

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WOOING THE ELECTORS.

The central offices of the principal Party organisations are busy scenes during the General Election. They are all to be found at Westminster—the Liberal Federation, the Conservative Union, the Liberal Unionist Council, the Labour Party, the Tariff Reform League—appropriately near to the Houses of Parliament. In electioneering, as in military campaigning, good generalship at headquarters is of paramount importance. Large staffs of officials are engaged at each office all day—and often far into the night, too—under the direction of an able and astute commander-in-chief, or principal party agent, attending to the numerous messages requesting advice, or more material aid, from the party champions in the constituencies.

Every General Election is productive of an enormous amount of printed political matter, intended to stimulate the enthusiasm of the party man, and to carry the light of truth to the dark or clouded minds of opponents. Such controversial matter, in the form of posters, pamphlets, leaflets, and cartoons, of a general party character, is despatched all over the country, the local needs of the contest in each constituency in the way of printed ammunition—such as the address to the electors, the publication of facts, contradictions, and squibs of particular application to the constituency—being provided for by the candidate. Most of this enormous mass of general electioneering matter is distributed gratis by the central party offices. When a charge is made it is barely what suffices to cover the mere cost of printing. It is a time, generally, of immense local excitement and commotion. The microbe of contention is abroad in his millions. At the work-benches and in the bars of public-houses the rival political policies are eagerly discussed. There are lively public meetings in the local halls and at the street-corners. It is not only printed matter that is supplied from headquarters. Numbers of trained party advocates are also sent, especially to constituencies which are hard-pressed by the enemy, or where an early victory might, by rallying the waverers, have an influence on the final issue of the general campaign. These speakers are sedulously trained at headquarters. They are made to absorb every fact that tells in favour of the cause, and have ready on their tongues quick and effective retorts to likely awkward interjections from opponents in the crowd.

They are properly paid for their services. Some are in constant employment at yearly salaries; some are temporarily engaged and paid five shillings, or ten-and-sixpence, or a guinea a meeting. And well do they earn their wages or fee. It is not only that they have learned their lesson well—they are, of course, sincere believers in the principles they advocate, and, at any rate, they can as a rule so dexterously speak in a voice ringing, apparently, with sincerity and strength as at once to compel the mixed crowd to listen to them with interest and attention, if not with acceptance of the views. From house to house the rival candidates, each attended by some of his most influential local supporters, wend their different ways, introducing themselves personally to the electors, and soliciting votes and influence with as persuasive a blending of fine courtesy and easy familiarity as their varying temperaments allow them to attain to. The pleasantest picture of canvassing in the annals of electioneering is one drawn from life by the charming pen of William Cowper. It relates to the General Election of 1784, following on the abrupt and unceremonious dismissal of the curious coalition administration of Lord North and Charles James Fox by George III., and the consequent appointment of the youthful Pitt as Prime Minister.

The poet, who had just finished "The Task," and was engaged on the composition of "John Gilpin," was living at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, when one day his peaceful retirement was broken by the visit—quite "without your leave"—of one who aspired to be a member of Parliament, accompanied by a retinue of supporters. It was young William Wyndham Grenville (cousin of Pitt), who won the election and subsequently became Speaker and Prime Minister. The Tory politician had come to ask the Whig poet for his influence. Cowper says, "We were sitting yesterday, after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without any apprehension of any such intrusion, in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when, to our unspeakable surprise, a male appeared before the window, a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys halloed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville." The candidate and his friends were admitted to the parlour, and what then happened the poet thus describes:—

> Mr. Grenville, advancing towards me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he, and as many more as could find chairs, were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself me at this moment, informed me that I ha great deal. Supposing I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing ventured my first assertion by saying that had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. T ended the conference. Mr. Grenville acqu me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in kitchen, and seemed, upon the whole, a loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman.

Macaulay was opposed to canvassi He held that a man who surrende his vote to caresses and supplicat forgot his duty as much as if he sol for a banknote. Accordingly in his e test for the representation of Leeds, 1832, he refrained from asking a sin elector personally for his vote. wrote:—

> The suffrage of an elector ought not to asked or to be given as a personal favour. is as much for the interest of the constitu to choose well, as it can be for the interes the candidate to be chosen. To request honest man to vote against his conscience i insult. The practice of canvassing is reasonable under a system in which men sent to Parliament to serve themselves. the height of absurdity under a system in w men are sent to Parliament to serve the pu

Gladstone, on the other hand, rec nised that canvassing was essential electioneering, if he did not actu enjoy its practice. He, too, was a c didate in that General Election wh followed the passing of the Great form Bill of 1832. Towards the end his long life he declared that in all stirring and momentous political sce in which he had been an actor—fight for a seat in the House of Commo making Cabinets, taking part in toric decisions on peace and war—th was nothing to compare for excitem with his first contest for Newark 1832, out of which he came victorio There were 2000 houses in the borou It was then the custom for the can dates, in all elections, personally visit every house, whether occupied a voter or not, to solicit the elector his vote, and the non-elector for his her influence. Gladstone went times to every house in Newark, t making 10,000 calls in all.

Most candidates, no doubt, would glad to be able to dispense with c vassing altogether. It must be a rep nant task to sensitive souls, or nature's with any sense of the ridi lous, to have to go from house to ho following the traditionally seduct ways of the aspirant to a seat in House of Commons. Kissing has now the leading part it had of old the art of canvassing. The custom h its drawbacks. It was not always pleasant as Grenville found it when kissed the maid in the kitchen. Did the auctioneer who offered for sale notorious borough of Gatton, in S rey, with its two or three voters, out, among its advantages, "tinkers' wives to kiss"? So kissing candidates has fallen into disfavo and the most the candidates have to in the way of osculation is to kiss babies, or at best to pinch their chee or chuck them under the chin, in ord to induce the parents to recognise merits of Tariff Reform or Free Tra

M.

PERFORMING ANIMALS.

MR. HARDY'S PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—As I read your Correspondent's letter on the above subject, he confuses theory with practice in his arguments. Quite possibly some animals may be, and are, trained for performances without discomfort to themselves, but there is ample evidence to show that many trainers prefer short cuts to attain their ends, and that these short cuts are by the way of cruelty. I have been present at dog performances at country fairs, where the wretched animals so trembled with terror when they failed to execute the feat required of them that they could scarcely stand, and remained with eyes of misery fixed upon their master, paralysed at the knowledge of what was in store for them behind the scenes, whence their shrieks could afterwards be heard through the canvas.

And there are cruelties of a more insidious kind produced by drugs. As to the caging of birds, the assertion that a caged skylark experiences none of the misery of a caged man makes demands upon our credulity. Anyhow, a caged skylark usually dies soon, while an imprisoned man will live out his natural years. There is, or was when I was young, a practice among boys of putting a nearly-fledged brood of young birds, with the nest, into a cage, and hanging the cage in the tree or bush where the nest was made. The parents come regularly to feed their young ones through the bars, and there seems no reason why they should not be successfully bred; but usually the young birds die. It used to be the tradition of schoolboys that the old birds poisoned their young at finding them imprisoned. However that may be, die they did.

It seems marvellous that the 20th century, with all its rhetoric on morality, should tolerate such useless inflictions as making animals do what is unnatural to them or drag out an unnatural life in a wired cell. I would also include the keeping of tame rabbits in hutches among the prohibited cruelties in this kind.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS HARDY.

Max Gate, Dorchester, Dec. 18. 1913.

PERFORMING ANIMALS.

A TRAINER ON NATURAL APTITUDES.

The allegations of cruelty on the part of trainers made in the recent discussion on the performances of trained animals are strongly denied by Mr. F. Ginnett, a trainer of performing animals. In a letter to *The Times* of December 19 Mr. Thomas Hardy said:—"Quite possibly some animals may be, and are, trained for performances without discomfort to themselves, but there is ample evidence to show that many trainers prefer short cuts to attain their ends, and that these short cuts are by the way of cruelty." Mr. Ginnett, in discussing the matter yesterday, denied the possibility of any such short cuts.

With a frightened animal, he said, nothing could be done. A fact not generally recognised was that with one exception—the training of a horse to go in harness—no animal had ever been taught any trick which it did not perform of its own accord in the wild state. Wild horses have been seen to pick up objects and carry them about in their mouths, to perform "high trotting," and to play all manner of games. Mr. Ginnett was the first Englishman to teach a horse to walk the so-called tight-rope—it is really a long 7in. plank—and he had the idea suggested to him by seeing a colt walking along the top of a narrow bank. So with sea-lions; the marvellous balancing tricks which they perform with balls are the outcome of observations made in San Francisco Bay, where they were seen to bring up bits of wreckage, balance them on their noses and toss them about from one to another. This caused some one to try the effect of throwing an indiarubber ball among them.

The elephant, went on Mr. Ginnett, which is the most timid of beasts and will shy at a mouse, is obviously not a subject amenable to cruelty. He does all kinds of tricks, but all of them natural; he stands on his hind legs to pull down trees, goes on his knees and nearly stands on his head to dip down into deep water-holes, and lies down and sits up naturally. On the other hand, to train a horse to go in harness the spirit of the animal must be broken. This is a direct breach of the trainer's rule, which is that each horse must be treated upon his merits and according to his temperament. You must not persist in trying to teach a horse a trick that is distasteful to him, or you will break his spirit.

Mr. Ginnett added that he was prepared to bear the expense of proving his statement by a "control" experiment. If a large committee of inspection were formed and selected a suitable horse he would undertake to train it to perform any of the tricks at present exhibited. Members of the committee could always be present, and he himself could be permitted access to the horse only in their presence.

MR. HARDY AND CAGE BIRDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Mr. Hardy is much more convincing in the romances which have delighted a generation than in his letter on performing animals and cage birds. He cites his experience at a country fair in proof that cruelty is practised by trainers of performing dogs, and goes hopelessly wrong in the birdy portion of his letter.

It is distinctly not the case that "a caged skylark usually dies young." A caged skylark usually lives to a much greater age than one which spends a "natural" life. I am stating a fact which admits of indisputable proof when I say that skylarks live in captivity for any period up to 20 years, and I could quote very many instances of skylarks which have been kept in health and contentment to the age of 10 or 12 years. Do they live to anything approaching this age in a state of Nature? The answer obviously is in the negative. Let us take the very low estimate of four years as being the average duration of life in caged skylarks, and see what would happen if the natural average equalled this.

A hen skylark lays from three to five eggs in a clutch, and usually has two nests a year; it is reasonable, therefore, to take eight as the average number of young each year from each pair of birds. These young, if they live, are themselves able to reproduce their kind in the following spring. It is obvious, therefore, that the number of skylarks increases, or would increase, in geometrical progression with five as the ratio, and it is a matter of simple calculation to discover that in the fourth year the world's population of skylarks would be multiplied 625 times. It is perfectly obvious that they do not so increase; roughly, they do not increase at all, and the actual fact, therefore, is that the yearly mortality is equal to the yearly production—i.e., eight out of every 10, old or young, die annually.

Mr. Hardy is equally at sea when he, by implication, accepts "the tradition of schoolboys that old birds poison their young at finding them imprisoned." The actual fact is that adult birds feed their young up to a certain point, and then leave them to feed for themselves, and they will do this, and no more, if the cage containing the young is hung in the tree or bush in which the nest was made. Afterwards, the young birds are not poisoned by their parents; they simply die of starvation if they are not taken in hand by their captors. In this 20th century very few, even among schoolboys, believe that "old birds poison their young at finding them imprisoned."

If Mr. Hardy will pardon me the use of his own expression, I would say that "It seems marvellous that the 20th century should tolerate" the idea that birds in cages experience the same sensations as a human being condemned to life-long imprisonment. It is only those who allow sentiment to obscure their observation who would express such a view. Many thousands of caged birds are kept in this and other countries in conditions of perfect health and happiness, and their keeping affords an innocent and harmless hobby to their owners. It is only a bare fact to say that a bird taken from its natural freedom, and properly treated, will improve in beauty of plumage from year to year, will sing better, and for a longer season, in a cage than in a state of Nature, and will live many times as long. This being so, it savours of absurdity to contend that the keeping of birds in cages entails the cruelty which is laid at the doors of bird-keepers by those who are obsessed with the idea that "the keeping of any kind of bird in any kind of cage is an actual blasphemy." These words are the actual ones used by one of the humanitarian writers, and express the doctrine of the whole of them. Arguments will not convince them; they do not wish to think otherwise, and they wilfully close their eyes to what they could see for themselves if they chose.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY J. PULLJAMES, Secretary.

Cage Birds League, 154, Fleet-street, E.C.

Magdalene College

THOMAS HARDY, O.M., Hon. Litt.D., was this day elected an Honorary Fellow of the College.

22 *July* 1913.

from the Daily Graphic

Dated October 24 1913.

The news that Mr. Thomas Hardy—who already has that really great decoration, the Order of Merit—has been elected an honorary fellow of Magdalen will recall to many of his readers that grey scene in "Jude" in which the hapless "hero" realises that the joys of University life are not for him.

Dorset Chronicle. Nov 23. 1911

"THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE."

MR. HARDY PRESENTS THE MANUSCRIPT TO THE MUSEUM.

It will afford great gratification to the town of Dorchester, and especially to all admirers of Mr. Thomas Hardy and his works, to know that, graciously acting on a suggestion made to him, the distinguished author has presented his original autograph manuscript of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" to the Dorset County Museum, of which institution he is a member of the Council. While, as lately announced in the Press, a partition of Mr. Hardy's manuscripts appeared to be going on, it seemed that his own town of Dorchester, the "Casterbridge" of the novels, ought not in justice to go empty away, or be left quite out in the cold. And what manuscript could more appropriately be kept at home in "Casterbridge" than that of its own story and the story of its mythical Mayor, Michael Henchard? Happily Mr. Hardy has, with his habitual good nature and consideration for his own people, gratified the expressed desire; and the literary side of the collections at the Museum is now immeasurably the richer by the acquisition of nigh 500 pages of Mr. Hardy's beautiful handwriting—the first record of the fascinating tale as it came hot from his brain.

The story is written on blue-lined sermon paper, post-octavo, the backs of the pages bearing many an inky fingerprint that would no doubt enable experts in "dactylography," to identify the compositors by whom the "copy" was first set! Unluckily a few pages here and there, printers' "takes," are missing, which seems to show that at that time—the story was written so long ago as in 1884 and 1885—the sentimental value of the MS. was not recognised. When it reached the hands of the Curator and Librarian (Captain John E. Acland) the MS. had been bound in book form, in green covers, half calf, with a richly gilded back, lettered "The Mayor of Casterbridge. By Thomas Hardy. Original Manuscript."

When visitors come, as they do by hundreds in the summer, to explore the highways and byways of old "Casterbridge," they will surely not think that they have "done the thing properly," have completed the grand tour of the famous town, until they have gone into the Museum and had a good look at the original manuscript of the seductive book—in sibylline characters traced by the very hand of the Master himself.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.—Messrs. Sotheby's last sale of autograph letters included the original signed MS. of Thomas Hardy's "The Melancholy Hussar," 27 pages quarto, with numerous interlinear corrections and alterations—£50 (Spencer); a poem in Rudyard Kipling's autograph, "The Quest," 41 lines—£16 10s. (Shepherd); a letter from Sterne to Sir W. Hamilton while on his Continental tour, dated Rome, March 17, 1766—£45

Some American Paper (1912)

THE TEN GREATEST MEN.

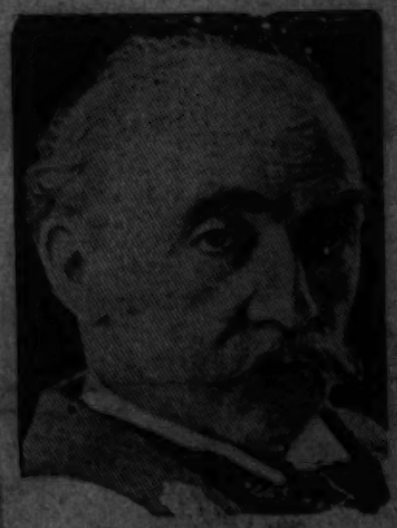
Clement Shorter Doesn't Include a Single Statesman.

Clement Shorter in The Strand.

Doubtless there are many great men living in the world to-day—men with prospective greatness, that is, or even achieved greatness—but only time can decide. In my judgment there is no man in the world to-day who is great in any walk of life in so striking a way that his contemporaries can unhesitatingly proclaim him great. History has proclaimed the elder Pitt a great man, but not so certainly his son. It has not assigned this epithet to Palmerston or Peel, and it is too early yet to decide whether it will concede it to Gladstone or Disraeli. The great man is surely he who, by force of genius, has impressed himself upon his age in some permanent form. Whether the achievements of Mr. Roosevelt or of Emperor William are of this character had better be decided a century hence. As you ask me, however, to join in what can scarcely be a serious discussion, I suggest that we take the name of a living man from each country who has, by invention or creation, stamped himself upon his age. I therefore nominate the ten greatest men of the present day as follows:

Great Britain	Thomas Hardy.
Great Britain	Lord Lister.
United States	Thomas A. Edison.
Italy	Gug. Marconi.
Italy	Giacomo Puccini.
France	Francois Coppee.
Austria	Richard Strauss.
Germany	H. Sudermann.
Belgium	M. Maeterlinck.
Russia	Elie Metchnikoff.

In the Public Eye



THOS HARDY.

The English Royal Society of Literature and the Society of Authors have decided that England should have a "Royal Academy" and "40 immortals," just like their brother literary mechanics have over across the channel.

While Poet Laureate Alfred Austin and Playwright Pinero have been already "immortalized" and Kipling and George Bernard Shaw have not, Thos. Hardy, the celebrated British architect, poet, prose writer and playwright, was one of the first to be placed upon England's "immortal" pedestal.

Hardy is one of the most prolific of English writers of the present day. He started out in life to be an architect, but writing poetry appealed to him more strongly. He reversed his course and versed awhile until it dawned upon him that there was more honor than wealth in poetry, so he reversed once again and wrote his verses in prose. Now he is, as might be expressed, in pretty comfortable circumstances—and an "immortal" as well.

Dorset Chronicle Feb 15. 1912

Dorset Field Club.

MR. ALFRED POPE ON DEWPONDS.—A NEW "WESSEX TALE."—Mr. ALFRED POPE, F.S.A., read a long and important paper on "Some Dewponds in Dorset." Having described the correct way to construct a dewpond, he observed that many alleged dewponds were not formed on this plan, and the word "dewpond," besides it original application to those ponds formed by Neolithic people in or near their hill camps for watering their flocks and herds, is now applied to manykinds of ponds made at later dates by modern man, such as rain and mist, drip and catch ponds, of each of which types he treated in turn and gave examples. The paper was enlivened by a delightful "Hardy" story, both new and true, to which Mr. Thomas Hardy was a listener. Mr. Pope said:—"By the courtesy of Mr. Thomas Hardy I am permitted to give you in his own words an account of the following interesting adventure which happened to an ancestor of his (the author's grandfather) beside this very pond, as nearly as possible a century ago. He was crossing the heath, one midnight in June, by the path which then as now skirts the pond, when he became aware that he was followed by two men whom he had noticed watching him when he left Puddletown. He had now little doubt that they were bent on attacking and robbing him, for times were more lawless than they are at present. It had so happened that while crossing a green field called "Coomb" a little earlier in his journey, he had been struck by the great number of glow-worms that were shining in the grass, and being a young man, he had beguiled his walk by gathering several and placing them on the brim of his hat. As he was unarmed, and the men were upon him, the only way of escape that occurred to him was by playing upon their superstitious feelings. He accordingly rolled a furze faggot into the path, and sitting down upon it took off his hat, placed it on his knees, stuck two ferns fronds on his head to represent horns, pulled from his pocket a letter he chanced to have with him, and began reading it by the light of the glow-worms. The men approached, stopped suddenly, and then bolted at the top of their speed down the hill and disappeared. In a few days there was a rumour in the neighbourhood that the Devil had been seen at midnight by Greenhill Pond, reading a list of his victims by glow-worm light. (Laughter). He tried afterwards to discover who the men were, but they never revealed their identity." (Applause.)

THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

The Man Behind the Books.—By Wilkinson Sherren.

When the final history of Victorian literature is written, students of letters will be faced with the paradox of a young architect who longed to be an acknowledged poet, and became a great novelist, in spite of himself. This is the history of our greatest English novelist, Mr. Thomas Hardy, born June 2, 1840, at Upper Bockhampton, a hamlet close to Dorchester. That he has now, when, unhappily, his creative work in prose appears to be finished, achieved another reputation as a poet, is an indication of the triumphant persistence of youthful ambition.

The woodlands whisper to the house where he first saw the light; Thorneycombe Wood and Bockhampton Heath helped to feed the long, long thoughts of youth, and gave him the meaning of their sylvan mysteries.

Nelson's Hardy.

The name now so universally honoured in literature is frequently to be met with in Dorset, but the novelist's family is commonly held to belong to the branch brought into distinction by Nelson's Hardy. That the stock possessed both mother-wit and presence of mind is proved by an anecdote concerning Mr. Hardy's grandfather told by Mr. Alfred Pope, a member of the Dorset Field Club, at a recent meeting of the Society. As the story may have been overlooked amid a mass of more sensational news in the daily papers, I will repeat it. About a century ago, Mr. Hardy's grandfather was crossing a lonely heath one midnight in June, when he discovered he was being followed by two footpads. He rolled a furze faggot on to the path, sat down on it, took off his hat, stuck two fern fronds behind his ears to represent horns, and then pretended to read a letter which he took from his pocket by the light of the glow-worms he had picked up and placed round the brim of his hat. The men took fright and bolted on seeing him, and a rumour soon got abroad in the neighbourhood that the devil had been seen at midnight near Greenhill Pond. Educated at local schools, Mr. Hardy studied with an ecclesiastical architect at Dorchester, read Latin and Greek with a fellow-pupil, 1857-60, and sketched and measured several old country churches. In London he worked at Gothic architecture with eminent success under Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., and attended King's College evening classes.

Dickens and Thackeray then filled the intellectual sky, and the solid reputations of to-day were not even in the process of formation. His first published article, "How I Built Myself a House," appeared anonymously when the novelist was twenty-five years of age, a practical proof of his mastery of a kindred side of his chosen profession. Some allusions to his early life in London are to be found in an address Mr. Hardy wrote for delivery as President of the Society of Dorset Men in London: "If it were worth doing, I could describe to those who are now in the full vigour of their activities in this City . . . . what London seemed like to a young man who plunged into it alone more than forty-five years ago, in the somewhat reckless method of becoming a Londoner that was perhaps more common then than now. I might also describe what permanent residence in town meant to such a young man, living on from year to year, strolling up and down Holborn Hill before the Viaduct was constructed, wandering in the labyrinths of the Seven Dials before the new avenues were cut, and hastening off to Drury Lane or the Princess's Theatre to see Phelps or Charles Kean in a Shakespearean tragedy."

Poet to Novelist.

From 1862 to 1867, Mr. Hardy practised the writing of verse, and then turned from the path of poetry into the broad and golden way of prose leading into his great Wessex kingdom. The guess may be hazarded that the sophistication of town life supplied him with a new angle of vision, by means of which he recognised the value of the romantic possibilities of "the old, ancient" land of his birth; and he may also have begun to build up a dream world for his own entertainment out of the familiar things he remembered. The final choice between architecture and literature was made in 1874, when Mr. Hardy married Miss Emma Lavinia Gifford. The year is memorable for the serial publication of "Far from the Madding Crowd." The succeeding years of epochal achievement were passed in various parts of Wessex, in London and in foreign travel, till in 1885 he settled down at Max Gate, a mile from Dorchester on the Wareham road. The tree-shadowed house, well hidden from the roadway, is an emphatic demonstration of Mr. Hardy's love of privacy, and suggests his rooted dislike of the Paul Pry journalist who is more intent on discovering the cut of an eminent person's coat than the lineaments of his mind.

The Thinker.

All the world is now familiar with the great Wessex novelist's portrait, with its intense and brooding spirit of meditation, and the inward looking eyes of the thinker, amazed by the frustrate antics of humanity in face of life's incalculable mystery. The typical portrait we know suggests that he is alone with the dead thought of "the Monarch of our fashioning," of whom he wrote in his last published poem, "God's Funeral." Gradually, Dorchester began to be the bourne of literary pilgrimages. The visitors' book in the local museum became cosmopolitan in the character of its inscriptions, and the residents grew accustomed to directing strangers to Max Gate. This natural curiosity to see not only "Casterbridge," but the dwelling-place of the man who has made the town famous, gives Dorchester some of the aspects of a pleasure resort during the summer months. The house has its own historic associations, too. When the foundations were being dug, it is said that one or two Roman graves were discovered and some remains, pointing to the fact that the inhabitants of ancient Durnovaria, as Dorchester used to be called, were buried in the locality. One is tempted to draw a parallel to Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford-on-Avon after his strenuous London years. With this difference. We have no evidence that the fellow townsmen of our greatest dramatist paid him any marked honour during his lifetime or recognised his superlative genius. Dorchester people have happily proved the old adage to be untrue which profigures a prophet as not without honour save in his own country. The local Debating Society have shown their appreciation by dramatising some of the Wessex stories, and staging them with satisfying fidelity to truth, and the Town Council have conferred upon Mr. Hardy the Freedom of the Borough, a municipal recognition of genius which will always be remembered. The literary world took it as a matter of course that the London Whitefriars Club should some years ago visit the Wessex novelist at Max Gate. Nor is it surprising that fellow craftsmen should wish to pay a meed of personal respect to their acknowledged master, R. L. Stevenson among other eminent writers having visited Mr. Hardy at his country house. Such courtesies are in the expected fitness of things. And artistic completeness is given to the universal recognition of genius, when the average inhabitants of a town associated with a great man of letters show a desire to honour themselves by sharing in the pleasure of fixing the laurels round his brow.

The County Magistrate.

Needless to say, Mr. Hardy is a familiar figure in Dorchester streets. A county magistrate, he is occasionally summoned to sit on the Grand Jury at the Assizes. In addition to this official connection with Dorset, Mr. Hardy keeps up his interest in the Dorset Field Club, an interest shared by Mrs. Hardy, who recently exhibited at one of its meetings a beautifully finished drawing she had executed of a gold torque.

The local museum now contains the manuscript of "The Mayor of Casterbridge." Other manuscripts have been presented to the British Museum, Oxford and Cambridge Universities, Manchester, Aberdeen and Washington libraries, and the Royal Library at Windsor. The original of "Wessex Poems," with the author's illustrations, is in the Birmingham museum. The public is under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Hardy's anonymous friend, who suggested and carried out the dispersal of his manuscripts, a mournful reminder that his work as a novelist is done.

DAILY NEWS AND LEADER.

NOVEMBER 19, 1912

IS IT ART?

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

A fortnight ago in an article entitled "The Grave-Worm," I drew up an indictment against the "degradation of the English novel into a scandalous chronicle of private affairs." I pointed out that "The Private Life of Henry Maitland" had provided the Court of Letters with a test case. I also stated that a novel is being written which deals with the private sorrows of one of our greatest living novelists, and I warned the world of letters that if this novel should ever crawl or creep into print it would raise a storm of wrath that would shake that world to its foundations. Here let me say that my main object in raising the question was to stop the publication of this novel. But since I wrote I have received information which proves that other novels equally infamous have been written and have been suppressed only by the determined action of their victims.

Well, a good many writers have responded to my appeal for plain speech on this painful subject. I am grateful to them. Their letters have done great good.

* * * *

And now I come to Mr. Thomas Hardy's letter. It was not written for the public eye, and I am under a deep obligation to Mr. Hardy for granting me permission to print it. Mr. Hardy, as the acknowledged head of English letters, speaks with authority, and I hope his warning voice will be heeded. He thinks that I "deserve great praise for having boldly opened up an inquiry into a matter so greatly affecting society and morals," and I am more than content with that justification of my protest. He points out that "infinite mischief would lie in the mixing of fact and fiction in unknown proportions," and that "the power of telling lies about people through that channel after they are dead, by stirring in a few truths, is a horror to contemplate." He then proceeds to show that "such a development has been almost inevitable nowadays, when the novelist has ceased to be an artist, but has become a mere reporter, and is told that he must be nothing else." He goes on to say: "I have been gravely assured by a critic in full practice that to write down everything that happens in any household is the highest form of novel construction, being the presentation of a real 'slice of life' (a phrase which I believe I had the misfortune to originate many years ago, though I am not sure)." He concludes by remarking that he leaves untouched the question whether, "even if every word be truth, truth should be presented (unauthorised) by so stealthy a means."

It seems to me that the question raised by Mr. Hardy goes to the root of the mischief.

NOVEMBER 15, 1912.

AUTHORS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

Mr. Thomas Hardy on the Modern Novel.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has given permission for the publication of the following private letter which he has addressed to Mr. James Douglas:—

The point at issue seems to be: does such a book as "The Life of Henry Maitland" injure the dead man's memory? In this case I feel that it may possibly do so. But to set against that there is the fact (as I understand) that Gissing authorised, or half-authorised, the book. Who is to tell?

What should certainly be protested against, in cases where there is no authorisation, is the mixing of fact and fiction in unknown proportions. Infinite mischief would lie in that. If any statements in the dress of fiction are covertly hinted to be fact, all must be fact, and nothing else but fact—for obvious reasons. The power of telling lies about people through that channel after they are dead, by stirring in a few truths, and announcing by subterranean means that the book is true, is a horror to contemplate.

Such a development has been almost inevitable nowadays, when the novelist has ceased to be an artist, but has become a mere reporter, and is told that he must be nothing else. I have been gravely assured by a critic in full practice that to write down everything that happens in any household is the highest form of novel construction, being the presentation of a real "slice of life" (a phrase which I believe I had the misfortune to originate many years ago, though I am not sure).

I think you deserve great praise for having boldly opened up an inquiry into a matter so greatly affecting society and morals, and its ventilation may do much good. There can be no harm in your having stated one, your own, side of the case, strongly.

Of course, I am leaving untouched the question whether, even if every word be truth, truth should be presented (unauthorised) by so stealthy a means.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

Though his enthusiasm was with the Irish political movement, McCarthy's true instincts seem rather to have been those of the littérateur than of the politician. That being so, he must have been delighted over an episode which he duly chronicled for his colleague then travelling round the world:

"I was in a train on the Underground one Sunday two or three weeks ago, and I got next a clergyman of the English Church and a graceful-looking lady, who were talking about the collaboration of Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Hennîker—Lord Houghton's sister and a very charming woman—in some story. The lady said: 'I thought these collaborations were never successful.' The clergyman replied—all unconscious of my identity: 'Oh, well, I don't know; I believe the collaboration of Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed brought out some very good work!'"

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1912.

Novels About "Real People."

Mr James Douglas made a protest lately against the *roman à clef*, or novel with real people in it under false names, and especially against a particular instance of it, and in yesterday's "Daily News" he pursues the theme.

Any man who has written a novel will tell you that there are all sorts of claimants to his types, and though many of these were never in his thoughts he is dismayed sometimes by his self-betrayal. There is no such thing as pure invention, and the model is used in varying degrees according to the convention or the capacity of the author to construct from detail. But Mr. Hardy, who has been invited by Mr. Douglas to express an opinion on the subject, says that "infinite mischief would lie in the mixing "of fact and fiction in unknown proportions," and he believes that "such a development has "been almost inevitable nowadays, when the "novelist has ceased to be an artist, but "has become a mere reporter." This is a little cruel, for every novelist must mix fact and fiction in unknown proportions; but there is worse to follow. Mr. Hardy says: "I have been gravely assured by a critic "in full practice that to write down every-"thing that happens in any household is the "highest form of novel construction." But surely there is some mistake; how could a critic say that? Certainly there is not any novelist who would agree with such a pronouncement. We hear a good deal about realism and the photographic, but does anyone really believe that Mr. Arnold Bennett, for instance, just sets down everything that happens in any household? There may be something interesting and debatable in the question whether faithful observation is getting the better of imagination; but surely if you can make a pattern of ideals you can make one of men and women. The so-called realistic novelist may presumably be impelled to a retort; he may say that some of the old novelists who pass muster as romanticists were doing their best to be realists.

Thirty years ago I remember Thomas Hardy going to call on Lady Jeune, of Harley-street, London, where he would meet Mr. A. J. Balfour, the late Randolph Churchill, and many others among the daring spirits of that day. He was often accused of too great a plainness of speech, but in the generation that has passed since he used to be accused of this, people's minds have changed, and he has received honours too numerous to mention—witness the Order of Merit from the late King, and his election by the living writers to the Presidentship of their Society.

The Book-Lover. Melbourne Australia. Feb. 1914.

With the writer's compts.

THE Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

VOL. XXX.—No. 24 SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1910 PRICE TWOPENCE

Views and Opinions.

THOMAS HARDY is unquestionably the first of living English writers since the death of Swinburne and Meredith. This seems fairly well admitted by the journalists who have been celebrating his seventieth birthday. What they have carefully concealed is the fact that he is a Freethinker. Some of them, perhaps, are not aware of it—for it is a mere superstition that journalists always know the subjects on which they write; but the greater number of them suppress it, either to gratify their own religious bigotry or to satisfy the newspaper proprietors who hired them in the literary market. These so-called gentlemen of the press (some of them may be ladies) said quite enough about Hardy's pessimism. But that doesn't matter. The ordinary reader looks upon both pessimism and optimism with absolute indifference. Not that he thinks any more of meliorism,—for he thinks of nothing. He would prick up his ears, however, if he heard that Hardy was a Freethinker; and as his ears are the principal organs (after his nose) through which he is first tickled and afterwards led, they must not be startled and injured by the sudden announcement of unpleasant truths. The same thing happened when the "glorious free press" dealt with Swinburne and Meredith; their Freethought was carefully kept back; yet the more accomplished journalists know that pretty nearly every great writer is a Freethinker, and a Freethinker just in proportion to the extent of his greatness.

* * *

It is the fashion nowadays, with the jargon about "art for art's sake—as if art ever existed for any other reason—to prattle interminably about "form" and say nothing about "matter." On this principle, when Hardy's poems, for instance, are reviewed, it is easy to expatiate on the peculiarities of his "technique" and ignore the vital substance of his utterance. And the dear public, with the long hairy ears that are so fond of gentle stroking, fancy that this is criticism; indeed, they often consider the critic a much cleverer person than the poet, perhaps because they understand him better—that is, if one can really assume that the dear public understand poetry at all. And thus it comes about that the multitude of those who are flatteringly called "readers" are unaware of any intellectual difference between Tennyson and Meredith, or Keble and Swinburne, or Tupper and Hardy.

* * *

It is obvious, of course, to any decently intelligent reader of Hardy's two great novels, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*, that Freethought is of the essence of Hardy's philosophy. Swinburne described himself as an Anti-Theist, and the same description might be applied to Hardy. From the first sneer at "Nature's holy plan," when Tess is introduced to us as a part of the shiftless Durbeyfield household, to the last tragi-comic statement that "the President of the Immortals had ended his sport with Tess"—whose life has been squeezed out of her by the hangman's noose, and whose dead body lies amidst quicklime in a prison grave—the whole Christian theory of the world is not simply ignored, but repudiated, and the divine ordinance of human affairs is branded as a thoroughly ridiculous superstition. And as the last five chapters of *Tess* belong to the very greatest human literature—loftier than heaven and deeper than hell—and that Æschylean phrase about the sport of the President of the Immortals occurs at the crown and climax of the heart-rending drama, we may be sure that it expressed the writer's most mature and deliberate thought. Hardy had, indeed, to defend himself in a special Preface against "a gentleman who turned Christian for half-an-hour the better to express his grief that a disrespectful phrase about the Immortal should have been used." Mr. Andrew Lang, being thus lashed, was addressed as follows:—

> "I can assure this great critic that to exclaim illogically against the gods, singular or plural, is not such an original sin of mine as he seems to imagine. True, it may have some local originality; though if Shakespeare were an authority on history, which perhaps he is not, I could show that the sin was introduced into Wessex as early as the Heptarchy itself. Says Glo'ster to Lear, otherwise Ina, king of that country:—
>
> 'As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
> They kill us for their sport.'"

* * *

Jude the Obscure is in some ways a more terrible book than *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Tess's life is a tragical failure, but her character is a glorious triumph. It imparts strange beauty to the dismal mists of a shocking death. And where beauty is there is always consolation,—which is the reason why we feel so purified and chastened and pitiful at the end of a Shakespeare tragedy. But no adorable woman stands out for the reader's love and reverence in the latter novel. Sue is a poor creature after Tess, and Jude a poor creature even after Angel Clare; and the other characters are natural enough, but commonplace, vulgar, and sordid. It is the philosophy of *Tess* applied in greater detail to the conventional life and ideas of Christian society, and the Freethought is more strongly pronounced in various ways. Hardy first shows "Nature's holy plan" wrecking, ruining, torturing, and eventually killing (in the name of justice!) a pure and noble soul; and then shows it devastating the lives of inferior but sensitive souls, though showering a good deal of satisfaction upon a number of coarse, sensual, false, and treacherous beings who are mixed up with their existence.

* * *

Hardy is called a pessimist as Meredith was called an optimist. The point of view in the two cases is different, yet the ethical outcome is almost identical. The sincere optimist may say "You should promote human happiness." The sincere pessimist may say "You should not increase human suffering." There is a verbal difference between these two sayings, but how much practical difference? Life is so constituted and ordered that if you diminish pain you promote pleasure, and if you promote pleasure you diminish pain.

* * *

Meredith was a friend of the Humanitarian League,—so is Hardy, and he has just been congratulating it on reaching the age of twenty years. The fol-

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lowing is a striking part of his letter:—

> "Few people seem to perceive fully as yet that the most far-reaching consequence of the establishment of the common origin of all species is ethical; that it logically involved a readjustment of altruistic morals, by enlarging, as a necessity of rightness, the application of what has been called 'The Golden Rule' from the area of mere mankind to that of the whole animal kingdom. Possibly Darwin himself did not quite perceive it. While man was deemed to be a creation apart from all other creations, a secondary or tertiary morality was considered good enough to practise towards the 'inferior' races; but no person who reasons nowadays can escape the trying conclusion that this is not maintainable."

All this is profoundly true, but the "few people" who realise it are not quite as few, or as recent, as Hardy appears to think. The National Secular Society, at any rate, in the list of its Immediate Practical Objects, has the following: "An extension of the moral law to animals, so as to secure them humane treatment and legal protection against cruelty." Speaking myself, as President of that Society, in a lecture to the Humanitarian League, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, I argued that the moral law—grounded on utility, and therefore on susceptibility to pleasure and pain—extends to the lower animals in their due degrees. And I added:—

> "This principle, at least to the Secularist, is strengthened by the teaching of Evolution. Darwin and his successors have demonstrated the kinship of life, and thus the lowliest organisms that swim, or creep, or fly, or run, are brought—at first negatively, and then positively—within the scope of the spirit of brotherhood. Strictly speaking, of course, the lower animals are not our *brothers*, but it is incontestable that they are our *relatives*. This is not a mere spiritual perception, which is liable to be neglected in the tumult of actual life; it is a scientific fact, a truth of biology, a practical lesson from the history of our planet. In the ultimate analysis, then, I say that the moral rights of animals, their claims upon our sympathy and consideration, are involved in the Darwinian demonstration of the kinship of life."

I am not boasting of having said this so long ago. I am only assuring Thomas Hardy that the great and pregnant idea he refers to has spread more widely than his secluded life perhaps induces him to believe.

* * *

By the way, it is amusing, after Hardy's letter, to come across one from Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., in which that gentleman rebukes "the spirit of a gross materialism," which he says "is more rampant now than it was last generation." Mr. Macdonald had better leave "materialism" alone. He is guilty of a mere abuse of language. "Materialism" is the name of a philosophical theory of existence, which may be right or wrong, but cannot possibly be "gross." Mr. Macdonald's anxiety to be supposed to have an orthodoxy of his own is one that he shares with other Labor leaders, but it does him no credit either as a politician or as a man.

* * *

Returning to Thomas Hardy, one might illustrate his Freethought amply from his poems. I have only room to refer to one of them—"The Church-Builder." A man spends money and pains in building a church for the glory of God and the worship of Christ. But misfortunes burst upon him, his sons rebel, deeper thinkers sneer at his faith, and this is the result:—

> "My gift to God seems futile, quite;
> The world moves as erstwhile;
> And powerful wrong on feeble right
> Tramples in olden style.
> My faith burns down,
> I see no crown;
> But Cares, and Griefs, and Guile."

What is the remedy? Why this. He goes into his own church and hangs himself—feeling that those who discover him in the morning "dangling" will mockingly remark that he might have built "a cheaper gallows-tree." What a ghastly disillusionment! One shudders at what Rabelais would call the *sanglante dérision* of the church-builder's corpse swaying in the mysterious gloom of the house he had erected to a non-existent or indifferent God.

G. W. FOOTE.

Freethought and Reform.—III.

(*Continued from p. 357.*)

THE most important fact in sociology, as was pointed out by Comte, is the progressive influence of the past upon living generations. Just as Darwinian biology teaches us to find in the past history of organisms the causes of their present form, so on the mental plane the reason for the existence of our ideas and our institutions is to be sought in the past mental life of the race. Biological heredity is paralleled by psychical heredity. Our institutions, our customs, may find a justification in the present, the cause of their existence lies with the past. The honor paid the king is the outcome of the fear inspired by the primitive magic-worker. We ring bells to call people to church because our forefathers used them to scare away evil spirits. We don black at a death because our remote ancestors wished to disguise the living from the ghosts of the dead. We strew flowers on a grave because food was once placed there to feed the ghost of the departed. Whether the institution be good or bad, whether the practice be wise or foolish, it is nearly always the case that we have to seek in the past for the reason of its being.

But if this is so, it involves the further truth that all sociology, to be useful, must become historical. A mere catalogue of things, as they are, can tell us little. It is how they came to be as they are that is of vital importance to the student. For, in tracing their history, we are really studying the human nature that produced them, and the human nature that still preserves them. The more historical our studies become the more clearly do we appreciate the character of the human nature that is the subject of all our reforming efforts. It is, too, because of this truth that methods of reform that succeed with one race of people fail wholly with another. This is observable with people so closely associated as the various nations of Europe, although much more evident when we contrast Europeans with Asiatics. Appeals that evoke a ready response in the one case are inoperative in the other. There is a different set of ideas and ideals to deal with when dealing with different peoples,—or, in other words, we have a different mental heredity to encounter, and the form in which certain principles are cast must vary in accordance with the special mental environment if they are to be accepted and survive.

Thus, in saying that sociology has to be historical, we must give to that word a much wider and deeper sense than that with which it is usually endowed. We have to trace, not merely the perpetuation of social customs and institutions as objective facts, but the more vital phenomena as illustrating the growth and development of those frames of mind upon which this perpetuation depends. For the only way in which the past can influence and dominate the present—excluding mere biological heredity—is by the transmission of ideas and beliefs. Church and government, all the great institutions of life, are handed on from generation to generation in virtue of a mental heritage that expresses itself through language and literature. What we really inherit from the past is its ideas, objectively in the shape of machinery, inventions, customs, and institutions, and subjectively in all the instruction, oral and written, that is forced upon us from the cradle to the grave.

When, therefore, we define a human society as an aggregate of human beings, we are only expressing half a truth, and the least important half at that. Human society is an association of individuals possessing ideas, and it is these ideas that are the all-important sociological facts. No one has realised this more clearly than Herbert Spencer, and no one has stated it in a clearer or a more convincing manner.* He has shown how primitive life is dominated by ideas, and in such a manner that the study of social life and of social institutions becomes

* *Principles of Sociology*, vol. i.

DAILY NEWS AND LEADER NOVEMBER 15, 1912.
AUTHORS AND THEIR VICTIMS.
NOVEMBER 19, 1912 THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.
IS IT ART?
The Book Lover. Melbourne Australia. Feb. 1914.

[Partly faked] English Illustrated Magazine. June 1912

THOMAS HARDY AT HOME.

AT this moment Thomas Hardy is the most famous and the least personally known man in English letters. He is at once one of the wealthiest and perhaps the most humble of all well-known living writers.

"Max Gate," his home, stands, very like any other respectable suburban villa, just outside Dorchester, where the town has been left behind, and wooded hills and naked coombes begin to stretch away into the distance. It is a little red-brick house, covered over with ivies and creepers, and only two storeys high, if one does not count the square towers which rise on each side of the building. There are white gates on the road, and a cunningly-twisted little "drive," with a clump of tall shrubbery in the middle, making the place practically invisible to one who travels thus far to see a great man's house.

But it is not to be presumed that, because Mr. Hardy chooses to live simply with a household staff of only two servants, his home is not the home that one would expect of a man of letters.

The house is comparatively modern—Mr. Hardy built it not very many years ago—and though it has no resemblance whatever to the farmstead homes that its owner has loved to write about, and nothing of the proportions of a mansion, yet it presents the maximum degree of refinement with the minimum degree of size. A little white hall is just within the door, and one turns from that to a larger hall. Then, right and left, are two almost spacious rooms—the dining room and the drawing room. Upstairs Mr. Hardy has his study, and into that sanctum few of even his closest personal friends have ever entered.

And yet Mr. Hardy is not exactly the recluse that some might imagine. His nature is rather so modest, so retiring, and he lives buried, as it were, in so remote a spot, that few people ever attempt to beard him in his den. It is well known, however, that many a young American lady has marched boldly through the white gates of "Max Gate," pulled the bell chain at the front door, asked to see Mr. Hardy, and has been rewarded with a brief but altogether delightful interview. Many other people have handed a "Hardy book" to the servant at the door, and asked if the author would be so kind as to sign it. They have never been refused. The story that Mr. Hardy is a recluse, and even a sour one, is thus easily disposed of. But the fact remains that he cannot be termed sociable. Even his oldest friends need some excuse when they call upon him, and quit his presence as soon as the excuse has been exhausted. He has not, in fact, many personal friends, although his unknown ones must be numbered in tens of thousands.

Here was the writer's own experience when he first ventured to wait in person upon the great man. At that time I knew nothing of Mr. Hardy himself—had never even seen a photograph of him. I knew that then he was just past seventy, and that no matter what sort of an individual he might prove in the flesh, nothing could despoil me of my uttermost admiration for him. His books had brought the smell of country air into my nostrils within dank city walls. With Tess and Jude, and Bethsheba and Joseph Poorgrass, I had walked the wide Wessex downs, which I had never seen. Thomas Hardy had been endless country holidays to me, and, be what he might, I was prepared to love him.

I wrote a bold letter, said that I was cycling through Dorsetshire, and would give much for the honour of meeting personally one who had been my constant friend, although a stranger. A small letter card came back: "I will be at home if you care to call at three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday." I took train from London to Salisbury with my bicycle, and Friday morning found me pedaling through the hilly

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Mr. Blenton's face shone with satisfaction.

"And shall I pay now? What is your custom?"

Tears almost came into the jeweller's eyes. The Prince de Charville to pay *now?*

"Your Highness does not remember me, I see. I was head salesman at Garbert's for fifteen years. I knew your Highness directly. I sold to your Highness over one hundred and fifty thousand pounds worth the last time you were in England." The Prince looked at Mr. Blenton. "Of course. I could not place you, Mr. Blenton. I remember now, perfectly. I am glad I came to you. This is your shop, then?"

"Yes, your Highness. I commenced business on my own account. So I do not think, your Highness, I shall be at all troubled if I permit you to take and make a selection from the two necklaces. I feel I am dealing with an old and much honoured customer."

His Highness left the establishment of Mr. Blenton with the two necklaces. One was priced at twenty thousand guineas, and the other eight thousand. To give Mr. Blenton every credit, both were honestly worth the money.

* * * * * *

There was a terrible turmoil two days later. The Prince de Charville stayed at the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover one night, and his dead body was left high and dry on the beach the following morning.

A bronzed man, with a crisply curling brown beard, and with an air that was lacking even in Mr. Jake Seton, came off the cross-channel packet and was at first amused, and then angry, to find that the evening papers announced his own mysterious death! He was very much alive, and had come post haste overland to get the Alaska trip fixed up, otherwise the party would not get through before the ice floes formed.

He travelled by the boat express, and went straight to Claridge's!

The manager was suspicious, bewildered, fogged. His Highness had been staying there for some three weeks. Nothing was owing, but. . . .

The traveller 'phoned to the French Embassy, and desired his friend the Ambassador to come, if he would, to Claridge's. He came, was delighted to meet the Prince, and, in response to a request, assured the manager of Claridge's that the Prince was in very truth the Prince!

That day, and the next day, and the day after that, Court jewellers, and those who were jewellers, but not Court ones, called at Claridge's clamourous for money, or for jewels sent on approval.

At last Scotland Yard had to be invoked, and the gentlemen who had parted with their tiaras, necklaces, pendants and what not, were informed that they had been swindled, and that they must not worry the real Prince.

A scoundrel, who had passed as the Prince had been found dead, drowned, at Dover, whether as the result of accident, premeditation, or foul play, could not be discovered. Nothing in his luggage shed any light on the whereabouts of the many tiaras, and other diamond pieces.

Mr. Blenton went to Dover, and viewed the body, and of course instantly recognised the scoundrel! He would have liked to strike the dead man's face. £28,000 gone! He was ruined. He would have to go back to Garberd's.

In passing, it may be said that making allowance for the bronzing of the African sun, and the tropical addition of the curly brown beard, he would have had the pleasure of recognising and waiting upon the real Prince again.

* * * * * *

Mr. Jake Seton was trout-fishing in Norfolk, and he did not get the daily paper until three in the afternoon. The landlord of the inn, who liked, as he said, "to have a look at a paper now and then," but preferred others to buy his literature, greeted Jake on his return on the third afternoon with the words, "There's Lunnon ways for you, sir. One chap pretends to be a Prince, and does 'em out of no end of diamonds and things. Then he gets killed at Dover when he's making off. You read it, sir; it'll open your eyes."

But Mr. Jake Seton's eyes needed no opening. It will be conceded that he knew.

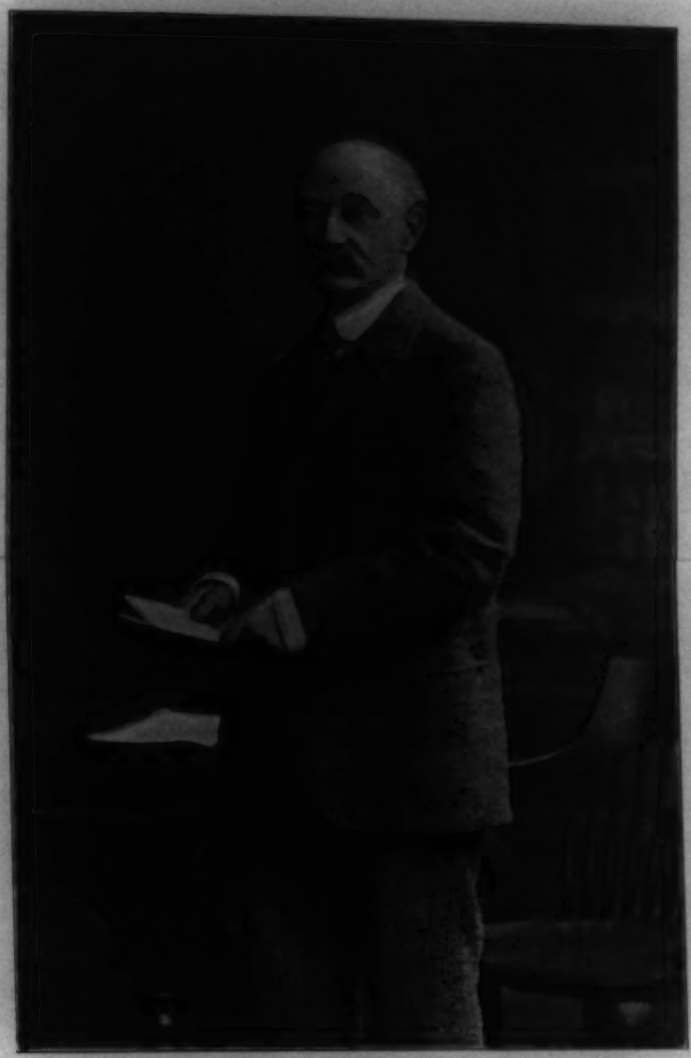
thy and Mrs. Campbell Praed brought out some good work!"

since he used to be accused of this, people's minds have changed, and he has received honours too numerous to mention—witness the

narrow, leafy lanes which divide the good old town of Salisbury from the better old town of Dorchester. And what a sight is the approach by the highway to any one of these fine old cities. Compare it with the railways' approach through the back gardens of the suburbs! I had seen the spire of Salisbury Cathedral sink slowly behind me into the plain, and now from afar I beheld the grey tower of Dorchester's fine old church rising from the vale of smoke which represented the town itself. It was when I drew still nearer that I espied in the distance a tall monumental-looking erection apparently just beyond the town.

I had been looking anxiously out for a true Dorset peasant, and now I met one—a withered old man cutting the hedge—and I asked him what was the monument that I could see.

"That?" he said. "Oh, that be the Hardy Tower, master."



THOMAS HARDY IN HIS STUDY.

"The Hardy Tower?" I echoed, for I had heard that the world-famed novelist was scarcely appreciated, like all prophets, in his own country. "What Hardy?"

"I don't know, master, but the writing on it says, 'Thomas Hardy.' I've been up'n, but I only knows that much."

I was amazed, and questioned him further. "Was it the Thomas Hardy who wrote books and lived at Dorchester?" But the old man didn't know. "Very likely it was," he said, "but he'd never heard of no such gentleman."

A quarter of an hour later I was riding over the cobbled streets of the most perfect specimen of an old English market town which it has been my good lot to see.

Dorchester, like all the country around it, is utterly unspoiled. The very farmhouses which Hardy has written about stand with almost their identical occupants out on the hills, and streets and picturesque court-yards which we associate with "Casterbridge." And everywhere, too, one hears the rich Dorset accent. There is no electric tram or light to remind one that these are fast-moving times; the old walls echo to one's footsteps as if this were a very sleepy world indeed. I was anxious to settle the mystery of that tower on the downs, and made enquiries accordingly.

The stationery store-keeper laughed at the question. "It's a monument," he told me, "erected nearly a hundred years ago to the Captain Thomas Hardy in whose arms Nelson died on board the *Victory*; a distant relative, it's supposed, of our Thomas Hardy. I'm often asked the question, and it's safe to make this prediction, that in another hundred years no one will believe that it's anybody's monument but the novelist's. It will be useless to argue to the contrary."

It was close on the hour for the appointment, and here in the town I found that certainly everybody seemed to know "Max Gate" and its occupant, so it was easy to find the way to the white gates. When one has passed the shrubbery in the drive and stands under the front door, there is a glimpse to be caught of a lawn, where the grass grows unshorn amidst the trees, and one notices, too, how carefully the latter have been planted to shield the house from any outside view.

The door was opened by a young servant girl, who seemed the very embodiment of Mr. Hardy's peasant heroines; a short, well-formed young woman with the freshest of colour and the pleasantest of smiles, who said that Mr. Hardy was expecting me, and took me into a bright room, where I had time enough to look about me. I saw that the furniture was all the handsomest of Old English, and that the few pictures on the walls were by the younger modern artists, such as exhibit at the New English Art Club. It did not at all seem an old man's room. On a polished table under the window was spread a copy of an illustrated weekly magazine, and the sun touched and emblazoned a bowl of wild poppies. Then I heard footsteps coming across the hall outside, and waited expectantly.

I had somehow expected to see a tall and even a burly figure enter the room. I had heard of Mr. Hardy's yeoman descent, but now there entered a little, timid-looking man, very pale, and with an embarrassed look that might have been irritation on his seared face.

"I'm very pleased to see you," he said nervously, offering me his hand. "Won't you sit down?"

I sat down, and then Mr. Hardy seemed to wait. In an agony of nervousness, I began to wish that I had not come. But the picture he presented was, for the moment at least, all-satisfying; there was more than nervousness in the strangely harassed-looking face, with the most sensitive features that I had ever seen. The deep-set eyes were troubled, but there was no mistaking their fearless courage. I knew that I was looking at a man whose soul was more ravaged

THOMAS HARDY'S HOME, "MAX GATE," DORCHESTER.

than ever his careworn features were with the riddle of life and the tragedy of it, and yet a soul utterly self-reliant, for all the shyness of the outward man. And whatever there seemed personal in the look of irritation, I believed then that he was only wondering if I had come on a complete fool's errand, to stammer out a few ill-chosen compliments, and go my own useless way. It put me on my mettle. I attempted no compliments, and asked him instead why he was so pessimistic a writer, why he wrote at once the most beautiful and the most dreadful of stories, and why he had not shown us far more often than he has done a picture of requited love, or of requited love that was not victimised at once by some pitiless act of fate.

Mr. Hardy had not sat down himself, but had stood by the fireplace with his white hands holding the lapels of his old-fashioned and even ill-fitting tweed coat.

We were on better terms in a moment, as Mr. Hardy replied, his voice curiously halting, but not as if he was in any doubt of his sentiments. It seemed a mixture of irony and diffidence.

"You are a young man," he said. "The cruelty of fate becomes apparent to people as they grow older. At first one may perhaps escape contact with it, but if one lives long enough one realises that happiness is very ephemeral."

"But is not optimism a useful and sane philosophy?" I asked him.

"There's too much sham optimism, humbugging, and even cruel optimism," Mr. Hardy retorted. "Sham optimism is really a more heartless doctrine to preach than even an exaggerated pessimism—the latter leaves one at least on the safe side. There is too much sentiment in most fiction. It is necessary for somebody to write a little mercilessly—although, of course, it's painful to have to do it."

We talked for a long while on very many subjects, but I do not think Mr. Hardy revealed himself more thoroughly than he did in his answer to my question. It was a happy question, because it was one that thousands of his readers would wish to ask him. It seemed to me that in his answer the man's

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involved in the Darwinian demonstration of the kinship of life."

I am not boasting of having said this so long ago. I am only assuring Thomas Hardy that the great and pregnant idea he refers to has spread more widely than his secluded life perhaps induces him to believe.

* * *

By the way, it is amusing, after Hardy's letter, to come across one from Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., in which that gentleman rebukes "the spirit of a gross materialism," which he says "is more rampant now than it was last generation." Mr. Macdonald had better leave "materialism" alone. He is guilty of a mere abuse of language. "Materialism" is the name of a philosophical theory of existence, which may be right or wrong, but cannot possibly be "gross." Mr. Macdonald's anxiety to be supposed to have an orthodoxy of his own is one that he shares with other Labor leaders, but it does him no credit either as a politician or as a man.

This is observable with people so closely associated as the various nations of Europe, although much more evident when we contrast Europeans with Asiatics. Appeals that evoke a ready response in the one case are inoperative in the other. There is a different set of ideas and ideals to deal with when dealing with different peoples,—or, in other words, we have a different mental heredity to encounter, and the form in which certain principles are cast must vary in accordance with the special mental environment if they are to be accepted and survive.

Thus, in saying that sociology has to be historical, we must give to that word a much wider and deeper sense than that with which it is usually endowed. We have to trace, not merely the perpetuation of social customs and institutions as objective facts, but the more vital phenomena as illustrating the growth and development of those frames of mind upon which this perpetuation depends. For the only way in which the past can influence and dominate the

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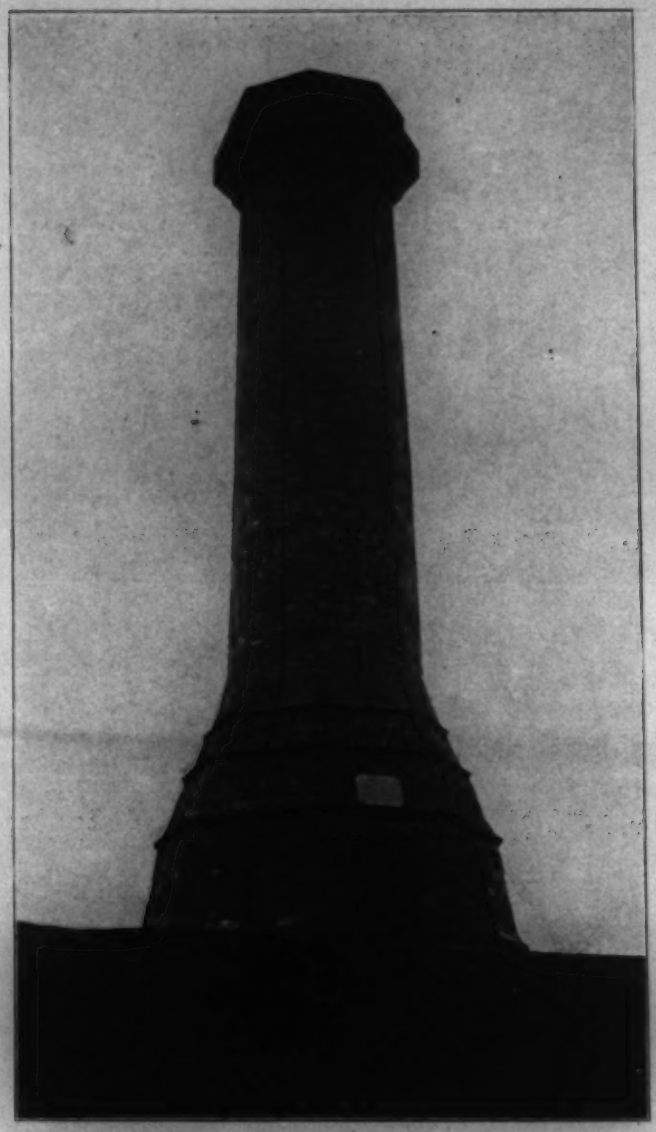

THE TOWER ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN THOMAS HARDY OF THE NELSON, BUT NOW OFTEN ERRONEOUSLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE NOVELIST.

apparent cynicism was swept away—"Of course, it was painful to have to do it." It suggested the answer to the riddle of Mr. Hardy's seared and care-worn face.

Here was one of the most successful of all men, and at a ripe old age still hale and even vigorous. In all his works there is no note of morbidness—only that stinging reminder of fate's cruelty—and it was painful to have to do it. It is this courage that is always demanded of those who dare to write tragedy. And the price he has paid for his courage is written on his brow.

I knew the tenderness of his nature best, perhaps, when he spoke of the passion that we call "love." "Love is tragic," he said, "but it is very beautiful." And few writers have ever made it seem a thing more beautiful than he has.

He is a man with whom humanity comes first, and humanity's true setting—the wide fields of nature—comes next. His love of the country is his love of men and women. To him the most enthralling picture of human life is man under the broad heavens—childhood, courtship, old age, and the final passing. It is always the clean earth that he writes of, and his amphitheatre always the wind-swept places where Nature is Mother.

I have met Mr. Hardy many times since that first interview, but it is only very slowly that his character appears to become revealed. I feel that I have never come nearer to him than when he answered that question about pessimism. Perhaps one might sum up his outlook on life in just three words—"the pity of it!"

* * *

since he used to be accused of this, people's minds have changed, and he has received honours too numerous to mention—witness the Order of Merit from the late King, and his election by the living writers to the Presidentship of their Society.

The Book-Lover. Melbourne Australia. Feb. 1914.

men whom we know to be wicked, "their fair pretences become new motives for distrust."

THE LOVE OF GOOD WRITING.

The recent birthday of Thomas Hardy—his seventy-second—was signalized by the presentation to him of the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature. By its charter, dating from 1823, that society has among its aims the recognition and encouragement of good literature by public awards, and of these the gold medal is the most distinguished. It has been bestowed only fifteen times in all. Among Mr. Hardy's predecessors in receiving the honor are Walter Scott, Washington Irving, and George Meredith. In accepting it, Mr. Hardy remarked that he was rather an old boy to get a medal, and that, unfortunately, he had no boy of his own to whom to pass it on. He added that the distinction was one which he could not fail to value, but he had been led to wonder "whether prizes of some kind could not be offered to makers of literature earlier in life to urge them to further efforts."

The sort of efforts Mr. Hardy had in mind he proceeded to indicate by dwelling on the need of keeping alive a taste for "real literature." In the very spread of the reading habit, he saw a growing danger that such a taste might be lost. Millions are learning to read, but few are acquiring the power to discriminate in their reading. Mr. Hardy did not refer so much to the substance of books as to their form. He perceives a marked deterioration in style. As he looks over the field of current publishing, he sees "an appalling increase every day in slipshod writing that would not have been tolerated for one moment a hundred years ago." He adduced the familiar causes. There is the vast amount of "hurried" writing in the press. There is, of course, the American literary invasion—especially of American journals, "fearfully and wonderfully made"—lowering the standards of English newspapers. Indifference to literary form is gaining ground on all sides. Hence, concluded Mr. Hardy, "every kind of reward which urges omnivorous readers and incipient writers towards appreciating the splendors of English undefiled, and the desire of producing such for themselves, is of immense value."

By itself, this sounds futile. Prizes alone have little creative power in literature. In France the "Grand Prix" for a literary work of lofty idealism has not always found a worthy recipient. The similar Nobel prize has a range as wide as the civilized world, and it has been fittingly bestowed, but it remains more a recognition of mature genius than a stimulus to budding talent. Of this Mr. Hardy is naturally aware, and in the short address which he made at the time of his being presented with the gold medal, he did not fail to indicate the need of appealing to the conscience and the artistic honor of the literary craftsman. Deeper than the joy of rapid production and of ephemeral popular appreciation is the satisfaction which springs from good work. The writer must somehow be got to put an ideal before him, and to labor unceasingly for at least some approximation to it. William Morris once spoke of the "grin of delight" which comes to the true artist, whether in language or some other medium, when he perceives that he has come somewhere near attaining the form he was striving for. These inner joys must be put by the literary worker above any species of outward reward if we are really to get the genuine and lasting motive for the production of good writing.

One counsel which Mr. Hardy gave will strike some ears oddly. He said that the shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse. What he meant was that the best poets seek not only beauty of phrase but precision and delicate accuracy in the use of words. The test would be to take any fine line of poetry, strike off the fetters of rhyme or melody which seem to bind the poet, and then see if you can express his thought more freely or exactly in other language. It will usually be found that the words selected are the only ones in which the idea intended can be best conveyed. Poetry is dead, we are often told. In the suit which Winston Churchill recently brought in London against a publisher for having printed a poetical libel on him, the defence—or apology, for the libel was admitted—was that the editor had not read the verses before printing them, carefully enough to detect the offensive lines. Thereupon, the presiding Judge, the well-known wit of the bench, Justice Darling, remarked that he had often heard that nobody read poetry nowadays, but that he did

not know that things had got so bad that even editors did not read the verse they printed. Poetry will undoubtedly take care of itself, in the long run. Paradoxically, the world never thirsted more for a great poet than at the very time when it seems to have none. But Mr. Hardy's suggestion—for which, of course, he did not claim originality—of the use of the finest poetry as a medium for training in the best prose, may serve as one argument more for clinging to the reading of the great poets. The chief hope that love for good writing may be preserved lies in the conviction that, in the end, the best literature will vindicate itself, that low and crude taste will be converted into a longing for something better than the husks upon which the swine do feed. In a word, the basis of confidence in the future of pure literature is that, in the circulation of books, contrary to the law which governs the circulation of different kinds of currency, the bad does not drive out the good, but the reverse.

Hardy's Hatred for Overcoats

In view of the widespread interest in Thomas Hardy, the following extract from the letter of a correspondent is worthy of note:

"On the outskirts of Dorchester, in a red brick house, surrounded by tall trees that hide the building from the inquisitive, Thomas Hardy, recluse and genius, now lives and writes. He dresses as simply as he lives, as, indeed, all geniuses have done since the beginning of history. If he has an aversion for one particular item of dress it is for the greatcoat, and the coldest weather will not persuade him to wear one. When the weather begins to get cold he puts on a thick waistcoat made of sheepskin in the old-fashioned country style. Then as the weather becomes colder he puts a woollen waistcoat above this, and adds waistcoat after waistcoat according to the temperature, until in the depth of winter sometimes he wears as many as four or five." Inasmuch as it is reported that Hardy will write no more novels, the new edition of his works in twenty volumes recently issued by the Harpers, may be regarded as definitive. He has now turned his attention to poetry, a branch of literature which has always held great fascination for him. It will be remembered that the great critic, Coventry Patmore once assured him that *A Pair of Blue Eyes* should have been written in verse.

Questioned as to what he read during the summer, M. Octave Mirbeau, the eminent French author, replied that he reads and re-reads without ceasing the works of Thomas Hardy, "the most admirable of English writers, and a true—a very great—genius."

M. Octave Mirbeau says that he reads and re-reads without ceasing the works of Thomas Hardy (presumably with brief intervals for meals). It is to be hoped that Mr. Thomas Hardy, if he has not already done so, will enter on an endless round of Octave Mirbeau. These things strengthen the entente.

THE YORKSHIRE OBSERVER.

NOVEMBER 9, 1911.

MR. THOMAS HARDY AND HIS HOME.

By A WESSEX MAN.

A more sensitive, retiring man than Mr. Thomas Hardy there could not well be. All the fame which he has won, all the friendships which he has made with the greatest notabilities in literary, dramatic, and art circles, all the attentions which he has received from the wealthy and great, flattering though these may be to smaller souls, have not delivered him from the modest reserve and diffident manner of the country-born youth, thinking his thoughts, receiving his impressions, nourishing deep and high musings, amid the bird-haunted boscage of his "Yalbury Wood" or the awesome listening solitudes of gaunt "Egdon Heath." In his seventies, as in his teens, he is still the child of the whispering country, the lover of homely ways and of the unobserved life, disliking espionage, resenting intrusion. He has been called "The Recluse of Max Gate," and this phrase not inaptly indicates the general trend of his tastes and habits, especially his love of privacy. Mr. Hardy is the last man who would ever complain of being left alone, of being neglected by the public in a way which other authors might find irksome and wounding to their pride. It is characteristic of him that at the time of the last Coronation, although, as a representative of English letters, he was honoured with a special invitation from the Lord Chamberlain to attend the stately and solemn pageant in Westminster Abbey, Mr. Hardy declined, and went away to the English Lakes.

TRUTH AND RUMOUR.

How much interest the reading public take in Mr. Hardy has recently been shown again by the prominence given in the English Press to three statements about him, one true, one false, and one partly false and partly true. The first was that Mr. Hardy had supplied the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society, in his own town, with a play written by himself—the only play as yet ever written by him, "The Three Wayfarers"—that they might act it, as indeed (as already announced in our columns) they are about to do, at the Corn Exchange, Dorchester, on November 15 and 16. The second was that he was collaborating with his friend, Mr. J. M. Barrie, in preparing a play—a statement which Mr. Hardy has categorically denied.

The third was that he has presented the manuscripts of several of his best known works to various important libraries and museums of the land, and that this action, apparently so generous and public-spirited, was prompted or provoked by two letters received from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the first inviting him to sell him for his collection of holographs the manuscript of what many consider to be his masterpiece, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," and the second—upon Mr. Hardy declining—offering to give him practically any sum that he liked to name. Mr. Hardy, questioned on the point, immediately declared that he had never received any letter at all from the American millionaire collector; and as for the presentation of his manuscripts to public institutions, he had never presented any directly. We believe that at first, and, indeed, for many years after his name had become a household word, Mr. Hardy never gave a moment's thought to what might be the sentimental or pecuniary value set upon the "copy" written in his clear, beautiful, and readily-recognised hand—"caligraphy," in the original sense of the word—and took no particular pains to preserve them. Of those which he received back from the printers some he gave to personal friends, who valued these mementoes, and a batch of others he lately handed to Mr. Cockerell, of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, to do what he liked with. Mr. Cockerell expressed an intention to distribute them equitably among the most famous libraries and museums of the land. Thus the MSS. of what are probably Mr. Hardy's greatest two works, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and "The Dynasts," have been presented to and accepted by the British Museum, and will shortly be exhibited there. "Poems of the Past and the Present" goes to the Bodleian, and Mr. Cockerell has reserved "Time's Laughing Stocks" and "Jude the Obscure," for the Fitzwilliam Museum.

We understand that it has been suggested to Mr. Hardy by Dorchester people that it would be in the fitness of things if the manuscript of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" might find permanent lodgment in the fine museum of "Casterbridge" itself, and also, if possible, that of "Under the Greenwood Tree," nearly all the scenes of which are laid within "Casterbridge" or a radius of about three miles from the Georgian "Town Pump," which is its focal centre.

HIS PERSONALITY.

"What manner of man is this Mr. Hardy, the creator of the Wessex of romance?" and "What do his neighbours think of him and of his works?" These are questions often put to Wessex men by enthusiastic admirers from afar, many of them from across the Atlantic. Is Mr. Hardy a prophet without honour in his own country and in his own house? By no means. Yet personal recognition of his greatness, and, indeed, knowledge of him at all, is strictly partial, even in that "heart of the Hardy homeland," where he was born and where he has lived the greater part of his life, including nearly the last thirty years. All reading people know his name and his books, a rather small proportion of them would know him by sight if they met him, an infinitely smaller proportion still would be on terms of acquaintance with him, even to the extent of merely saying "How d'ye do?" on passing him in field or street. For Mr. Hardy does not cultivate acquaintanceship. Yet those who are privileged to know him personally find him an engaging conversationist, especially if the conversation turns upon some subject in which he is interested, particularly some historic scene, some curious bit of folklore, some obsolete or obsolescent custom. His manner is often marked by hesitancy. It is absolutely free from any affectation, pretension, or what is comprehensively called "side." His diction in conversation is remarkably plain and simple, quite unliterary. One long word in half-an-hour—one of those instances of "chemic selection" so often met with in his books—would be a fair average. And his talk is seldom illuminated by any of that delicious and inimitable humour which so abounds in the novels. As was the case with George Eliot, Mr. Hardy's literary humour seems to be a thing curiously apart from personal humour as displayed in conversation.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

But to the unlettered majority of the inhabitants of his district Mr. Thomas Hardy is hardly even a name. In August last year I had an interesting chat in the Dorchester Workhouse with a venerable shepherd, who remembered clearly his mother leading him by the hand to attend the "veast" held at his native village of Zoller Porcorum in celebration of the victory of Waterloo. According to his own report, his age was "one hundard year and vowrteen months"; but, alas, reference to the stricter testimony of the Zoller Porcorum Church register has shorn him of centenarian glories by reducing his age to ninety-eight.

"Do you know Mr. Thomas Hardy?" I asked.

"Who?" inquired the *pastor antiquus*, his tone betraying a slight suggestion of contemptuous non-recognition.

"Mr. Thomas Hardy—the *great* Mr. Hardy," I repeated.

"Never yeard ov 'im," answered the shepherd decisively. "What do er do?"

"Write books," said I.

"Oh, write books," replied the old man airily and rather disparagingly, as if the writing of books was infinitely small

knowed a shepherd named Hardy once. He wer a good 'shep,' and ter'ble cunnin' at curin' the foot-rot."

Mr. Hardy lives about a mile from the middle of "Casterbridge," in a house of blood-red brick roofed with dark blue slate, surrounded and now almost obscured from view from the road by a thick grove of trees, which, having been planted when the house was built nearly thirty years ago, have now increased in height and girth to such an extent as to give the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd" that sense of seclusion which delights him. The square corner site is barely an acre in extent, yet when one finds oneself inside the belts of trees, encompassing simple lawns, and intersected by shadowy paths, it seems very much larger, a considerable and remote pleasaunce. A modest turret, with a pyramidal slate roof, imparts a touch of distinction to the *facade* of the house, and French windows lead from the drawing-room out on the lawn, where Mr. and Mrs. Hardy have more than once dispensed hospitality to large bodies of visitors in the summer time.

The whole of the panorama of varied scenery which a sweep of the eyes here takes is a very *locus classicus* to the student of Hardy topography. Glancing easterly, we espy Bockhampton, or "East Mellstock," and can discern the little school-house, whither Mr. Hardy, born in the roomy and comfortable thatched house at "Upper Mellstock" or "Lewgate," a long mile northward, walked daily as a small boy to imbibe the rudiments of an education enlarged later by schooling at two schools in "Casterbridge," involving a walk of three miles there and three miles back, and by attending London University courses when a young architect in town. This point of vantage, within a couple of bowshots of the novelist's house, commands clear views of many of the scenes of no fewer than seven of his novels—namely, "Desperate Remedies." "Under the Greenwood Tree," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "The Trumpet Major," "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," besides "The Dynasts" and many of his short stories.

MR. HARDY AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

Notwithstanding his keen relish of converse with other men of letters, and of the other amenities of the London season, any long continuance of town life oppresses the spirit of Mr. Hardy with its numbing and constricting monotony. His spirit craves breadth, air, light, freedom, the spaces and serenity of his own Wessex solitudes. Advancing years, although they have not lightened the sombre hue of his philosophic outlook, or mollified his sense of the mystery and mocking tragedy of life, have at the same time brought no moroseness of manner. His relations with his neighbours in Wessex have indeed never been freer and less constrained. He accepted with grace the proffered honour by the municipal authority of the honorary freedom of the borough of

PALL MALL GAZETTE,
MAY 31, 1912

MR. HARDY'S APOLOGIA.

This day week Mr. Hardy is to be presented with a special gold medal by the Council of the Royal Society of Literature. Messrs. Macmillan have also entered on a new and uniform edition of his complete works; and the two events afford occasion for a reasoned tribute to his genius.

Dorchester, and made on that occasion a characteristic speech, felicitous alike in sentiment and in the turn of the phrases. Towards the ambitious amateur actors of "Casterbridge," in their attempts to give his works dramatic presentation, he has been singularly good-natured and helpful, and in attending rehearsals to give them the benefit of his counsel his manner has often been debonair and animated. In the public life of the town and county he occasionally plays his part. As a Governor of the Dorchester Grammar School he attends the Governors' meetings and old boys' dinners, although he declines to participate in the speeches; as a borough magistrate he has sat on the Bench this summer, and at the last Assizes, held at Dorchester by the Lord Chief Justice, he was, as a county justice, sworn of the Grand Jury, and when the jury had been discharged remained an interested listener to a case of some romantic novelty.

His sartorial taste seems to be for soft grey or brown tweeds, of not too "loud" a pattern, and in winter time a fancy knitted waistcoat, with a soft hat of Homburg type. His cast of countenance is pensive, meditative, the expression sensitive and mobile, lighting up very remarkably under the stimulus of conversation. Tenderness to children and kindness to animals are notable traits of his character. Think of Tess and the wounded pheasants, Jude Fawley and the pig-killing. During the recent summer Mr. Hardy was a witness in an R.S.P.C.A. prosecution at Dorchester for cruelty to a cow, which he found lying in the road between his house and Dorchester, in a state of exhaustion. As a member of the League of Pity his influence is ever exerted in the sacred cause of humanity.

I.—HIS VIEW OF LIFE.

The thorn-bushes there, and the thick-barked stems, have human histories hidden in them; the power of unuttered cries dwells in the passionless-seeming branches, and the red, warm blood is darkly feeding the quivering nerves of the sleepless memory that watches through all dreams.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Whether the Laureate of Wessex has made his novels a vehicle for "impressions," as he says himself, or the pulpit of a sinister philosophy, as most of his critics would have us believe, he imposes on us the profound conviction of his still profounder earnestness. It is the greatness of his undertaking, and the spirit he has brought to its fulfilment, that have prompted so many thinkers to treat him almost as a propagandist in disguise, rather than the tale-teller he prefers to style himself in his introductions and his letters. Denials are no defence, but he has so often disclaimed a didactic intention that the reproach is hackneyed, and its consideration would be fruitless even if it were true. But he has never denied that he has done consistently what Hamlet only thought of doing. He has taken arms against the "sea of troubles" which constitute his view of life. And in the case of both the Prince and the novelist, the main consequence is tragedy—not the tragedy of bloodshed merely, but the tragedy that makes life and death interchangeable aspects of the same gospel of Futile Protest.

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If one agreed with that attitude there would be no need to discuss it. Acquiescence is never so much the bane of thought as acquiescence in the view that nothing matters, that conflict is salutary but vain, and that life is nothing but a "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." It is true this cheerless philosophy proceeds from Mr. Hardy's pen in very varying strength; that his youthful outlook was richer in relief than his outlook in maturity and age. Besides, it would be too harsh a generalisation to say that he preaches annihilation in twenty volumes, as Carlyle did silence in thirty-nine. Even a pitiless consistency must lapse sometimes. But the relief that Mr. Hardy uses with such dexterity in the long panorama of his writings only deepens their gloomy splendour in the long run, only helps to accentuate a greyer twilight. Happiness, he says himself, is "but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain."

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Storming at the gods is a fashionable pastime with philosophers who feel as well as think, and Mr. Hardy defends the habit by quoting an august precedent. In the second preface to "Tess," years ago, he quoted an example from "Lear," and though he has since expressed a wish that this particular preface had not been written, he seems to be regretting it solely for the censure it lays upon his critics. He certainly does not retract the quotation from Shakspeare, or the use to which it is put, and this leaves us a legitimate point worth noting. Gloster, in "Lear," is throwing on the stars the blame of his own delinquency in bringing Edmund into the world outside of wedlock, and the tirade leaves us cold. Instead, we almost side with Edmund's fierce derision at this gratuitous folly of his father's in making men "villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion . . . and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting-on." It is not necessary to accuse Mr. Hardy of sharing the old man's folly; his philosophy of life is much too elaborately reasoned for that. But we do convict him of an old error in crediting the poet with the piecemeal and partial opinions of a character, especially of a character so completely out of court as Gloster is. If Edmund is an offence to nature, then the blame lies rather with his parentage than with the gods, and it ill becomes the wrong-doer to reverse the positions and ask the judges to take his place while he passes sentence. It is a paradox worthy of Mr. Chesterton at his best, and reduces a bit of sincere and dignified pleading to mere ineffectual expostulation. If Mr. Hardy is for railing at human destiny, he lays himself open to the charge of suiting his theology to his romance; hence the familiar charge of fatalism which he resents.

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In the general preface to this new edition the author addresses himself, among other things, to the kindred charge of pessimism, and rests his defence on truth and experience. But this is the sort of Pragmatic Sanction that cannot so easily be granted. If it comes to a matter of assertion and counter-assertion the voice of the majority may fairly be the arbiter, and then the Hardian Philosophy is seen to be a system of dejection which does not answer to the general experience of life. But even if the balance of assertion were equal, something must be said for a factor which enters very little into Mr. Hardy's scheme of things, and that is the exercise of human effort and free will. Even if we held no brief for the gods, at least we may be heard in defence of man. Nothing is so consonant with experience as the discovery that misfortune might have been averted by resolution, prescience, and resource, and it is this practical doctrine of ransom which Mr. Hardy to a great extent ignores. He makes no allowance for the Individualist. He may ascribe the frequency of calamity in his cosmos to his own temperament on the one hand, or to a reasoned conviction on the other. But no label or denomination will remove it from what ordinary folk call pessimism or fatalism. We can only recall one cultivated character in his novels who is "strenuously sanguine," and he is dismissed in a derisive sentence. But he remains on the memory with the force of an exception. The rest of the characters in the Wessex Novels appear to be either victims or darlings of nature, and sometimes both in rapid alternation. They live in an atmosphere of cross-purpose and circumvention quite as arbitrary as the old-fashioned devices of coincidence and the happy ending. The effect on sensitive readers is one of accumulated interference, and if they call the method pessimism, fatalism, or determinism, the blame lies not with them, but with the vocabulary, a power which is almost as relentless as Mr. Hardy himself.

II.—THE PROVINCE OF WESSEX

The speech of the ploughman contains everything that is requisite for the utterance of those cardinal emotions and elementary states of feeling which are the primary stuff of lyric poetry; . . . . the language of the sower and the reaper is the immediate voice of life.—WILLIAM WATSON.

In the general preface to this re-issue Mr. Hardy enlarges on his use of Wessex as a theatre of action. Wessex is its

modern sense first occurs in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and he says that he knows no other instance in fiction or current speech before 1874. Finding the area of a single county inadequate for the purpose of the territorial definition he required, and perceiving there were objections to an invented name, he disinterred the old one. The public joined him in imagining a modern Wessex of

railways, the penny post, mowing and reaping machines, union workhouses, lucifer matches, labourers who could read and write, and national school children.

But the hobby of identification since has gone too far. The temptation with the commentator to identify Casterbridge with Dorchester and Melchester with Salisbury seems too great to be resisted, so the author adds a map at the close of each novel; but the less of this pottering the better. Mr. Hardy discouraged it with characteristic good humour when Dorchester made him a Freeman a couple of years ago, adding,

> My Casterbridge (if I may mention seriously a name coined off-hand in a moment, with no thought of its being localised) is not Dorchester, nor even Dorchester as it existed sixty years ago, but a dream place that never was, outside an irresponsible book.

If time has removed still further the Wessex that never was on land or sea, the lapse of half a century has still more completely changed its people. Nothing has been reiterated with more emphasis than the remark, apropos of the Hardy plays, that Dorset and its neighbour-counties still retain the same "musing, weather-beaten, West-country folk" with whom Mr. Hardy has peopled the region of his choice. Cider is still brewed, of a sort, though not in the sweet and luscious atmosphere of Pan and Pomona which invests Giles Winterborne. Sheep are shorn, but not in the tender, stifling shadow-light of the great barn which was the glory of Weatherbury. Sometimes, when we recall those glowing pastoral scenes and others of the kind, we can bring ourselves to believe that they never existed save in the author's imagination. They are coined into print to satisfy a rural voluptuary, as Washington Irving says of Walton's "Angler."

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But it is when we study the folk themselves that we see the abiding verisimilitude. If Mr. Hardy is tyrannical in his plots and cruel in the outcome, he is true to type in the delineation of his men and women. So if England sank beneath the sea to-morrow, we could leave his novels for a faithful portrait of the folk of rural England in the West, from what Pennyways called the "lammocken vagabond" to the reticent, unfailing, manly, and altogether admirable Gabriel Oak. For Mr. Hardy has brushed aside all previous accounts of European peasantry, from Auerbach and Ferdinand Fabre, those of Clare and Bloomfield and Crabbe, those of the idylls of George Sand, and the early sketches of George Eliot. He has banished the unreality of the fair-weather school, as David Cox and Mr. Clausen have abolished the buxom unrealities of Morland and the golden moorland horizons of Copley Fielding.

Later there will be much to say of the novels individually, as they take their turn in this superb edition. We have but skimmed the broader traits that mark his treatment of life in general, and left our main acknowledgments unexpressed. In the general preface—a noble valediction that reminds one of Prospero's farewell—Mr. Hardy speaks ruefully of many more conceptions that time and age alone have robbed us of, and no one regrets the inevitable more than we. But we take the will for the deed, with something of the resignation that he teaches, and still rejoice in the opportunity this edition lends to do honour to the greatest living novelist.

J. P. C.

Wessex Edition of the Works of Thomas Hardy. Four volumes out of twenty. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "Jude the Obscure," "The Return of the Native." (London: Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net each.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE

SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1915.

BERE REGIS.

THOMAS HARDY'S COUSIN KILLED.—Second-Lieutenant Frank William George, 5th Dorset Regiment, barrister, who was killed in Gallipoli on August 22nd, was the eldest son of the late Mr. William George, of Southbrook, Bere Regis, and through his mother, née Hardy, was a cousin of Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., of Max Gate, Dorchester. Mr. George entered the service of the old Dorsetshire Bank (afterwards the Wilts and Dorset, and now Lloyds), where he became assistant manager at the Bristol branch. He was called to the Bar by Gray's Inn two or three years ago. On the outbreak of the present war he enlisted in the 6th Gloucestershire Infantry. In the winter he volunteered for and was for a while attached to a division of the Midland Cyclist Company, till he applied for a transfer to the Inns of Court O.T.C., but being offered a commission in the Gloucesters, and also in the Dorset Regiment, he accepted the latter and was posted to the 5th Battalion, which he accompanied to the Dardanelles at the beginning of July last. He was unmarried.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, who is seventy-five to-day, has resided for thirty years, with scarcely a break, in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, not only from love of his native place, but because he has a theory that his continued success as a writer depends largely upon maintaining the conditions of life under which he first made his mark. The idea is opposed to that of the majority of writers, who seek inspiration in change, but it has certainly justified itself in the case of Mr. Hardy.

Bellman.

Mr. Hardy's New Poem. (Oct. 1915

The gem of the new *Fortnightly*, and of all the magazines, is Thomas Hardy's tribute to his nephew, killed in the Dardanelles. It is brief but very lovely and very tender. The young officer stood almost as a son to the great novelist and poet, who has sorely missed him. There are but three verses, and I must be content with quoting the last. But every line reveals the hand of a master:—

"When the heath wore the robe of late summer,
And the fuchsia-bells, hot in the sun,
Hung red by the door, a quick comer
Brought tidings that marching was done
For him who had joined in that game overseas,
Where Death stood to win; though his memory would borrow
A brightness therefrom not to die on the morrow."

The fuchsia-bells have found a poet at last.

". . . the fuchsia-bells, hot in the sun,
Hung red by the door . . ."

It is very simple all this, but possible only to genius.

(reprinted from The Times.)

To-day Mr. Thomas Hardy celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday, and hearty congratulations will reach him from many quarters. It is over forty years since his first book, "Desperate Remedies," appeared, and he has now a formidable list of works to his credit. All through his long life he has remained true to his native Dorsetshire, finding there the characters which he has immortalised, and depicting with unerring skill the lights and shades of a region which under his touch has become classic ground. It was the Public Orator of Cambridge who said that Mr. Hardy "had given the conversations of his rustics a comic force worthy of the rustics of Shakespeare; while in lonely and sequestered places he had brought into being dramas of Sophoclean grandeur by reason of the close interdependence of human lives." The truth of that estimate no one will question. Twenty years ago Mr. Hardy gave up novel-writing, and the world is the poorer, but in his epic drama, "The Dynasts," published since he achieved a success which was remarkable. We join in wishing Mr. Hardy many happy returns, and trust that the years yet to come may fall lightly on the greatest writer of whom England can now boast.

Westminster - 1915

Times Dec. 11. 1913.

ANATOLE FRANCE.

HOMAGE TO THE ENGLISH GENIUS.

THE HOME OF THE NOVEL.

The dinner at which M. Anatole France was entertained last night at the Savoy Hotel, on the invitation of a committee of men and women of letters and affairs, was a great success.

Lord Redesdale presided, and in a felicitous speech proposed the health of M. Anatole France, to which the distinguished guest replied, paying homage, as he said, to the English genius. The only other toast was that of Lord Redesdale, which was proposed by Sir Thomas Barclay, the chairman of the reception committee. The toast list was purposely kept short in order to allow as much time as possible for the informal reception which followed the dinner, and at which the company tendered their felicitations to M. France.

MR. HARDY'S TRIBUTE.

Among the letters of apology received was the following from Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., president of the Society of Authors :—

I particularly regret that, though one of the committee, I am unable to be present to meet M. Anatole France at the reception on Wednesday. In these days when the literature of narrative and verse seems to be losing its qualities as an art, and to be assuming a structureless conglomerate character, it is a privilege that we should have come into our midst a writer who is faithful to the principles that make for permanence, who never forgets the value of organic form and symmetry, the force of reserve, and the emphasis of under-statement, even in his lighter works.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

26th Nov. '14.

Leslie Stephen was the earliest critic of the front rank to appreciate at their true worth the writings of the author of "The Dynasts." Mr. Hardy has left an interesting picture of his first visit to Stephen (then editor of the "Cornhill"), bearing the manuscript of "Far From the Madding Crowd." "He welcomed me with one hand," he writes, "holding back the barking 'Troy' with the other. The dog's name I, of course, had never heard till then, and I said, 'That is the name of my wicked soldier-hero.' He answered caustically, 'I don't think my Troy will feel hurt at the coincidence if yours doesn't.' I rejoined, 'There is also another coincidence. Another Leslie Stephen lives near here, I find.' 'Yes,' he said, 'he's the spurious one.'"

The Daily Graphic.

THE OLD PUBLISHING DAYS.

("Twenty Years Ago: A Book of Anecdote Illustrating Literary Life in London," by Edmund Downey. (Hurst and Blackett.) 6s. net.]

Mr. Edmund Downey, who has written a number of successful volumes of fiction under the pen-name of "F. M. Allen"—his Irish stories being particularly good—began his connection with the literary world of London in the publishing office of the Tinsley Brothers, in Catherine Street. That was at the close of the seventies, when both the men and the manners of the London book world were changing rapidly. To-day Bohemianism-in-the-Strand is, like Catherine Street itself, merely a memory, and it was a happy thought on Mr. Downey's part to gather his reminiscences together and print them, before they were completely forgotten. His old chief, William Tinsley, did something of the sort in his two volumes of "Rambling Recollections of an Old Publisher," but Tinsley had no gift as a writer, and one gets a far better idea of both the man and his times in Mr. Downey's book. It is impossible to imagine a publishing business being carried on nowadays after the casual manner of the Tinsley Brothers. Mr. Tinsley had the liveliest contempt for account books, and his agreements with his authors were the simplest things imaginable. There was a field for the Bohemian publisher in those days, "but," as Mr. Downey remarks, "this field did not remain open to the end of his career," and Tinsley Brothers, as was inevitable, came to grief.

Many good tales are told of the authors with whom Mr. Downey came in contact or had dealings with—

Some of the publisher's experiences he gives in Tinsley's own words, as, for instance, the following account of how the publishers lost on Thomas Hardy's early novels, and for that reason declined "Far from the Madding Crowd":—

I remember Tom Hardy well when he first called upon me. He told me he was an architect, but had given up his profession on account, I think, of some eye trouble. Anyhow, I tried his first novel, "Desperate Remedies," in three volumes. It went very flat. The only decent review I can remember of it was in "The Saturday," but that was a good enough notice to make a publisher think he had got hold of something. So I tried him again with a little book, "Under the Greenwood Tree." I gave him five-and-twenty down, and got it out in two volumes. He told me then that he was a bit disappointed, but he meant to keep on—that he had always been studying the folk down in his country, and had made notes enough about their queer sayings and doings to fill many volumes. I believed in him, and when the "Greenwood Tree" was out, I asked him to write a serial story for the magazine and I'd give him a hundred pounds for it. So his third book came along—"A Pair of Blue Eyes." After running it in the magazine, I got it out in three volumes. There was no great money in it, but I could see that Hardy was going to get a grip some day. While the "Pair of Blue Eyes" was running through the magazine Hardy called on me and said he wanted to be quite fair and quite candid with me. The editor of another magazine had written to him offering to take a novel from him, and this editor's firm was willing to give three hundred pounds for it. I think it was three hundred—anyhow, it seemed too much money for me to give, with my experience of him so far, so I thanked him very much and said: "Take the offer, my boy. I couldn't spring so much."

(untrue. It was written for Cornhill by special arrangt. concluded offhand, Mr. T. being in ignorance of it.

"Far from the Madding Crowd," of course, proved the turning point of Thomas Hardy's career. "Just my luck!" as Tinsley so frequently had occasion to remark.

A HARDY BUST.

One of the most interesting items of news that has come from the art world lately announces that a bust of Mr. Thomas Hardy has just been executed by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. Mr. Hardy does not often appear in our galleries *ex propria persona*, and there is likely to be a steady stream of worshippers at the shrine of the creator of Tess and Jude when Mr. Thornycroft exhibits his work. Mr. Thornycroft has since been engaged, we understand, on an important figure study, called "Mother and Child," which will probably be shown at Burlington House next year. Globe. 29 July 1915

Morning Post. Feb 28. 1918.

The third day of the Hornstein sale at Messrs. Sotheby's yesterday saw several interesting works offered. A first edition of Mr. Hardy's "Desperate Remedies," 3 vols., brought £47 from Messrs. R. F. Stevens; who also paid £20 for the same author's "Convergence of the Twain," in the original boards and uncut, written for the Covent Garden matinée in aid of the *Titanic* Disaster Fund. It was one of ten issued, and included the author's signed permission to have it examined and his acceptance of a copy

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1916

The Sunset Days of Thomas Hardy -- Perhaps Greatest of English Novelists

London, Feb. 28.

THE war has had strange effects on literature. It has wiped out German philosophy and German cant, it has equally dislodged the maudlin kind of book that was born of the sentimental radicalism which has perished of its own unreality. It has given rise to a swarm of ephemeral treatises and textbooks more or less bearing on the margins and the metaphysics of the great struggle; it is creating a demand for authentic history and geography dealing with the places covered by hostilities today, and with the conflicts that have gone before it through the centuries. Presently we are to have a gallery of new biographies dealing with the victors and the villains of the great drama, but we are still awaiting the Dante or Voltaire who shall write as he deserves of the petty Satan of Berlin.

Another result of the war has been to flood the prints and magazines with an astonishing variety of good war verse, but its fragmentary character makes us realize how little we can descry any writer capable of celebrating the struggle in a worthy epic, and possibly we may have to wait until another generation brings the right man and the true perspective. In the meantime a desultory search for something on an equal scale has taken many of us back to Mr. Hardy's drama-poem, "The Dynasts." The theatre managers have been before us in this search for war material, and Mr. Granville Barker made a wonderful entertainment a year ago out of a selection of acted tableaux from the long panorama of a hundred and thirty scenes that constitute the work, and this directed attention to it once more under the lurid light of a war which surpasses even the Napoleonic struggle for breadth and intensity and loss.

No "Writer of the Day" commands a position of more rarity and dignity than Thomas Hardy, and it was a shrewd choice that put him as a subject for a volume in the new Nisbet series into the hands of Mr. Harold Child. The great novelist has fared all too variously at the hands of many critics, since he was first made the subject of a volume all to himself by the late Lionel Johnson. That half-forgotten poet loaded the novelist down not only with the weight of his enthusiasm, but with a shower of irrelevant and pedantic allusions, so that, as I remember, the preliminary chapter of thirty-six pages was sprinkled with over a hundred miscellaneous names from Herodotus and Horace down to Trollope and Henry James.

Since then we have had a number of other monographs differing in style, as well as fugitive chapters and essays inspired by separate books like "Tess," or Mr. Hardy's work as a whole. Mr. William Watson has reminded us that in his wrath Mr. Hardy seems almost to forget that society is scarcely more unjust than nature is. Mr. A. G. Gardiner in an illuminating little essay has christened Mr. Hardy the Millet of literature, but a Millet without the "Angelus." Three diligent writers—Mr. Wilkinson Sherren, Sir Bertram Windle and Mr. Hermann Lea—have written delightfully of Wessex as the background of the novels, and it is astonishing what pleasant reading this kind of book makes when good production and illustration are brought to bear upon a sympathetic text which sets itself to awaken all our memories of those wonderful west-country romances.

"Tess" and Her Reception

When one perceives that the real bent of Mr. Hardy's mind is philosophic, it calls for some restraint not to reprove the Laureate of Wessex for having put so much of his message into the guise of fiction. Even when he was writing in the full tide of his early novels he could not deny himself a flout at the vogue of the novel. He makes Mrs. Swancourt, one of his very few women of the world, remark without asperity:

"The regular resource of people who don't go enough into the world to live a novel is to write one. . . . All ladies do that sort of thing now; not for profit, you know—but as a guarantee of mental respectability to their future husbands."

The further Mr. Hardy progressed in the writing of novels, the more he set himself to take them seriously. He never brought himself, at his callowest, to adopt the common fiction formula of sprinkling a group of characters with random talk and situations, and then tacking a "curtain" on the end, as the blindfold youngster pins a paper tail at the conclusion, more or less, of a donkey outlined on the nursery wall. That kind of realistic attachment is good enough for the literary parasites who have turned Mr. Hardy's imaginative writings into an excuse for pottering about Wessex with a notebook and an annotated map. He soon survived this kind of microscopic treatment, and he went on rising step by step as an artist and a thinker until he parted with his friend Leslie Stephen—then editing Cornhill—because Stephen, modern reformer and agnostic though he was, clung to old-fashioned ideals for his fiction. He told Hardy that he thought English novels more life-like than the French because they were purer, and Hardy, who interpreted the word "pure" as meaning straightforward and thorough (in "Tess" for instance) broke away from his friend and set himself to work out the problem of fiction in his own way.

There is no need to recapitulate the novels and their dates as they succeeded each other for a quarter of a century. When he came to "Tess" he brought to bear upon her love affairs the experience he had gained as a boy in Dorchester when as he has said himself he used to write love-letters for the village girls to send to their soldier sweethearts in India. The story itself was suggested to him by a laborer who boasted of a vault in Bere Regis Church as being full of "skellingtons" of his ancestry, and this legend took on all the more color of actuality because this particular worthy was usually addressed by the parson of the parish as "Sir John," and it was easy for the novelist to fill in the interval of centuries with the decay of a once powerful family to the level of harrowing poverty in which we find Tess and her people. But the story of the D'Urbervilles, as their creator says, is "the story of the Hardys and of many another ancient Wessex family, who by reason of apathy on their own part or fraud or injustice on the part of others, became dispossessed of the lands which had been held by them for centuries. But the fortunes of my own family cannot, of course, be closely identified with those of the D'Urbervilles."

His instincts as an architect and a historian must have led him into many interesting local researches before he committed himself to a statement like that; but no amount of research assists a man to the kind of imagination and the gleam that he exhibits throughout that book. As Sergeant Troy said, "a million of antiquarians cannot create a style," and style of color, of narrative, of everything, certainly dominates the book. Yet the key to the mood is Tess herself. Her author has confided to friends, I believe, that she was inspired one day by his chance sight of a girl's face. He was walking down a lane in western Dorset when a cart passed him wherein sat a girl of a strangely haunting beauty whom he never saw again. The gulf of distance between that chance glimpse and the minute and marvellous characterization of the novel is the measure of his genius, for only genius could have achieved such a result. You may gird at scattered faults and the jarring touches of realism, like the empty tins in the graveyard where Tess buries the body of her child; as also the abrupt transition into which she passed from one man to another. "Flexuous domesticity" her author calls it in one place. But she is woman intensified—up to a degree. "Femaleness," says one of our biologists, treating of sex, "is due to the presence of a chromosome absent in the male," and we can well believe it, whatever this special ingredient may be.

But there are qualities in Tess and Batsheba Everdene, just as there are in Diana Warwick and Clara Middleton, which no scientist or psychologist can analyze; and it is ill work trying to probe the secrets of an author like Hardy or Meredith who expresses himself in metaphors which are simply breathing, loving, sinning men and women. The point is that with an Egyptian affinity for time and space, Mr. Hardy combines such a Greek sense of impending doom, and no reader whose nerve and buoyancy are unequal to the strain can stand for long the ruthlessness with which he makes us face what Keats calls "the vaward clouds of evil days," or the unearthly detachment he shows in handling the destinies of the creatures in which he has so cunningly and so irresistibly interested us.

He reminds us of Œdipus in his treatment of the destinies of men; he resembles Jephtha in the callousness with which he disposes of his women. He circumvents the action and he circumscribes the scope, but there is no resisting or denying the power and intensity that rage within the narrow limits he allows himself. The horror of it all is Norse in its tragedy, and Russian in its gloom, especially when we leave Tess and descend to the valley of the shadow in "Jude the Obscure." But that this gloom is temperamental and ingrained cannot be gainsaid for a moment by anyone who traces the way in which Mr. Hardy has shed comedy and humor like a mantle, and assumed the grim robes of a pessimist-prophet railing at destiny and the inappeasable gods.

The Charm of Wessex

In a spirit of that philosophic kindness which cuts deeper than any cynicism, Mr. Hardy has never put obstacles in the way of the topographical detective. It used to offend Tennyson to the soul to think of his poems being tortured by the sort of yardstick crank who prowls at large with a directory and a guide book. But Mr. Hardy has made his acknowledgments to Wessex with the gratitude of a true patriot, and has hardly troubled to disguise his place-

earnest, except to spare the reader the distractions of the timetable and the map. He has never been a mere realist, and the spirit of irony must have often set him smiling at the various antics of the Crummies kind of interpreter intent on pumps instead of the play, and tube instead of talent. But he has been known more than once to mount his bicycle and make a laborious pilgrimage in his own tracks for the sake of helping a fellow-creature who was out to turn his writings inside out, and bring them down from the level of the sublime to the topographical. One reservation he has made, however, and it concerns time more than place.

When his neighbors made a series of folk-plays out of his earlier novels years ago, they took occasion to present him with the freedom of Dorchester, and it may be that he prized this testimonial more than he did the Order of Merit, or his special medal of homage from the Royal Society of Literature, or the more substantial guerdon of the Nobel Prize. On that occasion the novelist talked freely with his fellow-townsmen concerning Dorchester and "Casterbridge," to show that they were no mere synonym. He deplored the disappearnce of many old inns and houses, and denounced the architect ("A milder mannered man," he said, "never scuttled a sacred edifice") for destroying an old church because it buttressed across a pavement. He applied to the demolition of such buildings Milton's fierce adjucation about killing a good book, with this addition, that a good building might be dearer than a book because it was "a unique manuscript that had no fellow."

There spoke something more than the mere architect or place-lover; but this protest led to a deeper one which must be obvious. Casterbridge, he said, was "not Dorchester, nor even Dorchester as it existed years ago, but a dream-place that never was outside an irresponsible book." With all indulgence for the map-making tribe, we think the disclaimer (so reminiscent of one of the dreamiest and tenderest sentences in Elia) must stand as profoundly true not merely of Dorchester, but of the whole region of romance which it centres. And what a region it is—how rich in all the colors of nature's palette; how vivid and changeable in its range of character; how unwearying and faithful in its panorama of season and mood, environment and chance! Could any region save the country of Virgil's "Georgics" yield a portrait so saturated in atmosphere as the well known picture of Giles Winterbourne in "The Woodlander."

"He looked and smelt like Autumn's very brother, his face being sunburnt to wheat-color, his eyes blue as cornflowers, his sleeves and leggings dyed with fruit strains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of cider which at its first return each season has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among the orchards."

Fertility in Character

But this wealth of circumstance and speech and color is only the outward sign of the novelist's fertility in human character. No one who has ever read a single book of his can ever forget the impress of reality it has left on him in terms of men and women. His farm-hands, his "tranters," his pedlers, his choristers, his swains and damsels, his village cracks and tipplers and traders, his recruiting sergeants, his domestics, and his prosperous yeomen—all these constitute such a gallery of human difference on a common level as no old master has ever excelled with all the resources of the pencil and the brush.

Reading the "Homeward" chapter in "Under the Greenwood Tree," one lights on pages of light bucolic dialogue where the successive speakers are not named, and it must often have occurred to attentive readers to take up the task of attribution, by fitting the sentences to the speakers, and make it the subject of an examination paper like J. K. Stephen's famous paper on Dickens. So rich a playground do Hardy's novels afford for the student of character and emotion.

We recall the love unrequited, the mourning devotion of Marty South; the invincible faith of Sergeant Troy; the flaunting witchery of Bathsheba Everdene; the perfectly Shakespearian humor of Joseph Poorgrass; the roguery of Tranter Dewy; and the fearless, patient, unfailing manliness of Gabriel Oak. But one might exhaust the strains of eulogy in scanning and detaching characters like these without doing justice to the novelist's powers of construction and his teasing subtlety as a weaver of tales. Perhaps the fulness of his strength never comes home so entirely to the perceptive reader as in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," where the simple whim of a vagrant leads up to a great climax of prosperity and influence, only to return to the outcast stage of the opening motive. And all this while a story unfolds itself with inconceivable swiftness and certainly like a classic frieze of heroes and events. Half the interest of the book lies in its abrupt collisions and tantalizing cross-purpose, but here we come full tilt against what has been called the Hardian philosophy.

The Pall of Gloom

In an early work—"A Pair of Blue Eyes"—Mr. Hardy drew a glib and buoyant man of letters, and Henry Knight airs his wit by applying a dictum of St. Paul's to reviewing, where the apostle sets himself "to make you sorry after a proper manner that ye may receive damage by us in nothing." This strain of lofty reproof from critical infallibility was the early and satirical expression of a long and growing detachment between the novelist and his literary judges. Whereas the critics found Meredith arbitrary in his use of language, they found Hardy no less arbitrary in his plots, and they proceeded to say so in the way of their kind as soon as ever he forsook the primrose path of comedy for a more serious tussle with the problems of life.

We have seen that at the outset of his literary career Mr. Hardy was sponsored by the Press to very little purpose; later it lavished its undesired advice on him and found him impenitent. He submitted to have his sterner novels altered by magazine editors for popularity's sake and patched with a "predetermined cheerful ending," but he proceeded to restore his own conception in the volume form, to his own intense relief, and he vindicated his grave and searching attitude of mind in certain prefaces which have been widely discussed and widely quoted. But the thing to remember is that even in the early novels you will find this grim attitude of his later years foreshadowed, and even in a sylvan pastoral like "Under the Greenwood Tree" you will find the greensward level broken by an outcrop, as it were, of this igneous rock of potential tragedy. Michael Mail chatters away of his favorite food, like the rural hedonist he is, and then you light on a seemingly unnecessary threat of doom like this:

"That sort o' coarse touch that's so upsetting to Ann's feelings is to my mind a recommendation, for it do always prove a story to be true. And for the same reason I like a story with a bad moral. My sonnies, all true stories have a coarse touch or a bad moral, depend upon it. If the story-tellers could ha' had decency, who'd have troubled about real parables?"

Jabs at Propriety

This last jab at propriety and logic was quite enough to prepare the public for what was to come, unless the novelist were untrue to himself. In most men's lives, where there is any development at all, there arrives a moment for choosing between the dictation of the market and the voice of conscience. Hardy having mastered the one in his own way, consulted the other oracle for good, and never changed his mind. This resolve to work out the apologue of human life in his own individual way grows more and more obvious as his work progresses, until he finds himself branded, and no wonder, as a fatalist, pessimist, determinist, and any other label of gloomy belief that happens to be uppermost at the moment. This love of the sad side of things has taken up more attention from his critics than the other elements in his writings all combined, because it is the very essence of the man, and though slow of manifestation, was congenital in the man himself.

Once he was dubbed a disciple of Schopenhauer, until his friend Gosse wrote that he had known Hardy for nearly forty years and the charge was wrong. He had known Hardy intimately for fifty years, and he doubts if at the time of their first meeting they had either of them heard of Schopenhauer or what he represented. The ideas which have since inspired the Hardy books, Mr. Gosse continued, existed already in his mind and showed themselves in conversation.

"They were a result of temperament and of observation rather than of an influence. . . . George Meredith made me note with what persistence Hardy's mind turned to pessimism from its first development."

Hardy's "Pessimism"

Pessimism is an ugly badge, but 'twill serve. You may call it by all the possible terms derivable from the classic vocabulary, but the meaning is the same. Some folks "meet trouble half way," because they are "born like it"; in other words, they are "never happy unless they are miserable." Mr. Hardy's mission in life has been to show that the fault we impute to ourselves lies in nature, and society has done nothing to correct it. Society affords distraction, that is all, and one of them has been fiction. People take novels as Browning forbade them to take his poetry, simply as substitute for a cigar after dinner; and the same injunction that Browning stamped upon his verse was good enough for Hardy to stamp upon his stories. He insisted on bringing novels out of the boudoir and the recreation-room and installing them in the living-room where men and women—especially women—spend serious lives and are not above saying so.

He turned romance from a kind of fan or a dice-box into a mirror of the soul, and if the glass had a greenish tinge so much the better the test whether people wanted truth or not. Life had long been for him "but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain." In this mood he wrote "Tess," and devoted all his cunning to painting her a "pure" (that is, a thorough) woman. He succeeded, to his cost. The world revolted at this accumulation of calamity on the beautiful head of a sentient and warm-hearted creature who had all the weaknesses of her noble ancestors and none of her rightful patrimony; who had all the beauty of the west country throbbing in her bosom and not a decent man on her horizon.

If "Tess" spells artistic triumph, it is triumph dashed with failure, for Clare and Alec are worms beneath contempt. You feel that the gibbet has been cheated of its rightful due, and that instead of one ill-starred woman it should have had a rake and a hypocrite, her seducer and her spouse. The fact that the sodden ending was withheld from the public until the transfer of the novel from serial to volume form only made the author more insistent and the great majority of his readers all the more enraged. The murder was out—or rather the law's expiation for infanticide—and the novelist was satisfied.

To prove he was right, he descended to a deeper pit of horror and wrote "Jude the Obscure." This time there was not even a Tess to trip across the deserts of Hardian desolation; its reception decided him at last. He declared, then or later, that it was "Jude" of all his novels that posterity would treasure, but at any rate, he stuck to his guns for he has given "Jude" no rival since. He had worked out his code according to his lights, as usual, and been too much for mankind. They slated it, as they have always done, and then reviled him. He gave up fiction and turned to poetry—not as Scott gave up poetry and turned to fiction—because the one thing paid and the other didn't; but because the piper wanted to play his own tune in his own way. This is the greatest luxury in life, but he had earned the right to it as much as any man of his time.

Poetry and "The Dynasts"

The comparison already struck, however

still with Hardy as poet. They had the same absorption with the dramatic phase of things, the clash of will and conditions, the upheaval of emotion and its subsidence into misery under the stress of rigid laws, either human or moral. But Hardy had also Meredith's mastery and contempt for prosody as such; his passion for unravelling the tangle at the back of marriage; his faculty for taking up a theme that other men had cast aside as a mere pebble and conjuring a gem out of the heart of it. Hardy's four volumes of short poems, like his short stories, are revelations in unexpected artistry, but the reader forgets the artistry and the demands of verse in surprise at the flash of unsuspected meaning. Many poets have been more vehement in their diction; none more vehement than he in meaning, and none less indebted to the poets before him. Humor—the "mood of blitheness," as he calls it—and the chief ingredient in his early prose, rarely finds a voice in his poems; the tragedy of frustration, his besetting and consuming weakness, is hardly ever absent. If not "the Spirit that Denies," Hardy shows himself more than ever the Spirit that Resents. Here in a nutshell of his own fashioning—a quatrain from a sonnet—is the gospel of protest as none else could express it:

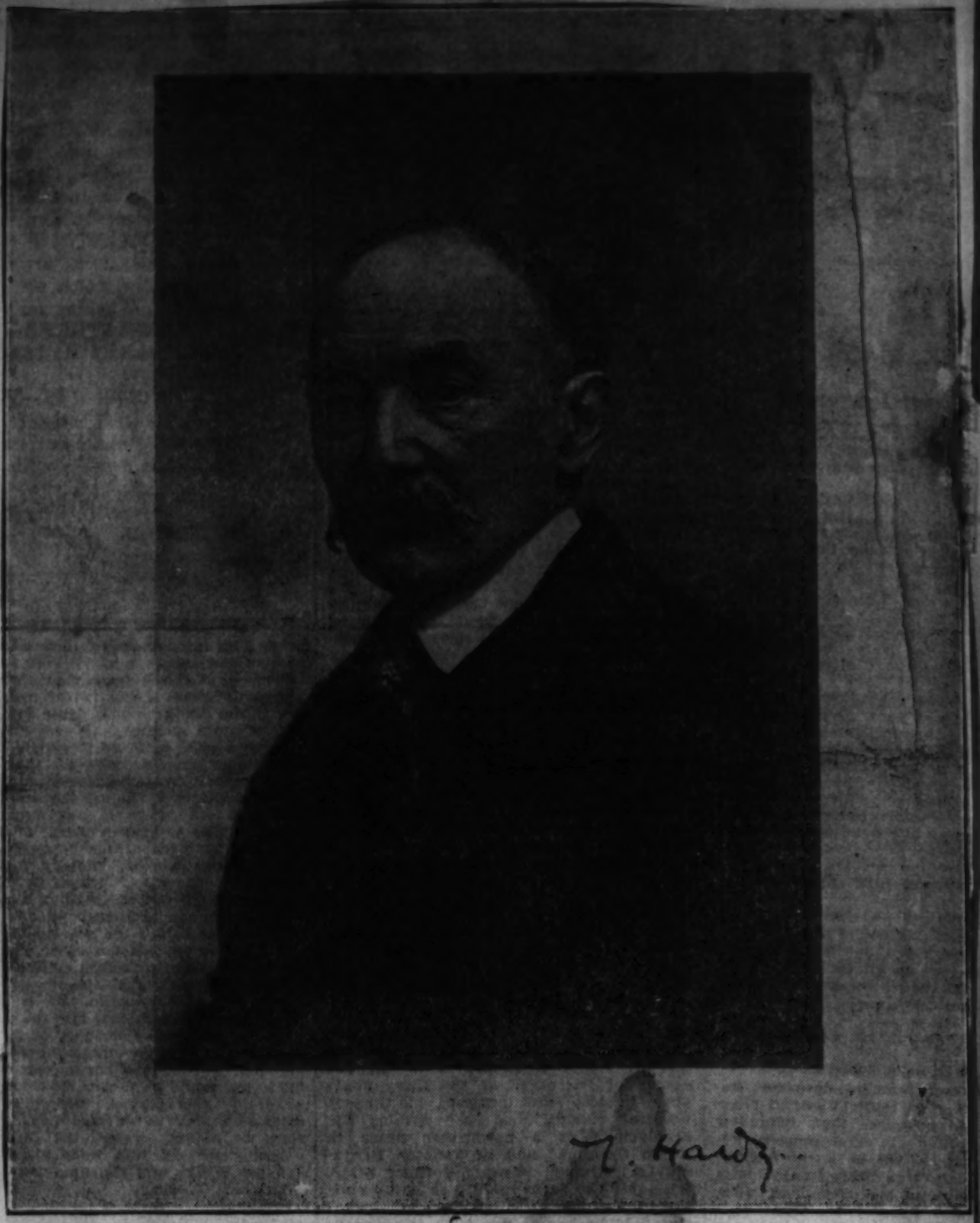
> Crass casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
> And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan;
> These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
> Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

The Summit of Achievement

Poetry after all was to lead him to his summit of achievement, so he was justified in leaving fiction behind like a shell outgrown. The curious and thankworthy point is that in that supreme masterpiece, "The Dynasts," he seems to recant the very gospel of despair he has been preaching all his life. Patriots hail in it the crowning apotheosis of England as the savior of Europe and the modern world. Moralists perceive in it a marvellous prefigurement of the still greater struggle of the twentieth century. The period of Pitt and Nelson had always enthralled the novelist as one might have expected in one of his name and kindred. But "The Dynasts" is something more than the Iliad of Napoleon and the entry of Britain into her own; something far more than a conflict of races and upstart kings.

The real "Dynasts" are not earthly rulers, but the supernal "principalities and powers" that constitute the expression in Hardy, as in Milton, of the Immanent Will. And the climacteric glory of this epic-drama is not its amazing range of nervous and dramatic eloquence, its uncanny historical accuracy, its elaborate celestial machinery, its infinite scope and vitality, its irresistible progress in grandeur and fascination, nor yet the ease and power with which it makes a patriotic theme the occasion for a new classic at once historical in its basis, universal in application, and truly creative in its imagination and its courage. A deeper merit than all to the contemplative mind is that "The Dynasts" constitutes the testimony of an intrepid sceptic that destiny, or providence, whatever we choose to call it, is in the long run and in the main, impartial, merciful and just. There have been many revocations on the great scale in literature and a few death-bed repentances we can respect, but none greater than this. Spencer, penning the last page of his life story, and recognizing that his own law of evolution must sweep him away at last, is far eclipsed by this spectacle of Hardy soaring beyond his own inveterate pessimism and justifying the ways of God to men.

By J. P. COLLINS



Perhaps the Best of All Portraits of Thomas Hardy

Birthplace and Long the Home of Thomas Hardy, in Dorchester

Max Gate, Dorchester, Mr. Hardy's Later and Present Home

The Fireplace Where Angel Clare and Tess Supped Together

The Scene of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—The Manor House, West Dorsetshire, From a Drawing by

Daily News. 23.10.11

STER, MONDAY, OCTOB

MR. HARDY'S MSS.

Veteran Author's Generous Gift to the Nation.

AN AMERICAN OFFER.

Lovers of Mr. Thomas Hardy's books will rejoice to learn that the author has presented the manuscripts of these famous works to the nation.

The manuscripts of "Tess" and "The Dynasts" have been presented by the veteran novelist to the British Museum, the authorities of which have broken through the custom not to acquire the manuscripts of living persons, and the two works will be on exhibition in the Museum within three months.

The circumstances which led Mr. Hardy to take this step illustrate the enterprise of the American collector. Some little time ago Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan wrote to Mr. Hardy, and made him a very lucrative offer for the manuscript of "Tess." Mr. Hardy refused to part with it, and Mr. Morgan thereupon replied by offering the novelist any sum he liked to name..

The patriotism of the novelist, however, was too strong, and he persisted in his refusal to part with "Tess." Mr. Cockerell, of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, heard of the American offer, and at once went to see Mr. Hardy to ascertain if it were possible to secure any of these manuscripts for his museum.

Mr. Hardy, with rare generosity, at once said he would distribute these manuscripts to the various leading museums. Accordingly, as has been stated, he offered the MSS. of "Tess" and of "The Dynasts" to the British Museum. Two of the other manuscripts are going to the Fitzwilliam Museum, two to the Bodleian, one to Birmingham, one to Aberdeen, and one to Manchester. The author has only kept "Under the Greenwood Tree," and another.

Our great novelist frankly admits that he would like to write a successful play, and has promised to write one for Miss Lillah McCarthy. He has also arranged to collaborate with Mr. J. M. Barrie in dramatic works, and the author of "Peter Pan" is at the present time considering the synopsis of a drama which Mr. Hardy has drafted.

Daily News. Oct 27, 1911

THE HARDY MSS.

GENEROUS GIFTS TO LIBRARIES.

ABSURD "DENIAL."

Certain London papers published yesterday a denial of "The Daily News" statement that the manuscripts of Mr. Thomas Hardy's works had been presented to the British and other museums. Following is a detailed statement, compiled from official sources, of the gifts already made, which fully confirms the information which "The Daily News" placed before its readers on Monday.

With characteristic modesty, Mr. Hardy is keenly desirous that it shall not be understood that he has distributed his manuscripts as "gifts to the nation." The fact remains, however, that through Mr. Cockerell, of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, who first approached him on the subject, the veteran author has consented to the dispersal of his manuscripts to famous libraries.

"Tess" and "The Dynasts" have been accepted by the British Museum, and will shortly be exhibited. "Time's Laughing-Stocks" and "Jude the Obscure" have been allotted to the Fitzwilliam Museum, where the bound manuscript of the latter volume is already on public exhibition in No. 1 gallery, and has attracted a good deal of attention. The manuscript of "Time's Laughing-Stocks" is now in the binder's hands, and will shortly be placed in the same gallery.

The manuscript of "Wessex Poems" has been accepted by Birmingham Art Gallery. Dorchester Library has asked for "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Poems of the Past and the Present" goes to the Bodleian at Oxford, and Manchester is in proud possession of three manuscripts, which have been distributed between the City Library, Ryland's Library, and the University. "The Tragedy of Two Ambitions" and "For Conscience Sake," which were included in the poems in the collected edition entitled "Life's Little Ironies," are among the manuscripts presented to Manchester.

Many of Mr. Hardy's manuscripts remain in the hands of his publishers; and it is possible that Mr. Cockerell will undertake their distribution. One has been, or will be, offered to Aberdeen University, this being the express wish of Mr. Hardy, who received an honorary degree from the University. Another has been offered to Washington. Each manuscript is accompanied by a plate which states that the gifts have been carried out at the suggestion of Mr. Cockerell, of the Fitzwilliam Museum.

Admirers of Mr. Hardy's work will learn with interest that the manuscript of "The Trumpet-Major" has been offered to, and accepted by, the King.

This full statement as to the disposition of the manuscripts through Mr. Cockerell's agency should dispose effectively of the "contradictions" of the "Daily News" exclusive statement which were published in London yesterday.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S MANUSCRIPTS.

THE NOVELIST AS PLAYWRIGHT.

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED "STORY."

The following interesting and somewhat amazing "story" was published on the front page of the *Daily News* on Monday :—(Daily 23")

"Lovers of Mr. Thomas Hardy's books will rejoice to learn that the author has presented the manuscripts of these famous works to the nation. The manuscripts of 'Tess' and 'The Dynasts' have been presented by the veteran novelist to the British Museum, the authorities of which have broken through the custom not to acquire the manuscripts of living persons, and the two works will be on exhibition in the Museum within three months. The circumstance which led Mr. Hardy to take this step illustrates the enterprise of the American collector. Some little time ago Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan wrote to Mr. Hardy, and made him a very lucrative offer for the manuscript of 'Tess.' Mr. Hardy refused to part with it, and Mr. Morgan thereupon replied by offering the novelist any sum h liked to name. The patriotism of the novelist, however, was too strong, and he persisted in his refusal to part with 'Tess.' Mr. Cockerell, of the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, heard of the American offer, and at once went to see Mr. Hardy to ascertain if it were possible to secure any of these manuscripts for his museum. Mr. Hardy, with rare generosity, at once said he would distribute these manuscripts to the various leading museums. Accordingly, as has been stated, he offered the MSS. of 'Tess' and of 'The Dynasts' to the British Museum. Two of the other manuscripts are going to the Fitzwilliam Museum, two to the Bodleian, one to Birmingham, one to Aberdeen, and one to Manchester. The author has only kept 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' and another. Mr. Hardy's treatment of his manuscripts is very different to that of the late Mr. George Meredith, who used to give his original writings away to his servants and household intimates. Two of them he gave to his gardener, and others to his nurse, scattering what remained amongst the other members of his household. Admirers of Mr. Hardy will also be interested to learn that he has dramatised 'Tess,' though his extreme diffidence has prevented him hitherto offering it to any manager for production. The only money which Mr. Hardy has received from 'Tess' in dramatised form is that which was sent to him by the American producer who, without asking permission, adapted his work for the stage some years ago. Our great novelist frankly admits that he would like to write a successful play, and has promised to write one for Miss Lillah McCarthy. He has also arranged to collaborate with Mr. J. M. Barrie in dramatic works, and the author of Peter Pan is at the present time considering the synopsis of a drama which Mr. Hardy has drafted."

As to the report of collaboration between Mr. Hardy and Mr. Barrie for the production of a play, we are in a position to say that it is absolutely untrue, and more creditable to the *Daily News* contributor's powers of imagination than to his veracity.

As to the longer story about the manuscripts, there is a slender substratum of truth in it, but enormously interlarded and overlaid with inaccuracy. Not only did Mr. Pierpont Morgan not "offer the novelist any sum he liked to name" for the manuscripts of "Tess of The Durbervilles," but we are able to assure our readers that Mr. Hardy has never received a letter from the American millionaire on the subject at all.

MR. HARDY'S MSS. Globe, 23.10.11

Mr. Thomas Hardy has set a good example by refusing to sell his manuscripts to America. It appears that Mr. Pierpont Morgan offered him any sum he liked to name for the manuscript of "Tess"; the novelist's answer was to present his manuscripts to various museums in England. The British Museum secures "Tess" and "The Dynasts"; the other manuscripts are distributed in various directions, Mr. Hardy only keeping for himself "Under the Greenwood Tree" and another. What is that other? If we may hazard a guess, it is either "Jude the Obscure" or an unpublished novel.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

We do not suppose that any sensible American will take offence at his refusal to sell his manuscripts. Certainly the American literary world will not regret it; for American literary men often complain that they are neglected in their own country for the English brand of literature. It would not be a bad idea if American millionaires were to turn their attention to the authors of the United States. If they were to set a better standard of taste there might be more hope for American literature, which in these days does not count for much.

[Sent to Athenaeum - Oct 24: 1911 -]
& printed Oct 28.

A curious enlargement & embellishment of fact has appeared in some newspapers this week concerning Mr Thomas Hardy's literary & dramatic affairs. The detailed announcement relating to writing & collaborating for the theatre is wholly fictitious, & in respect of that relating to Mr Hardy's manuscripts (of which nearly half have been lost) all that has occurred, so far as his responsibility goes, is that he has from time to time given single ones to friends who have asked for them for their private possession, & the remainder, or most, to another friend recently, at that friend's own suggestion, & distributed as he might choose; which he has done or is doing.

GLOBE. 23.10.11

MR. HARDY'S MANUSCRIPTS.

AUTHOR'S MUNIFICENT GIFT TO THE NATION.

After refusing what was practically a blank cheque from Mr. Pierpont Morgan for the purchase of the MSS. of "Tess" and "The Dynasts," Mr. Thomas Hardy has presented them, with others, to the nation.

According to the "Daily News," "Tess" and "The Dynasts" will go to the British Museum, whose trustees have broken through the custom not to acquire the manuscripts of living persons, and the two works will be on exhibition in the Museum within three months. Two of the novelist's other manuscripts will find a place in the Fitzwilliam Museum, two in the Bodleian, one in Birmingham, one in Aberdeen, and one in Manchester. The author has only kept "Under the Greenwood Tree" and another.

Our great novelist frankly admits, our contemporary adds, that he would like to write a successful play, and has promised to write one for Miss Lillah McCarthy. He has also arranged to collaborate with Mr. J. M. Barrie in dramatic works and the author of "Peter Pan" is at the present time considering the synopsis of a drama which Mr. Hardy has drafted.

FRANK HOLLINGS, 7, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.

16 **HARDY** (Thomas, *Novelist*) A.L.S. to Arthur Symons, in reference to a newspaper extract. "The piece of newspaper reads to me like the Dorset dialect got rollicking drunk; with the names of Strindberg, etc., mysteriously inserted by a forger, since Dorset never heard of them. I must ask Gosse to introduce a gleam of reason into the narrative when I see him." Max Gate, Dorchester, Aug. 18, 1902. Three pages . . . £4 15s

Valuable Library A. M. Broadley

102 **Hardy (T.) The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, First Edition, Presentation Copy, with inscription by the Author** in Part 1, "*To the Great Dorset Collector of Napoleonic Literature and writer of Napoleonic Histories, from the Author, February, 1908,*" and an inscription in Part 2, "*To the Author of 'The Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar,' as a quite inadequate return for his gift of that valuable contribution to English Naval History. Thomas Hardy, Feb. 1906,*" also 3 A.Ll.s. and 3 letter cards from the Author, mainly referring to the Drama, inserted, 3 vols, *original cloth, uncut* 1904-6-8

June 5, 1915. The Cambridge Magazine.

SUNDAY HERESY.

Though the public has not been disturbed by monster meetings this year, the Heretics have pursued their pernicious propaganda in weekly conclave.

The opening of a new paragraph must herald my arrival at Mr. Harold Monro's paper on "The God-Myth in English Poetry." The Editor of *Poetry and Drama* gave an exhaustive account on the Deity in English poetry from Pope through Shelley, James Thomson, and John Davidson, to Thomas Hardy and other living atheists, taking a special pleasure in such poems as anthologists and biographers are wont to hush up.

T.L.

"Public Ledger" (Philadelphia) 22.12.13.

TO MEET OR OTHERWISE

By THOMAS HARDY

This poem, from the London Sphere, is the latest work of the eminent Englishman of letters who has been awarded the Nobel prize for literature.

I

Whether to sail and see thee, girl of my dreams,
Or whether to stay
And see thee not! How vast the difference seems
Of Yea from Nay
Just now! Yet this same sun shall slant its beams
At no far day
On our two mounds, and then what will the difference weigh?

II

Yet I will see thee, maiden dear, and make
The most I can
Of what remains to us amid this brake
Cimmerian
Through which we grope, and from whose thorns we ache,
While still we scan
Round our frail faltering progress for some path or plan.

III

By briefest meeting something sure is won;
It will have been;
Nor god nor daemon can undo the done,
Unsight the seen,
Make muted music be as unbegun,
Though things tervene
Groan in their bondage till oblivion supervene.

IV

So, to the long-sweeping symphony
From times remote
Till now, of human tenderness, shall we
Supply one note,
Small and untraced; yet that will ever be
Somewhere afloat
Amid the spheres, as part of sick Life's antidote.

Dorset Chron. —— Jan 4. 1917

DEATH OF NOTED DORCHESTER BUILDER AND CHURCH RESTORER.

THE LATE MR. JOHN WELLSPRING.

. probably Messrs. Wellspring, father and son, restored more churches than any other man or firm in the West of England. The work was carried on under the direction of the late Mr. John Hicks, then diocesan architect, the noted architect to whom, it is interesting to recall, Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., of Max Gate, was articled, and who had his offices in South-street,

THE RIALTO, MARCH 6, 1917.

* * *

We have received a copy of the Year Book for 1916-17 of the Society of Dorset Men in London.

The volume opens with a poem by Thomas Hardy, entitled "The Pity of It," in which this distinguished author relates that in the "loamy Wessex lanes" he seems to hear many "an ancient word of local lineage" like "Thu bist," "Er war," "Ich woll," and "Er sholl," and he speaks of a "flame," flung "between kin-folk kin-tongued." Mr. Thomas Hardy's ethnology is at fault. Between the Asiatic Prussian, the modern European descendant of Gengis Khan, and the Anglo-Saxon stock of Dorset county, there is neither kith nor kin. To suggest that there is, is repugnant; and, because of this aspect of the poem, we frankly do not like it. The only lines in it which merit our approval are the last, which speak of the German fame as "sinister, ugly, lurid," and convey the wish that "their breed perish everlastingly."

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The Dorset heart will give quick response to such thoughts as these, so charmingly expressed; but will repel the "inaptitudes" of Mr. Hardy's lines.

T.H. never said there was.

On the Sonnet "The Pity of It" - by T.H.

"MR. HARDY & GERMANIC SPEECH."
FROM SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

To the Editor of The Daily News.

Sir,—With reference to the quotation from Mr. Thomas Hardy, in "Under the Clock" to-day, may I remark that:

1. The "Saxons" who came to Britain in the fifth century were few, did not call themselves Saxons, were akin to the Angles, and were not Germans.
2. The Angles were Danish, not German.
3. The speech called Anglo-Saxon more resembled Icelandic than any dialect of German.
4. There is next to no German blood in us, racially, at all.
5. The words "Indo-Germanic" and "Teutonic" are a monstrous abuse of terminology, for "Indo-European" and "Nordic."

J. H. Yoxall.
Jan. 28.

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Sir,—Mr. Thomas Hardy has the great authority of the late Sir James Murray, editor of "The Oxford Dictionary," for regarding the English and German peoples as "kin-tongued." An article initialled by Sir James Murray in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" on the English language contains the sentence:

> The Angles, Saxons, and their allies came of the Teutonic stock, and spoke a tongue belonging to the Teutonic or Germanic branch of the Indo-Germanic (Indo-European) family, the same race and form of speech being represented in modern times by the people and languages of Holland, Germany, Denmark, the Scandinavian peninsula and Iceland, as well as by those of England and her colonies.

This surely is sufficient justification of the theory implied in Mr. Hardy's noble sonnet.

Philologos.

SIR JAMES YOXALL AND "GERMANIC SPEECH."

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Sir,—Recent investigation shows that "Teutonic," "Indo-Germanic," and "Germanic" were misnomers, adopted in good faith by the now discredited Max-

From the Cambridge magazine. May 11. 1918.

Arbeiter Zeitung (Vienna, S.D.), Mar. 30, compares the true heroism of the millions who for years have been suffering in the trenches with the lip-heroism of the arm-chair warriors "who annihilate the enemy with big words and printer's ink," and "divide up countries and peoples as if they were counters." The German "lip-heroes" who are already dictating terms to the beaten Entente will, however, meet with disappointment.

> It is not for nothing that the Anglo-Saxons on the other side of the Channel are the nearest of kin to the German Saxons of the plains between the Elbe and the Oder. They are not less tough, tenacious, obstinate than these. The Anglo-Saxons have learnt that their German brothers cannot be starved out, the Germans will learn that the hostile brothers on the other side of the Channel have not less power of endurance than they. . . . Peace can only be concluded on the basis of mutual understanding. . . .

Apropos of T. H.'s poem "The Pity of It" — in which he said we were "kin folk" to the Germans — a statement denied by the Jingo papers. [T. H. referred more particularly to the Germans between the Rhine & the Elbe.]

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Language is the least reliable of ethnic tests, and the philologists who have misled Mr. Hardy and so many others have much to answer for. To classify the peoples of Holland, Denmark, Scandinavia, and England as Teutonic, Indo-Germanic, and Germanic is a solecism now, as well as an insult. The Germans proper had no collective name at all until the 11th century (nearly 600 years after the Anglos came to Britain), when they began to be known as the Deutsch. To the Deutsch the Scandinavian, Danish, and English races never belonged; they were branches of the great Nordic class of Indo-European peoples.

J. M. Yoxall.

Daily News
Feb. 2nd '17

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN of Oct 7. 1914.

MR. THOMAS HARDY & THE RHEIMS BOMBARDMENT.

A POINT TO BE SETTLED.

The following extracts are from a letter by Mr. Thomas Hardy on the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral:—

"Everybody is able to feel in a general way the loss to the world that has resulted from this mutilation of a noble building, which was almost the finest specimen of mediæval architecture in France. The late M. Viollet-le-Duc, who probably knew more about French architecture than any man of his time, considered it to unite in itself in a unique degree the charms of beauty and dignity. But the majority of people have found comfort in a second thought—that the demolished parts can be renewed, even if not without vast expense. Only those who for professional or other reasons have studied in close detail the architecture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are aware that to do this in its entirety is impossible. Gothic architecture has been a dead art for the last three hundred years, in spite of the imitations thrown broadcast over the land, and much of what is gone from the fine structure is gone for ever.

"The magnificent stained glass of the cathedral will probably be found to have suffered the most. How is that to be renewed? Some of it dated from the thirteenth century, and is inimitable by any handiworkers in the craft nowadays. Its wreck is all the more to be regretted in that, if I remember rightly, many of the windows had already in the past lost their original glass. Then the sculpture and the mouldings, and other details. Moreover, their antique history was a part of them, and how can that history be imparted to a renewal? When I was young French architecture of the best period was much investigated, and selections from such traceries and mouldings as those at Rheims were delineated with the greatest accuracy and copied by architects' pupils—myself among the rest. It seems strange indeed now that the curves we used to draw with such care should have been broken as ruthlessly as if they were a cast-iron railing replaceable from a mould. If I had been told three months ago that any inhabitants of Europe would wilfully damage such a masterpiece as Rheims in any circumstances whatever, I should have thought it an incredible statement.

Design or Accident?

"Is there any remote chance of the devastation being accidental, or partly accidental, or contrary to the orders of a superior officer? This ought to be irrefutably established and settled, since upon it depends the question whether German civilisation shall become a byword for ever or no. Should it turn out to be a predetermined destruction—as an object-lesson of the German ruling caste's will to power—it will strongly suggest that a disastrous blight upon the glory and nobility of that great nation has been wrought by the writings of Nietzsche, with his followers Treitschke, Bernhardi, &c. I should think there is no instance since history began of a country being so demoralised by a single writer, the irony being that he was a megalomaniac and not truly a philosopher at all. What puzzles one is to understand how the profounder thinkers of Germany, and to some extent, elsewhere, can have been so dazzled by this writer's bombastic poetry—for it is a sort of prose-poetry—as to be blinded to the fallacy of his arguments—if they can be called arguments which are off-hand assumptions. His postulates as to what life is on this earth have no resemblance to reality. Yet he and his school seem to have eclipsed for the time in Germany the close-reasoned philosophers, such men as Kant and Schopenhauer. It is rather rough on the latter that their views of life should be swept into one net with those of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and the rest as 'German philosophy' (as has been done by some English writers to the papers) when they really differ further in ethics than the humane philosophers mentioned differ in that respect from Christianity."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN of 8th Oct 1914.

THOMAS HARDY AND NIETZSCHE.

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

Sir,—It is with sadness that one reads Mr. Thomas Hardy's letter in your paper. To suggest that Nietzsche is morally responsible for German atrocities, to call Bernhardi his disciple, to refer Prussian brutality to his teaching, and to say that "there is no instance since history began of a country so demoralised by a single writer," is simply bewildering. To add that "he was a megalomaniac and not a philosopher at all," that his writing is "bombastic poetry," his arguments "off-hand assumptions," and that his postulates have "no resemblance to reality" makes a student of Nietzsche wonderingly regretful.

If Mr. Hardy will open "Ecce Homo," Nietzsche's autobiography, he will find the following:—

"I believe only in French culture, and regard all else in Europe which calls itself culture as a misunderstanding." (P. 37.)

"Wherever Germany extends her sway she ruins culture." (P. 38.)

"The German is incapable of conceiving anything sublime." (P. 39.)

Friedrich Nietzsche was of Polish extraction on his father's side. His immeasurable genius is a world possession, like Shakspere's, and if the attacks now made on him in our journals lead to a study of his works it will be one of the good results of this war.—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD GILBERT.

Hawthornden, Lincoln, October 7.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN 9th Oct. 1914

NIETZSCHE AND GERMANY.

MR. BEECHAM ON MR. HARDY'S ATTACK.

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

Sir,—May I be allowed to express my agreement with Mr. Bernard Gilbert in his letter dealing with Mr. Thomas Hardy's opinions and estimate of Nietzsche? The only fault I have to find with Mr. Gilbert is that he does not go nearly far enough. Anything that emanates from Mr. Thomas Hardy is carefully read and welcomed with complete faith by a large number of seriously minded people who accept more or less unconditionally the assertions of celebrated men, especially those of literary reputation. All the more, then, is Mr. Hardy, by reason of his pre-eminent position, to be severely blamed for his light-minded and ill-considered attack on a writer with whose works he is obviously very slightly acquainted. For to me, an old student of Nietzsche, it is only too evident that Mr. Hardy's criticisms of this remarkable man are founded on the most superficial basis of knowledge, and provide a deplorable example of that ignorance which has prevailed for over a generation in this country of matters concerning real German life and thought.

As one of the few who have never disguised their views on this subject, and who have often brought themselves into collision with those others in this country who have thought it a part of their duty to support the claims and pretensions of modern German culture, I have resolutely attacked, publicly and privately, in season and out of season, the mental and moral decadence of Germany, its utter bankruptcy on the higher planes of art and philosophy. For during an entire generation Germany, which formerly occupied a fairly exalted place on the Arctic heights of spiritual life, has taken a headlong flight downhill into the valley of the grossest materialism, and through the length and breadth of that country which was once described by Lord Lytton as "a nation of dreamers and poets," and which during the nineteenth century has contributed so gloriously to literature, music, and philosophy, there has been found only one man to raise his voice against this terrible national tendency, to devote his whole career to arresting the final vulgarisation of all German thought, who shattered his life forces on the unbreakable rock of German Philistinism, and whose marvellously subtle brain and super-refined organism at last gave way under the strain of the splendid but hopeless task he had taken upon himself. It is Friedrich Nietzsche. And how this gladiator of real culture, the "good European" and keen hater of all nationalistic "termini" and Jingoism, must now be turning in his grave at being daily placed in the same category with men like Treitschke and Bernhardi (the former being a particular object of his detestation) and regarded as the spiritual father of modern Germany.

When one realises that there is hardly a book of Nietzsche (the only exception, perhaps, being the "Zarathustra") which does not contain the bitterest denunciations of Germany, one can only find an explanation of the present popular estimate of Nietzsche in the profound ignorance of those who are so loosely making use of his name. To the genuinely honest inquirer I should like to recommend the reading of such a book as "Unseasonable Thoughts," written in 1872, just after the Franco-Prussian War. It is perhaps the most masterly pamphlet of its kind since the time of Swift, and is a crushing attack on the state of German culture in those days. He pointed out with solemn warnings to his countrymen the fatal direction in which the national swelled-headedness, born of their victories over France, was leading them. These warnings and denunciations poured from his pen ceaselessly for 15 years, and are to be found here and there in a group of brilliant and fascinating books. In one place he says, "The Germans have a past, they may have a future, they certainly have no present; they are only 'becoming.'" Then he goes on to say that it will be 200 years more before the Germans will be able proudly to assert, like the Greeks, "It is a long time since we were barbarians." Later on he hazards the disconcerting prophecy, "The Germans have no future"; and finally, in his last book, he hurls against them the most terrible accusation ever made against a nation—"Every crime committed against culture for the last 400 years may be laid at the door of the Germans."

There has been urged against Nietzsche his profound antagonism to Christianity, as if this had anything to do with the modern condition of Germany and the present war. Nine-tenths of the philosophers of the last 200 years in all countries have been anti-Christian in one form or another, from mild scepticism to open antipathy, and Nietzsche is certainly not more so than Voltaire, with his century-and-a-half-old "Ecrasez l'Infâme." Again, his ideal of the superman has been denounced as one which has been mainly responsible for the apotheosis of the spirit of "blood and iron." This is not the place to expound the Nietzschean philo-

sophy of the superman; it is certainly a very different kind of teaching to anything I have yet seen described in an English newspaper; but in its simplest form it may be said to be a worship of the hero, or "strong man" type, and it may well be asked, What have we English got to say to that? Has this generation entirely forgotten Thomas Carlyle, who revelled and gloried in "bold, bad men," and whose favourite hero was the real founder of Prussia and the modern German Empire, the real originator of the doctrine of "blood and iron," the violator of treaties, the breaker of oaths, the hardened sceptic (and profound despiser of all German culture), the incorrigible bandit, "Frederick the Great"!—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS BEECHAM.

Ewanville, Huyton, near Liverpool,
October 8.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN of
11th Oct. 1914.

The Dispute About Nietzsche.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, is being scolded by devout Nietzscheans for having put down much of the moral perversity of modern Prussianism to the inspiration of NIETZSCHE. They remind him that NIETZSCHE was always abusing Germans and Germany. So he was, and yet Mr. HARDY may well be right. Germans swear by SHAKSPERE, although, as far as we remember at the moment, his only mention of a German is Portia's remark that she liked "the young German" "very vilely "in the morning, when he is sober, and most "vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk." And modern Germans of the pushing kind quite commonly swear by NIETZSCHE, though he swore at them. His doctrine of the superman supplied a convenient philosophy with which to justify the temper of boundless complacency, confidence, and assertiveness that was encouraged in the ruling class of Germans by the intoxicating success of the two great acts of carefully timed aggression in 1866 and 1870. Indeed, it was the only existing philosophy that would not have chastened that temper. A Bismarckian, and still more a Bernhardian, politician is quite genuinely a practical illustration of what Nietzschism means in action. No doubt NIETZSCHE himself might have disowned them. But that would only have shown that NIETZSCHE's exposition of his own main ideas was so crude as to invite their misapplication in practice. Mr. HARDY is not far out, whether NIETZSCHE's ideas themselves were incoherent and incompatible with sane living or whether his own expression of them did not do them justice. When generously construed they appeal to many people in all countries, because they seem at any rate to present an opposite extreme to some common modern maladies—to tepidity and lowness of pressure in mind and soul, to the kind of semi-conscientiousness that only paralyses bad action and does not animate good, and to the frittering away of the energy of personality upon divided aims and in enterprises that are only half believed in. But then there never has been a philosophy from which strong and fine characters could not extr[illegible] kind of theoretic backing for thei[illegible]igour a[illegible]

goodness. What is wrong about NIETZSCHE's is that, although it may serve our Nietzschean correspondents in this way, it certainly lends itself much more readily to the service of the Bernhardis of this world. To be the philosophy of a decently dutiful life it needs much wresting, but on a personal or national career of violent egoism it fits like a glove. We hold with Mr. HARDY.

DECORUM OF DORCHESTER.

Oct. 1918

GENTLE-MANNERED PEOPLE OF HARDY'S WESSEX.

By AN IRISH EMIGRANT.

DORCHESTER.

"What an old-fashioned place it seems to be!" exclaimed Elizabeth-Jane. "It is huddled all together, and it is shut in by a square wall of trees like a plot of garden ground with a box edging."

[illegible] is how Dorchester is described in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (Casterbridge is Dorchester), and the town to-day is as it was then. No place in England has so retained the stamp of old time as this bright, rural town, built over ground once tred by the Roman legions and dwelt on by exiles from the Imperial City.

The people of Dorchester step right out of Thomas Hardy's pages. I saw Angel Clare in the post office this morning, and I met Jude emerging from a secondhand book-shop. Tranter Dewy was wiping his mouth on the steps of a tavern. Tess' joyous companions of the milking-pail are now all wearing breeches. Mrs. Penny would call them "brass-faced young huzzles."

To-day I saw Dorchester's real creator. Thomas Hardy bears the burden of old [illegible]. The small, well-set figure [illegible] are as clear as youth. [illegible] Dorchester knows [illegible]

[To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian]

Dear Sir, I would gladly, if at this stage of my life I could reopen what is an old subject with me, reply to your correspondents who think I have misrepresented Nietzsche (at the fag-end of a letter on an architectural subject, by the way). I will only remark that I have never said he was a German, or that he loved Germany, or that he lived before Treitschke, or that he did not express such sentiments as your correspondents and others quote (apparently very near-sighted) to the avoidance of other sentiments which I could quote, e.g:

"Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars and the short peace better than the long..... I do not counsel you to conclude peace, but to conquer..... Beware of pity."

He used to seem to me (I have not looked into his works for years) to be an incoherent rhapsodist, who jumps from Machiavelli to Isaiah as the mood seizes him, and whom it is impossible to take seriously as a mentor. I may have been wrong, but he impressed me in the long run, owing to the preternatural absence of any overt sign of levity in him, with a curious suspicion (no doubt groundless) of his being a Swiftian humorist first class in disguise. I need hardly add that with many of his sayings I have always heartily agreed, but I think few men who have lived long enough to see the real colour of life, believe in as a thinker Nietzsche

Yours &c

WEDDING. 10. 2. 14.

"Evening News" 10. 2. 14.

THE YOUNG BRIDE OF OUR GREATEST MAN OF LETTERS

MR. THOMAS HARDY.
Elliott and Fry.

MR. THOMAS HARDY MARRIED.

A Quiet Wedding with His Secretary To-day.

YOUTHFUL BRIDE.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, was married at Enfield to-day to Miss Florence Emily Dugdale, his secretary, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dugdale, of Riverfront, Enfield.

The ceremony was of the quietest possible character, and had been kept secret even from intimate relations of the bride.

The only eye-witnesses, besides the clergy and officials of St. Andrew's Church, were the bride's father and her sister, Miss Marjorie Dugdale, and Mr. Henry Hardy, Mr. Hardy's brother, who acted as best man.

The service was conducted by the Rev. R. Howel Brown, M.A., the vicar, and took place by special license at 8 a.m.

At that hour the precincts of the church were practically deserted, and the wedding party passed inside without attracting the attention of more than a single pedestrian, who had no idea that the youthful-looking bride, in a dark travelling costume, and the distinguished-looking white-haired man were about to become Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy.

After the ceremony, Mr. Hardy, who has been staying in London during the past few days, returned with his wife to Riverfront, a picturesque row of villas not more than two or three minutes' walk from the church, and later in the forenoon the newly-married pair left for the West of England.

Mr. Dugdale, who has been headmaster of St. Andrew's Schools for many years, was in his usual place when lessons began to-day, and none of his staff guessed that within the last hour he had become the father-in-law of the most famous of the surviving literary giants of the nineteenth century.

"VERY SUDDENLY."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dugdale, [illegible] associated with Enfield for about [illegible] years, belong to an old Dorsetshire family and have long been members of Mr. Hardy's select circle of friends.

Miss Florence Dugdale was intimately known to the late Mrs. Hardy, who died little over a year ago, and has assisted Mr. Hardy in his literary work for some [illegible] seven years.

She is herself widely known both in England and America as the writer of a series of popular children's books.

Of these the most successful have been "In Lucy's Garden" and "Old Time Tales."

Last Christmas she wrote two books called "Baby Birds" and "Baby Beasts," which were illustrated by a well-known artist and had a considerable vogue.

Mrs. Dugdale informed our representative that the ceremony was kept very quiet by Mr. Hardy's express wish. The engagement was only announced to her, she said, within the last week or two, and it had "all come about very suddenly."

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, it is understood, will take up their residence shortly at Max-gate, Dorchester.

"A YOUNG MAN TURNED SIXTY."

In "The Well-Beloved" [illegible] will be remembered, [illegible] of the lover who was enamoured [illegible] incarnations in turn of the same [illegible] were.

Part three of the story is entitled "A Young Man Turned Sixty," who, by the way, is described in the following words:—

Whatever Pierston's years might have made him look by day, in the dusk of evening he was fairly presentable as a pleasing man of no marked antiquity, his outline differing but little from what it had been when he was half his years. He was well-preserved, still upright, trimly shaven, agile in movement; wore a tightly-buttoned suit which set off a naturally slight figure; in brief, he might have been any age as he appeared at the moment.

"Evice, my dear," says the mother, "what do you think of Mr. Pierston paying his addresses to you—courting, as I call it, in my old-fashioned way. Supposing he were to, would you encourage him?"

"To me, mother?" said Avice with an inquiring laugh. "I thought—he meant you!"

"I don't want any addresses," said the daughter.

"He is a man in society. In London take you to all kinds of [illegible] suited to your education, instead of leaving you to weep here."

HISTORY IN THE FACE.

"Pierston would have regarded his [illegible] terest in her as overreach either if they had not existed a redeeming quality in the substratum of old pathetic memory [illegible] which such love had been created—which still permeated it, rendering it the tenderest, most anxious, most protective, [illegible] object he had ever known.

"He was not exactly old, he said to himself next morning as he beheld his face in the glass. And he looked considerably younger than he was. But there was history in his face."

Then we read on the next page another [illegible] eulogy of the lover of [illegible] sixty.

"In his modern dress and manner [illegible] the rays of the moon, he looked a very presentable gentleman indeed, while his knowledge of art and his travelled manners were not without their attractions for a girl who with one hand touched the educated middle class and with the other the rude and simple inhabitants of the isle.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

"It is extraordinary what an interest our neighbours take in our affairs," he observes, "towards the end of the story. They say, 'Those old folk ought to marry; better late than never.'

"How poor we were to doing it forty years ago."

Readers of the Hardy novels do not need to be told that their author has always been in love with love, in spite of the somber and almost gruesome circumstances he so frequently associates with it. And readers of his verse will remember his sad lament on the passing of the years, his regret that he should seem old and yet feel young.

And Time to make me grieve,
Takes part late part apace,
And frets this fragile form at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

[illegible] Hardy's literary career.
All his life he has lived in Dorsetshire, most of the time at Max Gate, a house designed by himself, and situated about a mile outside the town familiar to all Hardy readers as "Casterbridge."

In 1870 came "Under the Greenwood Tree," the first of his works which brought him prominently before public notice. From that year there followed at frequent intervals the great series of Wessex novels which have raised Hardy to a place beside Meredith as one of the greatest of modern novelists.

In 1874 Mr. Hardy married Emma, the daughter of J. A. Gifford. She died in 1912.

"Daily News" 11.2.14.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Since the death of George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy has been the doyen of English letters. That he should yesterday have followed the example of his fellow-Victorian, Mr. Watts-Dunton, in getting wedding bells a-glancing, is surely an occasion for personal congratulation and general jubilation. In this country we usually accomplish our more popular judgments on the great in spasmodic jerks timed by epochs in their family history. Marriage and death alike set free the flood of unprinted pamplets and rejected "appreciations." Twice already this year, however, less momentous circumstance has recalled the Wizard of Wessex to the man in the street. Only the other day he won the Nobel prize; but yesterday he earned the censure of Monsignor Benson. Both facts may be of ultimately minor import, but they are pregnant with present significance. For the Nobel judges are admirable critics of literature, while Monsignor Benson is a dab at ethics. The latter found Mr. Hardy "very unsatisfactory about the externals of life." Ethically, he was right. To be a pessimist by conviction, "and not by instinct," is surely to propose a contradiction. And Mr. Hardy's failure to find anything like conscience which might separate man from the lower kinds is a startling proof of his logical defects. Happily, yesterday's wedding shows that Mr. Hardy's pessimistic convictions are not his practice. But Monsignor Benson's criticism of the author's ethics leave his art untouched. Most of the great weavers of story stumble when they attempt to systematise their artistic perceptions into a faith. At the ethical bar, Shelley, Keats, Heine, Maeterlinck, all stand condemned of "loose thinking" and faulty syllogisms. Mr. Hardy has limned a certain mood of troubled tragedy; akin to the changeful downs of Wessex, with a perfection of grave dignity and restrained simplicity. He is the curter Wordsworth of modern prose. Such a foothold on fame's shores will withstand the wash of at least Time's earlier tides.

MR. HARDY'S ROMANCE.

THE NOVELIST MARRIES HIS SECRETARY.

Yesterday at Enfield, London, Mr. Thomas Hardy, the distinguished novelist, was married to Miss Dugdale, who has acted as his secretary. The Grand Old Man of Literature is in 74th year. This is Mr. Hardy's second marriage. In 1874 a Miss Gifford became his wife, and she died in 1912. They had no children.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy returned to Dorchester in the evening and proceeded to Max Gate, the veteran author's residence, near his native town. News of the marriage caused a great surprise in Dorchester. Miss Dugdale had been in Mr. Hardy's service as secretary about two years.

HARDY : DUGDALE.—On the 10th Feb., at the Old Parish Church, Enfield, Middlesex, by the Revd. R. Howel Brown, Vicar, THOMAS HARDY, of Max Gate, Dorchester, to FLORENCE EMILY, second daughter of EDWARD DUGDALE, of Enfield, and formerly of Wareham, Dorset.

FAMOUS AUTHOR MARRIED.

Mr. Thomas Hardy Weds His Secretary.

A QUIET CEREMONY IN LONDON.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., the famous author, who is in his 74th year, surprised his friends and admirers yesterday by marrying for a second time. His bride, Miss Eva Dugdale, herself an authoress, has for some two years acted as his secretary, but beyond the more intimate circle of her friends, who have been in the secret

MRS. THOMAS HARDY.

for some time past, nothing was known of Mr. Hardy's intentions.

The ceremony, by desire of the bride-groom, was of the quietest character. It took place just after eight o'clock in the morning in the old Parish Church at Enfield. Beyond the officiating clergyman, the Rev. R. Howel Brown, vicar of St. Andrew's, and the church officials, the only persons present were the father of the bride, Mr. Edward Dugdale, her sister Marjdrie, and Mr. Henry Hardy, the brother of the bridegoom, who acted as "best man."

Quiet Return to Dorchester.

After the ceremony the party returned to the bride's home, and later Mr. and Mrs. Hardy left for Dorchester, arriving in the early evening and driving to Max Gate before the news of the unexpected event had reached the town.

Mrs. Hardy, who was educated privately, is the daughter of Mr. Edward Dugdale, the head teacher of the Boys' Department of the St. Andrew's National Schools at Enfield, where he has been some forty years. More than twenty years ago, at the age of fifteen, she commenced a literary career by writing short stories for children. Of late years she has specialised on nature subjects, but more than one book of fairy tales, including "Old Times' Tales," has come from her pen.

Mr. Clement Shorter published one of her stories in the "Sphere" Christmas number two years since, and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton published last Christmas three of her books, entitled "Baby Birds," "Baby Beasts," and "Baby Pets." In addition she has done a good deal of literary work for the daily papers.

Old Friends.

The family have been for many years friends of Mr. Hardy and his late wife, formerly Miss Emma Gifford, who married the novelist in 1874, the year of publication of "Far From the Madding Crowd." She died in November, 1912, and was buried in Stinsford Churchyard. Over her grave the veteran author placed a simple memorial stone bearing the touching inscription that had appeared on the wreath he placed on her coffin: "From her lonely husband, with the old affection."

DAILY SKETCH.

No. 1,537. LONDON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1914. (Registered as a Newspaper.) ONE HALFPENNY.

THOMAS HARDY, OUR GREATEST LIVING NOVELIST, NOW IN HIS 74TH YEAR, SECRETLY MARRIED YESTERDAY TO HIS SECRETARY.

Thomas Hardy. Miss Dugdale. Another portrait of the bride.

Thomas Hardy, the greatest living English novelist, was quietly married yesterday to Miss Florence Dugdale, his secretary. The bride is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dugdale, of Enfield, and the ceremony, which took place at St. Andrew's Church, Enfield, was kept so secret that only the bride's father and sister and Mr. Hardy's brother, who was best man, witnessed it. The bride, herself a well-known writer, has assisted the novelist in his literary work for several years and was intimately known to Mr. Hardy's first wife, who died towards the close of 1912. Mr. Hardy's first marriage took place in 1874, the year in which he published "Far From the Madding Crowd."—(Elliott and Fry, and Rodway Gardiner.)

"Daily Sketch" 11.2.14.

AUTHOR OF "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" MARRIES HIS SECRETARY.

Thomas Hardy's Secret Wedding.

CEREMONY AT 8 A.M.

Romance Of The Veteran Weaver Of Romance.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the veteran novelist, who with "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and other novels made the Wessex country famous, was married at Enfield yesterday to Miss Florence Emily Dugdale, his secretary, the daughter of Mr. Edward Dugdale, an Enfield schoolmaster.

The marriage took place at the Enfield Parish Church at eight o'clock in the morning in order to avoid publicity.

Mr. Hardy came to London for the ceremony on Monday night and stayed at a railway hotel, continuing his journey to Enfield by an early train yesterday.

The wedding was solemnised by the Vicar of Enfield, the Rev. R. Howell Brown, and a reception was afterwards held at the house of the bride's father, River Front, Enfield, the couple leaving at 10.30 for Mr. Hardy's house near Dorchester, where they arrived last evening.

The register was signed by Edward Dugdale, the bride's father, and Henry Hardy, the bridegroom's brother. The bridegroom was described as "an author, of full age."

The news of the wedding had not reached Dorchester, and there was no demonstration by the residents when the newly-married couple arrived.

AN OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER.

Bride's Father Was Born Near Thomas Hardy's Dorset Home.

So secret had the marriage arrangements been kept that late in the afternoon scarcely anybody in Enfield knew that the marriage had taken place.

The only people present in the church were friends of both families.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Marjorie Dugdale, and Mr. Henry Hardy, a brother of the bridegroom's, was best man.

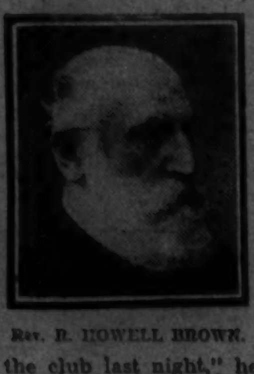
Mr. Dugdale has been headmaster of St. Andrew's schools for many years, but he comes from a village near Mr. Hardy's Dorsetshire home, and the two have been friends for a long time.

Seen by the *Daily Sketch*, Mr. Dugdale said the wedding had been kept very quiet at the request of Mr. Hardy and his daughter.

"For about six or seven years," he said, "my daughter has assisted Mr. Hardy as amanuensis, read the proofs of his books, and acted generally as his literary secretary.

FATHER-IN-LAW BESIEGED.

"It is extraordinary to me how fast the news of the wedding flew to London, and I have positively been besieged all the afternoon.



REV. R. HOWELL BROWN.

"Of course I know the public interest is bound to be aroused when such a prominent man as Mr. Hardy marries, but really there is nothing to tell. They have both known each other a long time, and both families are friendly."

Mr. Dugdale attended school as usual yesterday morning, and a friend of his told the *Daily Sketch* that no one in Enfield had any idea that the marriage was about to take place.

"I saw Mr. Dugdale in the club last night," he added, "but he did not breathe a word about it."

Mrs. Dugdale said her daughter was a very happy bride.

"It was all very sudden," she added. "I was only told of the engagement a few weeks ago."

Even the verger of the parish church was not informed until late on Monday night that the church had to be opened before eight o'clock yesterday morning for a wedding.

He did not know who was going to be married.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Made Himself And His Country Famous By His Wessex Tales.

Mr. Hardy, who is 73 years of age, lost his first wife, whom he married in 1874, fifteen months ago.

The author has lived for years in the heart of his beloved Wessex, at Max Gate, Dorchester. He began life as an architect, and this early training is always showing itself in his writings—in his vivid descriptions of cathedrals and churches, and more especially in "Jude the Obscure," where the work of the restoration of an ecclesiastical building is minutely described.

The publication of this latter book, by the way, roused in some quarters a storm of indignation in those late Victorian days, one critic going to the length of heading his review "Jude the Obscene."

It was in 1856 that Thomas Hardy was articled to an ecclesiastical architect, spending his leisure time in reading Latin and Greek with a fellow-pupil. He sketched and measured many old country churches now pulled down or altered.

In 1863 he was prizeman of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

All this time he had been writing verse, which he later abandoned for prose, and then began the series of Wessex tales which have made his name famous and that of Wessex. This is the order of publication of the better known of his works:—

Desperate Remedies	1871	The Trumpet Major	1879
Under the Greenwood Tree	1872	Two on a Tower	1882
A Pair of Blue Eyes	1873	The Mayor of Casterbridge	1885
Far From the Madding Crowd	1874	Tess of the D'Urbervilles	1891
Return of the Native	1878	Jude the Obscure	1895

Since then he has returned to his early love—verse, writing lines on the death of Swinburne and the loss of the Titanic.

Last year he published a collection of stories which did not meet with a very favourable reception.

For his distinguished literary work he was made a member of the exclusive Order of Merit in 1910. He is an Hon. Litt.D. of Cambridge and an LL.D. of Aberdeen.

Mr. Hardy is an active man for his age, and is often seen about the country near his Dorchester house. In October last he patronised the Press view of the film "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

THE BRIDE.

An Authoress Who Has Assisted The Author For Years.

Miss Florence Emily Dugdale assisted Mr. Hardy in his literary work for several years.

She did some writing herself—children's books, amongst them "In Lucy's Garden," "Old Time Tales," "Baby Birds" and "Baby Beasts."

Her father has been for 40 years headmaster of St. Andrew's Church Schools, Enfield.

Although Miss Dugdale had assisted Mr. Hardy for a considerable number of years she had been his secretary for only some three or four.

Prior to her publication of the children's stories referred to she had done journalistic work in the form of leading articles, and for years contributed a children's column to an Enfield newspaper.

Miss Dugdale's name figures on the membership list of the Lyceum Club, where she is described as an author.

A personal friend of Mr. Hardy, a gentleman who is in the habit of visiting Max Gate, the Dorchester home of the novelist, three or four times a year, described Miss Dugdale to the *Daily Sketch* as a lady of about 30 and of very charming manner.

She has been the friend as well as the secretary of Mr. Hardy for some years. Deeply interested in his work, to assist him in which her own mental qualities and general disposition fitted her, the novelist's secretary became more and more necessary to him.

That she would become his wife was known to a small circle of friends a month ago, but the matter was kept a close secret.

No one, however, was more pleased to hear of the happy result of the companionship of the master of ironic tragedy and his secretary than those friends who kept the secret so well.

HOW HARDY BECAME KNOWN.

Chance Discovery In A Second-Hand Book Box.

Thomas Hardy's fame as a novelist is the result of a happy accident.

In 1871, while still in an architect's office, he wrote "Desperate Remedies." The book was financially a failure. Next year appeared "Under the Greenwood Tree," which seemed likely to share the same fate.

But one day the late Frederick Greenwood, rummaging in the box of a second-hand bookshop, discovered a copy.

The title appealed to him, he bought the book, and discovered a genius.

As a result Mr. Hardy received a commission to write a serial for the "Cornhill." That serial was "Far From the Madding Crowd."

In spite of the prominence he has given his native county Mr. Hardy's name as an author is still little known to many of his countrymen.

"Do you know Thomas Hardy?" a venerable Dorchester shepherd was asked.

"Who?" queried the ancient.

"Thomas Hardy—the *great* Mr. Hardy."

"Never yeard 'ov 'im," answered the shepherd.

"What do 'er do?"

"Write books," ventured the questioner.

"Write books!" commented the old man disparagingly.

"Does Thomas Hardy ever come here?" an enthusiastic admirer of the author asked a Dorset farmer at a market dinner at an inn.

"Thomas Hardy," said the worthy bucolic doubtfully. "Ye mean Bill Hardy, a little round-faced man with whiskers under his chin, the pig dealer. Oh, yes, he comes here every market day."

When King Edward was alive the novelist was fond of telling that he lived at Dorchester, "by permission of the King."

The land on which his house was built belonged to a private company of which King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was a member.

When Mr. Hardy's offer to purchase came up for consideration he was informed that it would have to be declined.

"What Hardy is it?" asked the Prince. On learning that it was the author, the Prince exclaimed, "Let him have the land he wants. He has set his heart on it, and we must do all we can to make our authors contented."

"AFTER LOVE, WHAT COMES?"

Mr. Hardy's cynical views on love and marriage are even more pronounced in his poems than in his novels. Here is a sample from "The Abjured Love":—

I speak as one who plumbs
  Life's dim profound;
  One who at length can sound
    Clear views and certain.
But—after love, what comes?
  A scene that lours,
  A few sad, vacant hours,
    And then the Curtain!

"Chronicle & Comment"
no date

MRS. THOMAS HARDY

Mrs. Thomas Hardy

To Mr. Shorter's page in the London *Sphere* we are indebted for information about the new Mrs. Thomas Hardy. The former Miss Florence Dugdale is a native of her husband's beloved Dorsetshire; she was born at Wareham, which town plays a great part in the Wessex novels. Contrary to the account published in the American papers at the time of the marriage, she has never been Mr. Hardy's secretary as the term is usually understood. For years she has been a close friend of Mr. Hardy's two sisters, who live in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, where Mrs. Hardy has often stayed with them. Mr. Shorter speaks of her as a writer of decided talent and a sincere lover of literature.

Dorset County Chronicle
13. 2. 14

MARRIAGE OF MR. THOMAS HARDY.

THE BRIDE: HIS SECRETARY.

QUIET WEDDING AT ENFIELD.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., who left Max Gate for London on Monday, was married early on Tuesday at St. Andrew's Church, Enfield, to Miss Florence Dugdale, who has for a few years acted as his private secretary, and is the second daughter of Mr. Edward Dugdale, of Rivertrent, Enfield. It was the wish of Mr. Hardy and of the bride's parents that the ceremony should be of the quietest possible nature, and to this end the wedding took place at eight a.m. There were no guests, and besides the officiating clergyman (the Rev. R. Hovel-Brown) only near relatives of the bride and bridegroom were in the church. Mr. Hardy was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Henry Hardy, of Talbothays, Stalford, and Miss Dugdale by her father and her younger sister, Miss Marjorie Dugdale. The party afterwards returned to the wedding breakfast at the house in Riverfront, and shortly after ten o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Hardy left for their Dorset home, where they propose spending the honeymoon at Max Gate. The bride's father, who is a Dorset man and an old friend of Mr. Hardy's, has been headmaster of St. Andrew's School, Enfield, many years. The bride, whose intellect and temperament mark her out as a congenial helpmeet for Mr. Hardy—now in a closer and more intimate relation than that of secretary—has cultivated literary taste and talent. She was formerly on the editorial staff of *The Standard*, and has published several volumes, chiefly books for children, and contributed to magazines and newspapers. Among her books are "Tim's Friend," published seven years ago by the S.P.C.K., and recently such volumes as "Baby Birds" and "Baby Beasts," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Hardy, who is in his 74th year, was first married, in 1874, to Miss Gifford, daughter of Mr. J. A. Gifford, and niece of Archdeacon Gifford. She died in November, 1912. The new Mrs. Hardy, who is 23 years of age, and comes of an old Dorset family, has known her husband for many years. When she first began to think of a profession, Mr. Hardy showed an interest in her by supervising her literary efforts. These included a special article dealing with Mr. Hardy's work on the occasion of his birthday. This article was edited by Mr. Hardy. Since then she has acted as secretary and proof reader for the great novelist. It is interesting to recall that Mr. Hardy's first wife acted as his amanuensis, and that she is said to have made a fair copy for the publishers of his first novel, "Desperate Remedies," which made its appearance in 1871.

AT NUMBER 1, GRUB STREET.

The Works by Mrs. Thomas Hardy—The Animal Studies of E. J. Detmold—Biographies of Baby Beasts—The Art of telling things to Children—Israel Zangwill and "The Melting Pot."

The widespread interest taken by both the literary fraternity and the general public in the marriage of Thomas Hardy to Miss Florence E. Dugdale is increased by the announcement that Mrs. Hardy is an authoress. Her works, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, have up to the present been devoted to the realm of children's stories, and accounts of animals couched in terms which aim specially at the understanding of young folk. One of her most delightful books is called "In Lucy's Garden." This book recounts the natural history of a garden which is the special domain of a consequential little girl. It describes the garden from month to month and the various plants that grow there, and more fearful things such as insects, which also have an equal right in Lucy's as in any other garden. Lucy is an imaginative child possessing the faculty of entering into intimate communion with growing things and of peopling her garden with the creations of her imagination as well as of her industry. The book is charmingly written, and it has given delight to children of all ages, not excluding those who have passed their nonage.

But probably Mrs. Hardy will be known best by those fascinating adventures into the kingdom of nature contained in three handsome and delightful volumes dealing with the Babyland of birds and beasts. These books are called "The Book of Baby Beasts," "The Book of Baby Pets," and "The Book of Baby Birds." Each volume is illustrated in colour by E. J. Detmold, and not since the Brothers Detmold made their famous illustrations to the Jungle Books of Rudyard Kipling have we seen any animal pictures with quite the same charm as these. Mr. Detmold is not only a careful observer of animal life, he has also a very distinguished decorative sense, and not a little humour, and his pictures are a rare and happy accompaniment to these very excellent books. Among the creatures, wild and tame, which are dealt with in the book are infantile monkeys, rabbits, bears, elephants, hedgehogs, squirrels, giraffes, hippopotami, white rats, and as many varieties of birds. Each has an essay all to itself and a portrait painted by Mr. Detmold, and each essay is preceded by a set of verses, which are sometimes poetical, often amusing, and always clever and instructive.

Mrs. Thomas Hardy's writing bears no stylish pretensions: its simplicity is its style, and that, coupled with undoubted knowledge of ideas calculated to appeal to the child mind, is all the style such books require. Here, for instance, is a model of what natural history for children should be. It is taken from the chapter on the Chimpanzee in the "Book of Baby Beasts":—

> In captivity the chimpanzee is generally docile and affectionate, and can be trained to perform more tricks than any other animal. One of the most intelligent chimpanzees ever known in this country died at the Zoo some years back. Her name was Sally, and, among other things, she learnt to count and pick up straws from one to five, according to the number asked for. She also drank milk out of a cup, with or without a spoon, but many chimpanzees have been taught to do that. The amusing little fellow in the picture is named Jacky, and he, too, lived at the Zoo. He is wonderfully affectionate, and shows a great devotion to anyone who has been kind to him. Once he had a brother named Jimmy, and the two were often asked out to tea in the house of a lady who was very fond of them. There they drank milk and ate biscuits as if they had been used to drawing-room society from the cradle. It is said that Jimmy was the better behaved, for he would help himself delicately with finger and thumb to one biscuit at a time, while Jacky, less polite, would grasp a handful, and roar loudly when not allowed to take them all.

In such easy manner Mrs. Thomas Hardy unfolds her interesting stories of the animal world, and it is difficult to imagine the child who would not enjoy such records and profit by the information so pleasantly enwrapped in the cloak of narrative.

Before I leave these fascinating books I must give a few examples of Mrs. Hardy's verse. Here are the lines which preface the chapter on Elephants:—

> "A baby elephant, though not so small
> As infant as are many,
> Can skip, roll round and over like a ball,
> And play as well as any."

That will be surprising information to many, and, strangely enough, no less surprising is the following information about Canaries:—

> "As you see us so often in gay gilt cages
> You think we know never a wildwood home,
> But beyond where the Bay of Biscay rages
> Are sunny isles, and there we roam
> On the wing and in tree tops, far and free,
> And sing like wild birds merrily."

And finally I quote two verses from the more poetical song of a Polar Bear:—

> "Where the lone Arctic snowflake flies,
> I daily roam;
> The dark night creeps, the tempest cries
> About my home.
>
> I have, in foreign lands afar,
> A brother bear;
> He is held by iron bolt and bar
> A captive there."

This note of tragedy, which can never be dissociated from captive animals, is often sounded in these books; but Mrs. Hardy never moralises—she has the artist's gift of conveying her moral by subtler methods.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has received an address and a MS. album, the gift of 43 poets, as a tribute on the completion of his 80th year. (p. 13)

THE TIMES, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1919.

POETS' TRIBUTE TO THOMAS HARDY.

Forty-three poets, old and young, have just expressed to Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., the esteem and affection in which they hold him. This year Mr. Hardy has reached his 80th birthday, and it was thought a fitting time for his fellows to lay their tribute at his feet.

The Poet Laureate drew up a short address in which reference was made to Mr. Hardy's work in both poetry and fiction. It said that, in picturing the manners of the folk and the loved scenery of their homes, Mr. Hardy had "planted and peopled many a countryside with enduring memories, revealing and enhancing its charm in novels that will feed our national strength and kindle the hearts of Englishmen for generations to come." Another cause of gratitude to him was the "passionate poetry" with which he had crowned his long labours. That his name was now honoured throughout the world would not forbid this special homage.

Each of the poets wrote some verses of his own, and the manuscripts, bound together in a beautiful volume, were presented to Mr. Hardy a day or two ago. The 43 names with which the address is signed are representative of the wide range of modern English poetry. They include Robert Bridges, Maurice Baring, Laurence Binyon, G. K. Chesterton, Walter de la Mare, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. Housman, Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, Alice Meynell, Gilbert Murray, Henry Newbolt, Arthur Quiller-Couch, Arthur Symons, William Watson, and W. B. Yeats.

OXFORD HONOURS GREAT AUTHOR.—Mr. Thomas Hardy, the distinguished novelist and poet, in his robes after receiving the degree of Litt.D., Honoris Causa, at Oxford University. Mrs. Hardy (left).

The Story of the Adelphi
by Austin Brereton
Author of "The Literary History of the Adelphi"

THOMAS HARDY AS A RESIDENT.

Apart from David Garrick, Adelphi-terrace has had many residents of note. One of the most famous of its inhabitants in modern times was Thomas Hardy, who lived at No. 8 in the years 1863-67. "I sat there drawing," he wrote to a friend, "inside the easternmost window of the front room on the first floor above the ground floor, occasionally varying the experience by idling on the balcony. I saw from there the Embankment and Charing Cross Bridge built, and, of course, used to think of Garrick and Johnson." The room in which the future author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" worked—he was then practising architecture under Sir A. Blomfield—"contained at that date a fine Adams mantel-piece in white marble, on which we used to sketch caricatures in pencil."

Observer
Jan 25. 1920

To Thomas Hardy, O.M., Hon.F.R.I.B.A.

A WAR MEMORIAL OF THE LAST CENTURY.

By The President.

FROM the parapet of its "square solid tower" on the Quantocks, the Laodicean lady of Stancy Castle must have marked, time and again, the monumental pillars with which the heights of Outer Wessex are crowned in honour of her glorious sons. Far eastward, the Hood Column* with its splendid Naval crown of masonry pricking the Butleigh breast of the Polden[illegible] next, Capability Brown's pillar in the grounds of Pitt's house at Pynsent; and, due south of Stancy, the Wellington needle on the Blackdowns above Taunton;—"Toneborough, where I am erecting a town hall," as "Mr. Havill an architect of Markton, . . . author of most of the noteworthy buildings in the neighbourhood," calls it. This was in the 'seventies, before the issue of austere R.I.B.A. "Regulations for Architectural Competitions"; and the peculiar resemblance of the design prepared by the gentleman in question to that of his rival competitor, seems to have caused no misgiving in the simple Institute minds of those days, to whom both were submitted. "Singularly equal and singularly good. She would do well to accept either. Signed So-and-so, Fellows of the Royal Institute of British Architects." ran, as we are told, their surprising award. Mr. Havill's standard of professional morality was certainly deplorable; although he protested "I peeped at his drawing—that's all!" we know that he had made a tracing of it. But "So-and-so," by reason of their affixes, must have been competent and, by the same token, incorruptible. How, then, account for two "original and fascinating" drawings, "identical except in ornamental details," exciting neither remark nor enquiry by the Assessors? The matter is closed; it is useless, and might prove painful, to investigate further, *étouffons l'affaire*; moreover, it has nothing whatever to do with our story.

* * * *

[illegible]etary announced that the Council had nom[illegible]. Fellowship of the Royal Institute Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M. [illegible] *R.I.B.A. Essay Medallist* 1862, on the ground of his eminence as a man of letters and his former association with the art of Architecture.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, R.I.B.A. Essay Medallist 1862.

Mr. Keen, in announcing the nomination of Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., to Hon. Fellowship of the Institute, at the General Meeting of the 12th inst., recalled that Mr. Hardy first became associated with the Institute fifty-eight years ago, when he competed in the Prize Competitions and was awarded the R.I.B.A. Silver Medal for an Essay on "The Application of Coloured Bricks and Terra-Cotta to Modern Architecture," submitted under the motto "*Tentavi, quid in eo genere possem.*" Mr. Hardy had chosen his subject from among four set by the Council, the others being (2) The Application of Timber Work in England, constructively and artistically, from the year 1400 to the present time; (3) On the Stained Glass of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries; (4) On the Use of Concrete for Vaults and Roofing Purposes. 9, Clarence Place, Kilburn, and 8 St. Martin's Place were Mr. Hardy's addresses at the time.

N.9.

Second Session, Wednesday Evening, April 20th

251. HARDY (THOMAS). Song of the Soldiers. 8vo, 2 leaves, folded.
Hove, 1914

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253. HARDY (THOMAS). The Oxen. 8vo, 2 leaves, original grey wrappers, with title repeated on front cover. Hove, 1915

FIRST AND ONLY SEPARATE EDITION, PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY. SCARCE. This Poem, consisting of four 4-line stanzas, was originally published in the London *Times*, December 24, and was reprinted at Hove, December 28, 1915.

254. HARDY (THOMAS). Song of the Soldiers. *Title within ornamental border.* 8vo, 4 leaves, original brown wrappers, with title repeated on front cover.
Hove, 1915

SECOND EDITION, PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

250. HARDY (THOMAS). Jude the Obscure. *With an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn, and a map of Wessex.* Small 8vo, original cloth, uncut.
[London: Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., 1896]

FIRST EDITION. With one-page A. L. S. of the author, dated, "June 20, 1900," reading in part,—"*I have noticed your change of title from 'Among My Books' to 'Personal Views'—& I think it an improvement in being more arresting to the attention. I do very little writing of the essay kind, but if I should think of anything that might suit the series I will send it up. . .*"

1171 **HARDY** (T.) A set of First Editions of the Writings of Thomas Hardy, including the rare anonymous "Desperate Remedies," *a fine copy, with half-titles, the cloth covers preserved*, 3 vols, 1871, 48 vols, **First Editions**, with The Art of Thomas Hardy, by Lionel Johnson, *portrait* by Strang, 1894, together 49 vols, *uniformly bound in yellow polished calf extra, gilt backs and inner borders, t.e.g., with cloth covers preserved*, £220

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W. Heffer & Sons Ltd., Cambridge, England. Catalogue 188.

TIMES, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1920

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MR. HARDY'S PROPOSAL TO SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

In the annual report of the Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers (the Central Buildings, Westminster) it is stated that the Committee of Management received a letter from their president, Mr. Thomas Hardy, asking whether it would not be possible for the Society to act as trustee and literary executor, for, if it could take up this work, it would lift a burden that weighed upon the minds of many of the members. A similar question was raised by Mr. Edward Jenks, owing to the fact that under the existing Act, during the last 25 years of the term of copyright, any publisher can publish a work subject to the payment of a fixed royalty, and that the reversionary interest in the copyright during the last 25 years devolves on the legal personal representative of the author, as part of his estate, notwithstanding any agreement to the contrary.

The Society's solicitors, however, thought it would be unwise, under the present rules, for the committee to undertake the duties referred to. The cost of changing the memorandum and articles of association would amount to something like £60, an application would have to be made to the Courts. In these circumstances, although the committee approved the suggestion, they felt bound to defer taking action to some future time, when the Society's finances would more readily bear the expenditure. Under its present organization, the Society has among its members many literary executors, and by giving advice and help it can assist those who, not being authors themselves, may have in their possession many valuable copyrights and much literary property.

80th BIRTHDAY.

T. H. Observer 30.5.20

THOMAS HARDY.

A TRIBUTE FOR HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY.

(From a Correspondent.)

Learning, or remembering, that on Tuesday next Mr. Thomas Hardy will be eighty years old, many people will be turning up their Hardy, to refresh their memories or to make the acquaintance of his already renowned works. Those who are beginners may safely be left to themselves. They have a great experience before them—a great deal of pleasure, a good deal of praying pain; and they will be safe in taking it all in their own way, subject to the reminder that an author is always best understood and appreciated when his works are read, broadly, in chronological order.

***

But the Hardyites, confirmed or partial—to what will they turn first? Interesting studies in literature and in psychology could be based on the statistics. Some will go to the novels. Even among the novels there are several courses open. Shall it be the sunny, mellow stories, like "The Trumpet-Major" or "Under the Greenwood Tree"? Or the great novels of tragic passion like "Far From the Madding Crowd" or "The Return of the Native"? Or that magical, grave book which stands by itself, "The Woodlanders"? Or the two gusts which brought the hornets' nests of respectability about Mr. Hardy's ears, to buzz and sting him away from novel-writing altogether—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure"? Some readers still regret that he ever wrote these two books. Others would sacrifice all the rest for them. I know a man who, the moment he had read the last page of "Jude the Obscure," turned back to the first page and read the whole book straight through again. That I could not do with "Jude." It pains so much and it says so much that, on finishing it, I still want to go away from it for a while and think it all out, and test my own views of life and love by its remorseless and subtle standard. But "Tess" and "Jude" are classics already. Time, and change, and Mr. Hardy's own life's work have to a great extent removed the social conventions which made these two tragedies possible; yet the tragedies themselves live on, inextinguishably moving and vital.

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The divisions sketched above by no means exhaust the novels. And besides the novels, blazing forth unexpectedly when most people believed that Mr. Hardy had "written himself out," there is "The Dynasts." Not a few who, for this reason or that, "cannot read" the novels, revel in "The Dynasts." I tried it once on an old gentleman of eighty-five; and the old gentleman, who had been used for some years to fall asleep over his book in half an hour, took to sitting up dangerously late in order to get on with "The Dynasts." The mighty work carried him on, whether he would or not. It carries on all its readers, from the most sophisticated to the simplest. It is masterful and masterly. It is the nearest approach in Mr. Hardy's works to a complete expression of a great mind.

***

Yet there are others—few, but perhaps fit—who will turn up neither the novels nor the great drama, but the lyric poems. Here, they will tell you, is the man himself. We know from his own [illegible] that in his youth he meant to be not a novelist, but a poet; he has been a poet all his life, and in his later years he has proved it abundantly. Listen, they will bid you, to this, and this, and this; and then say, if you can, where you have ever heard before this strain, which is musical with so new and strange a music; whether any poet save Donne has ever said things with so minute a precision of thought and utterance, so that they cannot be said otherwise than the poet says them; where else you will find in poetry so much beauty with so little ornament; and where else in Hardy's works you can get so close to Hardy's mind and feelings.

***

There is truth in what these say. But there is truth in what all say, whether they vote for the novels, or the drama, or the poems. All his work—from his first published novel, that "Desperate Remedies," which he wrote half-a-century ago, to the poem which he printed last month, or will print this month—bears the unmistakable stamp of his mind. It is a mind of rare sensitiveness, of rare stubbornness, of rare honesty. It is a mind which sees the greatness of little things and the littleness of great things. It is a mind that notes the texture of a leaf, and broods over the eternal mysteries. It is a mind that laughs rarely, but has a rich and flavoursome humour. It is a mind that is sturdy with the sturdiness of the rural "Wessex" where Mr. Hardy was born and which, having seen and known the great world, he chose out as the ground of his novels; yet it is a mind that thrills with pity for suffering creatures. It is a mind that loves the past without regret, and fronts the future without fear.

Honour to Thomas Hardy!

THOMAS HARDY'S 80TH BIRTHDAY.

TRIBUTE FROM [illegible] WRITERS.

On the 80th anniversary of the birth of Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers, whose president he has been since the death of Mr. George Meredith, O.M., sent a deputation to Dorchester to congratulate him and to carry with it the text of an illuminated address which, signed by all the members of the council, carries the expression of good will of the whole society. Mr. Birrell, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, and Mr. John Galsworthy were the bearers of the society's message. The text of the address was, at the request of the committee of management, settled by Canon A. C. Deane, the present chairman of the committee. The address itself will have to be sent at a later date, when all the signatures are affixed. The following is the address:—

TO THOMAS HARDY, O.M.

We, who speak for the Society of Authors, would have your 80th birthday bring you a sign of our homage and our gratitude. As in honour, so in time, your name stands high upon our roll of membership, for you have been of our Society from its beginning. In 1908 you were asked to take office as our President—were, indeed, acclaimed to the post as of indisputable right. Alfred Tennyson and George Meredith had been our Presidents; what name but Thomas Hardy could be set third in that succession without an evident lowering of its repute?

Not by your name alone have you helped our cause. Always you have shown an eager concern with our work, often have busied yourself to give us counsel. Our every effort on behalf of the Profession of Letters has been strengthened by your sympathy. Therefore to you, our President, we of the Society of Authors are deep in debt. Words must be a poor payment; but you will let these tell you that we are not ungrateful.

If our thanks go to the President of our Society, our homage is made to the Master of our Craft. Here, indeed, we are at one with all who prize literature. Yet, though all can admire the thing wrought, perhaps it is they who themselves practise an art that best can discern the skill of the artist. Even they may doubt what of your work they are to account the highest—your tales, wherein so rare an insight, so passionate a sympathy, picture man and woman beset by life's frailties, and your Wessex shines before us with its market-places, sheltered farms, white roads athwart the downs—or your lyrics, of so magical a skill—or that amazing epic given us by your later years.

In this brief letter we can pay no full tribute, and more praise has ever been blithe to your taste. Yet on your 80th birthday we review what time has accomplished, and we desire you to be aware of our belief that your work, which will survive to far-off years, has made, and will make, our England dearer to English folk.

And thus, in deep sincerity, we offer you our thanks, our honour, and our love.

Signed by members of the Council, on behalf of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers.

A. J. Balfour	Sir A. E. Shaftesbury
Sir James Barrie	E. F. Benson
Sir Alfred Bateman	Maurice Hewlett
Robert Bateman	W. W. Jacobs
F. R. Benson	Rider Haggard
Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes	Jerome K. Jerome
Major Booth ("Ian Hay")	Henry Arthur Jones
Arnold Bennett	Sir E. Ray Lankester
Augustine Birrell	Sir Sidney Lee
Rev. Professor Bussey	W. J. Locke
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Douglas Freshfield	C. K. Shorter
John Galsworthy	Dr. R. Bridges Spence
Edmund Gosse	Miss M. H. Spielmann
J. Austen Gullick	H. G. Wells
Sir Rider Haggard	Percy White

N.9.

Second Session, Wednesday Evening, April 20th

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Sir James Barrie	E. F. Benson
Sir Alfred Bateman	Maurice Birrell
Robert Bateman	W. W. Bolle
F. E. Baddard	Robert Bridges
Mrs. Baillie-Lewades	Stephen K. Jones
Major Baith ("Ian Hay")	Henry Arthur Jones
Arnold Bennett	Sir E. Ray Lankester
Augustine Birrell	Sir Stanley Leathes
Rev. Professor Bussey	W. J. Locke
Robert Bridges	Lady Lugard
Lord Byron	R. J. MacGillivray
Lord Ronaldshay	Arthur Machen
R. C. Carton	A. A. Milne
Barton Cadle	Professor Gilbert Murray
Edward Child	Sir Henry Rawson
W. Morris Colles	Barry Pain
Hon. John Collier	Sir Gilbert Parker
Sir W. Leslie Courtney	Mrs. Perris
Marie Corelli	Sir Arthur Pinero
W. L. Courtney	Sir Sidney Pickford
Lord Curzon	Lady Elizabeth Pickford
Dr. Walford Davies	Arthur Rackham
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Edmund Gosse	Miss R. M. Symonds
F. Anstey Guthrie	H. G. Wells
Sir Rider Haggard	Percy White

"The Times" 2.6.20.

Thomas Hardy.

To-day THOMAS HARDY—one scarcely regards the prefix of "Mr." as a necessary honorific—attains his eightieth birthday, and the occasion is naturally one at which all his readers will rejoice. Honour has come to him in full measure in his old age, for his novels, though long known to connoisseurs, have become in their way classics, and his poetry, the creation for the most part of his latter years, is an achievement of a mind fully mature and yet surprisingly alert. One has to go back to GOETHE for a parallel of a literary activity so persistently maintained and so refreshingly renewed. THOMAS HARDY, though eighty, has not yet wholly laid down the pen; he is as much of this generation as he has been of the two last, and in this respect he reminds us of his own Wessex countryside, where the barrows of neolithic man, immemorial as they are, never grow out of date. Whether he has written of Napoleonic times or of a later period, he has been an interpreter, to all who are capable of understanding him, of some of the profoundest secrets of the English character. In the English peasant temperament there has been all through history something which has defied foreign analysis, and has often proved disconcerting to this country's enemies. One gets as good an idea of it as anywhere in literature through HARDY's novels—its whims and oddities, its passions and its stolidity, its inherent poetry and withal its general lack of power to express itself—incalculable elements which have baffled at times even those who have pretended most to study them. Modern Englishmen, for all their present-day urban trappings, have their roots still deeply planted in their native earth, far more so than the many, cosmopolitan adventurers whom they tolerate so easily and view with so little envy as their rulers, are ever likely to comprehend. Whether there can be another such genius as HARDY in the interpretation of the essential characteristics of an English province is uncertain on many grounds; our ever-increasing suburbanity is inimical to the prospect, and a hundred years hence the types may be inextricably interfused. But that is all the more reason why HARDY's novels should be studied in the next century.

"The Mayor of Casterbridge"—we discern a stern revolt against the shallow chiffon-and-sugar interpretation of life. It is not a pose: it is a philosophy. It is not a kind of cleverness crossed with cant: it is a sincere courageous creed. Because of this, Mr. Chesterton dubbed him the "village Atheist"; yet in few other books do we hear "the still sad music of humanity" flowing so beautifully. Because of this he has been styled a pessimist; yet not Dickens himself was fuller of love and laughter. This brave spirit, facing Destiny with neither fears nor favours, attains its fullest development in his trilogy of the Napoleonic cataclysm, "The Dynasts," the most considerable achievement of its class since Goethe gave "Faust" to the world. The anniversary of Mr. Hardy's eightieth birthday falls on the morrow of the Great War. That circumstance not only lends significance to so personal an occasion as this is, but it elucidates also the big tragic theme which he developed in "The Dynasts," with its remorseless march of inexorable ambition and its overwhelming compassion for suffering man.

"Yorkshire Observer" 2.6.20

Thomas Hardy.

THE growing mass of discriminating lovers of English literature unite to-day in a proud and glad salute to Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., on his reaching the eightieth anniversary of his birthday. We may rest content that the happiness he will draw from this manifested homage of his fellows everywhere will enshrine a quality more precious than any formal adulation could endow it with; because this happiness of a people's homage comes as the crown of a career which has not received at all its periods that prompt recognition which we know now to have been always its due. Popularity in the sense in which Sir Hall Caine, for instance, has achieved it Mr. Hardy never has had; and we shall not err in assuming that if he ever had he would himself have been the first to scrutinise his own choice art very closely, and to search out the particular flaws in it which had earned for him the plaudits of the populace. This too-ready popularity he has neither wished for nor won. But periods there have been when even those who might be esteemed the dispassionate critics and the sober valuers of literature have withheld just appreciation from his work. Did not Mr. G. K. Chesterton—usually the most genial of adversaries—once speak harshly of him as "a sort of village Atheist, brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot"? The detractors of Mr. Hardy are few indeed to-day, and they are mostly silent, too.

It is pleasing that Mr. Hardy has lived at least long enough to experience the rare and exquisite joy of genius acclaimed, and to inhale what he has described himself as "the attar of applause." As a race we are perhaps a little tardy to concede eminence in our contemporaries. It has happened—the annals of literature testify painfully and reproachfully to it—that it has been left to one generation to retrieve the good name which an earlier generation had defamed—and, sometimes, defamed—to subscribe to statues or suitable sepulchres for men to whom bare sustenance was denied in life. Mr. Hardy has escaped so cold a fate. True, a modicum of that bitter hostility which certain of his books evoked twenty-five years ago lingers still in out-of-the-way places, and one Yorkshire public library retains his "Jude" and his "Tess" on its Index Librorum Prohibitorum; but these are no more than isolated and queer evidences of a moribund prejudice, and serve, in any event, only to emphasise the completeness of the master's conquest.

The anniversary of an eightieth birthday obviously is not an occasion for detailing, calculating, and defining precisely the life's work of any man, least of all of a man of Mr. Hardy's varied productivity and wide pre-eminence. We need to particularise in one respect only. In all his major works—certainly in the two mentioned already, and in "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and

Daily Mail 2.6.20

THOMAS HARDY AT 80.

By HAMILTON FYFE.

It must be nearly twenty years ago since Mr. H. G. Wells, at the unveiling of Henley's bust in St. Paul's Cathedral, saw Mr. Thomas Hardy for the first time and said, "What? That little grey man?"

The phrase hit off exactly the appearance of our most famous novelist, who to-day celebrates his 80th birthday. No one ever described more sympathetically the moods of Nature, the gay charm of orchard and garden or the bare nobility of heath and open down; no one ever presented rustic character with more truth and enjoyment. Yet Mr. Hardy has always looked like a townsman. When I was a very small boy he used to come to my father's house, a little grey man then in the prime of his years. He has changed wonderfully little in the space of nearly half a century which has slipped by since then. That greyness of hue and that conventionality in dress, however, do symbolise Mr. Hardy's view of life. An American visitor to Dorchester being asked what impression he received replied, "Stony." Many others, myself included, have come away with quite other impressions; but there was truth in it.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Life has never seemed to Mr. Hardy a Great Adventure; he could not regard it light-heartedly as a joke any more than he could believe it the preliminary stage of a glorious eternal existence beyond the skies.

In the most sombre and, as I think, the greatest of his stories, "The Return of the Native," the chapter in which he introduces his characters is headed, "Humanity appears on the scene hand in hand with Trouble." There is his philosophy in a sentence; it explains why his fame grew slowly.

He belonged to the generation of writers who regarded writing not as a trade but as a calling. Like Meredith, who shares with him the honours of later Victorian fiction, he wrote according to his high standard of an artist's conscience, and never deliberately lowered that standard in order to sell more books. People therefore called him a pessimist. They wrote him letters to ask for "happy endings."

* * * * *

Not that Hardy's books are gloomy. There is always delightful humour in them, there is always an open-air atmosphere, the sun lights them up, the rain refreshes them. If I wanted to wean any reader of novels from the sentimental and sensational to the beauty and truth of the Wessex tales I should start with "Under the Greenwood Tree," in which there is pure joy; then go on with "The Trumpet-Major," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "The Mayor of Casterbridge." So we should work towards the more powerful, and no reader with a spark of intelligence could fail to be interested.

By Mr. Hardy's novels experience is widened, human character is illuminated. He has drawn English girls and women with marvellous insight. Someone asked him once (a foolish question) where he learnt so much about them. He replied that he used as a boy to write love letters for village maids who had sweethearts in India. But it was more truly his intuition, his genius, that went to the creation of Fanny Day, Anne Garland, Thomasin, Eustacia, Marty South, Bathsheba, Tess, and the many more.

After his long struggle it is pleasant to think of the novelist's happy, busy old age. The story goes that "Under the Greenwood Tree" was such a failure as to find its way into the "fourpenny box" of the second-hand bookshops and that the mere chance of a copy being picked up by an editor on the look-out for talent gave the author his first commission for a serial. Even "Tess" hung fire; its type was just going to be distrusted when its merits began to be noticed.

For many years, however, Hardy's fame has been secure. He lives simply in a little house his wife is his devoted companion and helpmate (he was married a second time in 1914 to the lady who had been his secretary; she was thirty, he was seventy-four); he has had the highest of honours conferred upon him, the Order of Merit, Oxford and Cambridge honorary degrees, and so forth; he has won by returning to his first love, poetry, a fresh distinction, and his searching imaginative "Dynasts" takes a high and enduring place in our dramatic literature.

MR. THOMAS HARDY

His Eightieth Birthday.

To-day the whole English-speaking world pays homage to the genius of Thomas Hardy, and will be glad to know he enjoys a wonderful degree of health and strength. He still keeps his activity of body and alertness of mind, and is able to walk abroad in the green lanes of his native Dorset, exercising his country gift of neighbourliness and daily gathering in the harvest of a quiet eye. A close observer of passing events, in England and beyond the narrow seas, he yet holds aloof from the political and social movements of the day, thus keeping his faculty of interpretation unimpaired. Wisely, he prefers the sweet, slow, sure wisdom which is an emanation of the green countryside under consulting stars to all the 'ics and 'isms of politicians. No writer, living or dead, has ever seen deeper into the life of a land which has the beauty of memorial in all its animate and inanimate aspects. He has sadly read aright the relics of a far, indigenous past which, in the words of Sir Thomas Browne, "have no joyful voices, silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times." Yet he has been glad to note the secular revivals of brave and beautiful things gone by, being ever conscious of the truth expressed in Emerson's saying that: "Roses and violets renew their race like oaks, and flights of painted moths are as old as the Alleghanies." All his life he has fed on the advancing hour, and in a green old age, it follows, he can mingle the simple pleasures of homely intercourse with the penetrating joy of long, long thoughts that pass far beyond the brink of evening. He has long possessed the love and confidence of the people whose life and land he has depicted with such loving confidence—with an *aurea mediocritas* which is Virgilian in its faithful tenderness.

The Wessex Novels.

Two great English novelists are more deeply rooted in the nature of Englishmen than all the rest—Henry Fielding and Thomas Hardy. The former has never been surpassed in his mastery of man's nature, as any Englishman may see it who looks into his own heart and writes the fair, foul truth about it. But in "Tom Jones" we have only the dealings of man with man in matters of the earth earthy. Whole worlds of beautiful, if ineffectual, experience are lacking in that time-defying book, which might lead us to forget that man—even the average sensual man—has one foot in eternity and the other in Time, the mystery of man's place in the universe, the splendour and squalor of his destiny, the growing sense of his fellowship with all living creatures, which is the secret of modernity, the protagonism of Nature—all these tremendous *imponderabilia* are wanting in Fielding's masterpiece. Moreover, his women are but chattels, creatures that minister mainly to man's lust and their own—not the incarnations of Law, as Kipling has seen them in their sweet ruthlessness. But all these omissions are made good in the Wessex novels, which, none the less, face all the ugly facts of human nature, setting truth above beauty always. For example, Thomas Hardy was the first to see that a landscape, the environment that makes or mars, must be a chief actor in every drama of mortality. It is so with "the vast tract of unenclosed wild, known as Egdon Heath," in "The Return of the Native":

> The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had awaited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crises of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow.

The novelist thus exacts from Nature a silent sympathy, as it were, for the hard lot of men returning to the earth whence they came, and—though he nowhere offers any prescription for happiness—yet he seems to agree with his vanished compeer, George Meredith, in thinking that an at-one-ment with the great mother of all living things gives us our one chance of endurable days. In his brief descriptions of scenery, in his pictures of work in the fields, in his impressions of rustic merry-makings, Thomas Hardy always compels us to see the deeper meanings of all the traffic of living. Yet all his characters are living, breathing flesh-and-blood; not mere puppets at the end of philosophical strings designed to point a purpose and adorn a thesis. He is a true dramatist, not merely a clever playwright; having created men and women, he gives them full freedom, waiting to see what will happen to them. It is not surprising that some of his women have at times insisted on upsetting his plot. His fair and too often forlorn women—Tess, Eustacia, Bathsheba, Marty South, and others—live in our remembrance immortally, for we must needs admit that he knows more of the steadfast, wayward heart of woman than any other living novelist.

The Master Poet.

The influence of these novels extends far beyond the sea-boundaries of his Wessex. Not only is their author the founder of what may be called the territorial school of English novelists, but he is also a power, both as craftsman and philosopher, with many of the "regional" writers of France and even with some of those who are seeing the far-horizoned life of the rural wilderness of Russia in a new light. In America also he is one of the novelist's novelists.

And, if all this fame and influence were not enough, he is to-day accepted as one of our master-poets. As poet he again places truth above beauty, setting forth his feeling of the mystery of man's lot:

> We wonder, ever wonder, why we find us here,

with the sad earnestness and something of the vivid exactness of the Greek tragedians, and often finding, by the way, a haggard and forlorn loveliness. In bleak pictures, in bitter-sweet words, he gives us small poems, which hold the quintessence of life's irony and are a tonic against all the pretty conventions of Victorian verse, all the sentimentality which is the hips and haws of roseate sentiment. In "The Dynasts," which shows us how a world-catastrophe affects innumerable lives, from the arch-tyrant's down to "Uncle John's parrot," and enlarges lands and makes beer "mortal small," he has achieved the greatest architectural poem in the language. It is a vast and resounding temple of exacting thought and occluded passion, every stone of which is engraved with the symbol of an eternal interrogative: asking what and why and whence the Power is that:

> Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry.

But his fame, and his right to it, none can question.

E. B. O.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

THE congratulations of many countries will reach Mr. Thomas Hardy, eighty years old to-day. Our greatest HARDY OF LONDON. novelist is so intimately identified with Wessex that it seems difficult to realise that he was once a Londoner. What a pity he has never described, as he once hinted, "what London used to be like to a young man who plunged into it more than forty-five years ago in the somewhat reckless method of becoming a Londoner that was perhaps more common then than now. I might also describe what permanent residence in town meant to such a young man, living on from year to year, strolling up and down Holborn Hill before the Viaduct was constructed, wandering in the labyrinths of the Seven Dials before the new avenues were cut, and hastening off to Drury Lane or the Princess's Theatre to see Phelps or Charles Kean in a Shakespearean tragedy."

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

The Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers are sending a deputation, consisting of Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, to Dorchester to-day to present the Society's congratulations and the text of an illuminated address, which will be signed by the sixty members of the Council.

The address states: "As in honour, so in time, your name stands high upon our roll of membership, for you have been of our Society from its beginning. In 1909 you were asked to take office as our President—were, indeed, acclaimed to the post as of indisputable right. Alfred Tennyson and George Meredith had been our Presidents; what name but Thomas Hardy could be set third in that succession without an evident lowering of its repute?" In conclusion, the Council declare their belief that Mr. Hardy's work will survive to far-off years, and will make England dearer to English folk.

Dorset County Chronicle 2.6.20.

THOMAS HARDY.

(1840-1920.)

The Art of a Master of Letters.

Of those men who are still alive and for whom a recess has been found in Literature's House of Fame, Thomas Hardy is the greatest—greatest even though Anatole France and Maurice Maeterlinck, Tagore and Ibsen, D'Annunzio and Gorky, are still alive and writing. In English Literature Joseph Conrad may with difficulty rival him as a novelist and prose-writer, but I doubt it; John Masefield may divide the praise with him as a poet, but again I doubt it. One thing is sure: as prose-writer and poet together, as seer, stylist, and artist in description and character together, Thomas Hardy on his eightieth birthday to-day is the supreme man of letters in this country as in the world. His ought to have been a spent force. He has outlived his century, his literary and intellectual fellows; he is the Victorian cult personified and projected into the Georgian era. Yet he is vital to our present-day literature, and his work remains, more perhaps than that of any of his 19th century contemporaries, alive, essential, constructive, still bearing plenteous and sweet fruit on its gnarled boughs.

If we look back on that splendid literary coterie to which he of right belongs—to Swinburne, Rossetti, Browning, Meredith, Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris, George Eliot—with all their variety of uplift and negation, of doubt and faith, of fierce zeal and tenacious conservatism—if we regard them and then consider Hardy, we shall find it hard to place him elsewhere than by the side of the foremost in that brilliant, luminous, epoch-making group. They had their group characteristics, overriding their personal mannerisms, and all these characteristics live on in Hardy: their solidity of thought, their fearlessness, their roughness of realism, their exquisite artistry of expression, their mastery of technique, their sincerity, their passion for truth as they saw it. In the river-channel of the English novel, among the loveliest nuggets of bright gold are "Tess" and "The Well-Beloved" and "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "Far from the Madding Crowd"; from the blue soil of mere words few more precious gems can be gathered than the lyrics, "Timing Her" and "The Bullfinches"; and among the mighty rocks of English drama, not more than a dozen stand out with more individuality and rugged beauty than the "Dynasts."

The Poems.

No poet, with the exception of Robert Browning, can so marvellously transmute as Hardy can the harshness of single words into captivating sweetness of connected diction. To read his poetry is to be struck with this extraordinary power. A single word or phrase or line may rasp on the esthetic sense, but when it is inserted in its context it becomes witchery, all the more impelling because it is crude. It is the same with his philosophy. Taken in sections it jars, almost repels, yet viewed in its entirety it captivates despite reason and instinct. The famous ending to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," after the execution of Tess, is an example of this—"'Justice' was done, and the President of the Immortals, in Aeschylean phrase, had ended his sport with Tess. And the d'Urberville knights and dames slept on in their tombs unknowing." I remember hearing a minister warning his congregation, with all the sonority of pulpit eloquence, against the spiritual degradation of these poignant sentences. I am afraid they were beyond the intelligence of that parson. At this time of day Hardy needs no defence, and however much we may agree or disagree with his creed, we cannot but admit that his atheism or agnosticism or whatever we may call his religion—for, like that of Carlyle, Shakespeare, and Shelley, it cannot be defined—is constructively as necessary to a broad and full understanding of life as is the passionate belief of a Whittier or the catholic moral fortitude of a Browning.

I do not propose to consider here the poetry of Hardy—that was done in a "Journal" article of some months ago—save to mention that in "To Life" he summed up his intricate philosophy—

O Life, with the sad seared face,
I weary of seeing thee.

But if for "one mad day" life will feign that "Earth is Paradise"—

I'll tune me to the mood,
And mumm with thee till eve;
And maybe what as interlude
I feign, I shall believe!

Let it be remembered that Hardy was an architect by profession, trained therefore to envisage the ideal as well as the real. Can we not then imagine him saying to himself—"I know the fickleness of life—warm sunshine on whose heels the chilling storms hurry; I must build me an edifice—my own existence—brave and lovely, to suffer the good and the bad together, despite my sure consciousness that this gay abode will in time crumble and decay"?

The Novels.

Only in one novel does Hardy preach, and his preaching is not raving. "Jude the Obscure" is his novel which is most in favour with the chaotic twentieth-century mind. It is praised indiscriminately, yet it resolves itself, under sober criticism, into a mental picaresque, a sentimental quasi-intellectual journey without order, grace, or ease. "Jude" is the only work of Hardy that the present writer would rather have left unread, and its almost frenzied incoherence must be painful to all lovers of its author. Of course, all Hardy's work excites a sense of oppressed bewilderment. As his genius progressed this atmosphere deepened. The reader is shut in by a darkness—it is strange how realistic is the impression—that crushes thought. Even the pastoral "Under the Greenwood Tree" is tinged with a light opacity. The other great novels are tragedies, Aeschylean almost in their awesomeness, stirring up at one time a fierce, clenched fury against fate, at another an unfathomable pity for the wretchedness of the human estate.

To the student of psychology, to the intimate with Nature, Hardy never palls. I find scattered throughout my notebooks scraps and excerpts from scenes—the Wooing of Bathsheba by Troy, in "Far from the Madding Crowd"; the confession scene and the sleep-walking scene in "Tess"; the cliff rescue and the funeral of Elfride in "A Pair of Blue Eyes"; the central and crucial meeting between St Cleeve and Lady Constantine in the observatory in "Two on a Tower"; the hallucinations in "The Well-Beloved"; Michael Henchard's sale of his wife in the furmity-woman's tent in "The Mayor of Casterbridge." All these are objects of art worked with a marvellous cunning and informed with a marvellous tragic power. No writer has so vividly succeeded in transferring into the prose of the novel the dramatic fire of the highest poetic drama.

Perfect Prose.

From all the passages I choose for quotation that at the end of the first part of "Tess"—the undoing of the sleeping maiden in The Chase—for it reveals most strongly Hardy's attitude, his tragedy, and his habit of mind—

[illegible] and silence ruled everywhere around. Above them rose the primeval yews and oaks of The Chase, in which were poised gentle roosting birds in their first nap; and about them stole the hopping rabbits and hares. But, might some say, where was Tess's guardian angel? Where was the providence or ever-ample fate? Perhaps, like that other god of whom the ironical Tishbite spoke, he was talking, or he was pursuing, or he was in a journey, or he was sleeping and not to be awakened.

Why was it that upon this beautiful feminine blazon, sensitive as gossamer, and practically blank as snow as yet, there should have been traced such a coarse pattern as it was doomed to receive; why as often the coarse appropriates the finer thus, the wrong man the woman, the wrong woman the man, many thousands of years of analytical philosophy have failed to explain to our sense of order. One may, indeed, admit the possibility of a retribution lurking in the present catastrophe. Doubtless some of Tess d'Urberville's ancestors rollicking home from a fray dealt the same measure even more rigidly towards peasant girls of their time. But though to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children may be a morality good enough for divinities, it is scorned by average human nature; and it therefore does not mend the matter.

As Tess's own people down in those retreats are never tired of saying among each other in their fatalistic way—"It was to be." There lay the pity of it. An immeasurable social chasm was to divide our heroine's personality thereafter from that previous self of hers who stepped from her mother's door to try her fortune at Trantridge poultry farm.

There, in one of the grandest of prose passages, we have the blend of the modern, the Victorian, and the human, and Hardy's position in this century's literature is thereby defined.

A.K.

"Manchester Guardian"
2.6.20.

THOMAS HARDY: AN APPRECIATION.

[The thoughts of writers and readers throughout the English-speaking world will turn to-day towards Dorchester, where Mr. Thomas Hardy, the poet and novelist, celebrates his eightieth birthday. An appreciation of Mr. Hardy's work by Professor C. H. Herford follows.]

Thomas Hardy has not only, since the death of Meredith, been indisputably the most commanding figure among living English men of letters he stands, in a peculiar sense, beyond any other, alone. Meredith's debut was more startling; neither the gay Oriental symbolism of "The Shaving of Shagpat" nor the enigmatic psychology of "Modern Love" had any evident affiliation to [illegible] literature, and their author was [illegible] for the recognition even of the fit has few. Hardy, not less original certainly, was at the outset, to all appearance, like Shakespeare, little aware of his originality, and announced it, in any case, by no such challenging innovations as Meredith or Marlowe flung before the eyes of their contemporaries. His first novels, "Desperate Remedies" (1871), "Under the Greenwood Tree" (1872), "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (1873), with all their fine qualities, and their foretaste of Hardian irony and descriptive cunning, hardly detached themselves noticeably from the current fiction of the day; and the same eminent weekly journal which has slightingly dismissed "Modern Love"—incurring thereby an indignant and memorable protest from Swinburne—acclaimed the first chapters of "Far from the Madding Crowd," published anonymously in the Cornhill in 1874, as the work of George Eliot, then at the height of her renown.

Yet the sequel was hardly to confirm these auspices. Meredith, if he never won a large following, yet of all the greater Victorians speaks most powerfully home to the temper of the twentieth century—is in fact most triumphantly exempt from the Victorian infirmities and limitations; while Hardy, moving us even more deeply and applying the resources of an art even more poignant, speaks yet in tones perceptibly alien. Meredith thrills the young idealist ardour of our time by his exultation in "blood" and "brain," his faith in woman and in man, in passion and in heroism. Even his style, coruscating with wit, poetry, and perpetual surprise, flatters our turn for epigram and paradox, as it repelled the Victorian demand for the decorous congruities of normal speech. Hardy's power over us, if subtler and more searching, is rather that of the lonely prophet who keeps us in mind of what we would willingly forget, and remorselessly saps the illusions which habitually disguise it. His art makes no accommodation with our customary preferences; we admire it profoundly, but our admiration is in part an involuntary tribute paid to a force which baffles us, which we cannot make terms with, nor escape from; a force impersonal, detached, among us but not of us.

A generation may be known by the ideas it fashions for itself of divine things. The generation of Bergson and James and Wells has found its ideal in a creative evolution in which man takes part with God and God with man, like-minded allies in the task of taming the universe to our needs. Hardy's work from first to last, and with gathering distinctness and emphasis, as it goes on, warns us to lay no such flattering unction to our souls, and to recognise that we are in the hands of a Will that is simply the routine habit of an insistently and imperturbably driving force, a "clairvoyancy that knows not what it knows," that "heaves through space and moulds the times, with mortals for its fingers," a "purposive, unmotived dominant thing," which men's passions, virtues, visions, crimes resistlessly obey.

Such a faith may be repellent to the social reformer, but the tragic frustration of human happiness which it contemplates is itself the every conflict in which man struggles with baffling obstacles, deeply moving to us in art. Hardy's greatest novels are tragic in this sense, and because they are thus penetrated and informed through and through by this sinister view of the inner nature of existence they are tragic beyond all contemporary parallel. Anyone can accumulate misfortunes upon the head of a hero or heroine, as Johnson did in his tragedy of "Irene," and our only comment may be that this hero is, in fact, very unfortunate. But Hardy continually instils the persuasion that life itself, working in and through and around these men and women, is a malign force, insiduously entangling them and waylaying them, lying in wait for their innocent errors, turning their generous impulses into seeds of unforeseen calamity, eliciting fateful consequences from apparently trifling accidents. A parson's playful greeting to "Squire" John Durbeyfield becomes the virus that consumes Tess's young happiness and cuts short her life. Or, more precisely, it sets going a whole complex of circumstances, each of which contributes to allure or thrust her on towards the inelustable catastrophe. The few lovely souls among his women are either, like Tess herself, thus fraught with some fatal innocent infirmity of knowledge or perception (she is allied in this to Desdemona), or else, like Marty South, they accept with beautiful humility the frustration of their life's hope and love. Hardy's scarcely represents spiritual beauty of character, save where it is doomed, as in Marty and Giles, to pathetic and seemingly futile self-sacrifice. This obscure unobtrusive fidelity is "goodness" with Hardy. "If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven! . . . but no, no, my love, I never can forget you; for you was a good man, and did good things." It was inevitable that, seeing life in their sinister light, Hardy should rarely allow us to divine from his pages how glorious humanity can be. Meredith's tragedy, as in "Richard Feverel," is as piteous, though less harrowing, than Hardy's; but it did not preclude his giving us in Richard an incomparable picture of generous and abounding youth. A Diana, in Hardy, must have forgone most of the glory of her womanhood. Both novelists see in sex the decisive fact in human relations. But while Meredith is largely concerned, as the mouthpiece of the Comic Spirit, in deriding the sentimentalities which take love's place, and holds that passionate love is a great regenerating force, Hardy sees almost exclusively the disastrous effects of sex, and ascribes them in the main to woman. But the book in which this type of feminine power is most drastically exhibited, "Judge the Obscure," is also one of the most dispassionate and original studies in existence of the mental and moral reactions generated, in women and in men, by those disastrous effects. And if Hardy sees no comedy in these matters, he is a master of the humours, nearer to earth and further from society, of the peasant. Life in animals and plants is less fraught with malice than in man, and their is like it. His finest characters—Oak, Venn, Winterbourne—grow visibly out of the earth, and blend with it.

For Nature and her ways are, for Hardy, too, no mere background to human life, but a power intervening with salutary or menacing control. Egdon Heath is the protagonist in the "Return of the Native." The woodland is the soul of "The Woodlanders"—the root from which everything that is strong and enduring in the character grows, while the rest shift and change with the facile caprice of melodrama.

Man and Nature alike Hardy saw with the eye and imagination of a poet, and it was no freak or vanity that led him to tell, in verse also, what he saw. No immaculate or consummate artist, either in verse or prose, his speech in either harmony is often harsh, careless, undistinguished. But none of his contemporaries has, in single phrases and lines, more indubitably reached absolute poetry than he. When he wrote of Egdon, Nature wrote for him, as Arnold said of Wordsworth, with her own sheer, penetrating power; only, as with Wordsworth, it was a Nature that had first gazed upon her own works with the impassioned eye of her poet. And when he wove into the lyric songs and choruses of "The Dynasts" the "pity" and "irony" of the imaginary contemplators of the vast Napoleonic drama, Nature again found for him, ever and anon, words that, like the "all-urging will, rapidly magnipotent," sublimely render the moving power of the universe, as Hardy saw it when the poet in him was strongest—no blind mechanic force, but a being absorbed in the rapture of creation.

C. H. Herford.

A PILGRIMAGE TO DORCHESTER.

Since the death of Meredith Mr. Hardy has been president of the Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers, and to-day Mr. Birrell, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins are visiting Dorchester to present an address on behalf of the Society.

After an expression of gratitude for Mr. Hardy's work for the Society, the address proceeds:—

"If our thanks go to the president of our Society, our homage is made to the Master of our Craft. Here, indeed, we are at one with all who prize literature. Yet though all can admire the thing wrought, perhaps it is they who themselves practise an art that best can discern the skill of the artist. Even they may doubt what of your work they are to account the highest—your tales, wherein so rare an insight, so passionate a sympathy, pictures men and women beset by life's ironies; and your Wessex shines before us with its market-places, sheltered farms, white roads athwart the downs—or your lyrics, of so magical a skill—or that amazing epic given us by your later years.

"In this brief letter we can pay no full tribute, and mere praise has ever been little to your taste. Yet on your eightieth birthday we review what time has accomplished, and we desire you to be aware of our belief that your work, which will survive to far-off years, has made, and will make, our England dearer to English folk. And thus, in deep sincerity, we offer you our thanks, our honour, and our love."

"Glasgow Herald" 2.6.20 "Times" 2.6.20

THOMAS HARDY. O.M.

BORN JUNE 2, 1840

By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bt.

Born at Bockhampton, Dorset, June 2, 1840, Mr Hardy to-day attains the age of eighty. It is a date of much significance in the history of British letters. For, without losing sight of the danger of prophecy or of the difficulties that beset comparison, I uphold that a good claim may be made out for him as not only the greatest of British novelists but the greatest also of living poets. This is not the place to do more than indicate the basis of the double claim. But, since art is that which gives a form to imagination, it may be argued that the highest art is that which gives it the most complete and perfect form. And, judging him by the work of his middle period, I maintain that Hardy is the most artistic of all our novelists. Set the broader, more directly popular, creations of a Scott or a Thackeray beside so unapproachable a masterpiece as "The Return of the Native," and they will wear the air of journey work—gifted and genial, but still journey work. Hardy, on the other hand, gives us the thing done once for all, perfect at all points as the work of a Greek master-sculptor. Into Mr Hardy's latest novels I admit that special pleading enters—a special pleading no less moving and passionate than the best of Dickens's. For "Tess" and "Jude" are novels with a purpose just as much as "Bleak House" and "Oliver Twist" are. But though special pleading in a noble cause is a very noble thing, it is on the whole a lesser thing than the finest art, and is apt to disturb and to distort the august perfection of its lines. The artist ranks above the advocate, and "The Return of the Native," "The Trumpet-Major," and "Far from the Madding Crowd" rank above "Tess" and "Jude." But, allowing that Mr Hardy stooped his wing in his last two great novels, he would not have been the great-hearted man he is, nor would his character have appealed to us quite as it does, had he consistently suffered art to get the best of it in its contest with his passion of pity for his kind. Paradox or not, it is a fact that he chose the wrong road and that it led him right. For though in these later works his thought loses something of its serenity, and his hand something of its cunning, as a man he stands revealed as greater than before.

That much for his prose. As a poet he is possibly a lesser master of the technicalities of his art than either the Laureate or Sir William Watson. And I hope I am not one to undervalue technique so masterly and so full of charm as theirs. But when the question of wielding poetically a body of central and essential thought comes to be considered, they cannot stand beside him. The very greatest things in life, the destinies of mankind, and the deepest sorrows of the individual, have but small place, if any, in their work. But these things are the stuff itself in which Hardy works. Of late years, as is shown in the first (and, so far, only) volume of his Collected Poems, published towards the close of last year, the texture of his verse has been as sombre as that of Lucretius, a poet to whom his quick and tender sense of pity closely allies him. It is not, however, on this aspect of his work that I wish now to dwell. His senior, Mr Frederick Harrison, writing in the Fortnightly Review under the heading "Novissima Verba," has recently commented on the contrast furnished by the tone of Hardy's latest writings, and the enviable position he enjoys as holder of the highest honour his country can award, no less than as the admired artist and reverent thinker towards whom the hearts of millions turn. Well, it is true that the past has great power over Mr Hardy, and is apt to cast a shade of sadness over his moods of inspiration. It was not thus when he drew for us the inimitable rustics of Warren's Malthouse, or set all the pride and beauty and passion of life before us in his novels of the 'seventies and 'eighties. But, if his verse is fraught with yearning and at moments wet with tears, his life quotes all the elements of serene and honourable happiness possible to one whose heart is as tenderly responsive to the sufferings of others as is his.

Nor is it to the suffering of human creatures only that he responds, for in him bird and beast have also an ever sympathetic friend. It is but a few weeks since I last visited him in that pleasant house a mile or so from Dorchester, of which he was himself the architect, and in which he has now lived many years, like a second Shakespeare, come back wealthy and famous, to spend the evening of his days among his earliest haunts. But Shakespeare himself never did for Warwickshire what Hardy has done for Wessex and its people. Shakespeare was much more universal, certainly, but then, in the nature of things, he was much less local, and the lesser quality, too, has its own special power and charm. Mr Hardy and I had not met since before the war, and much had happened in those years, not only to our country, but also to ourselves. And they were not joyful happenings. How good it was, then, to find his welcome kindly as ever; to find that our friendship, of now nearly forty years, stood just where it had stood when last we met; that neither on his side nor on mine had any estranging obstacle grown up in the interval! It was good, also, to observe how gently Time had been dealing with him, that he appeared to be in excellent health, with mental and physical faculties entirely unimpaired. Ably seconded by his gentle and charming young wife, whose literary hero he had been before she became his secretary, he was the same kind, hospitable host as in days gone by. And, early as the hour was, he had already received the visit of some young soldiers who had served in the war, who had been recently demobbed and were now transformed into literary pilgrims. The creator of John Loveday has ever, as we say in Scotland, a warm side for a soldier. With even greater kindness still, he and Mrs Hardy readily consented to come into Dorchester to meet some friends of mine who were quartered there, and who were naturally ambitious to be introduced to the presiding genius. Nor did a doubtful sky deter them from walking. Of course our talk turned upon books. The Hardys had been reading together the Notebooks of Samuel Butler and his Life by H. Festing Jones, in which I too was deep, and some short stories by Anton Tchekov. They told me also of an approaching production of "The Return of the Native" by the Wessex players; and as a souvenir of my visit the novelist presented me with a copy of an excellent Spanish translation of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (Unos Ojos Azules) by Don Emilio Martinez Amador. It is long since I have spent so delightful an evening. And now enough. If I have presumed to raise a corner of the curtain which secures the great novelist's privacy, it has been, I trust, with no rash hand. And it only remains for me to offer him heartiest congratulations, as I hope I may take upon me to do, on behalf of his Scotch admirers, and cordially and reverently to wish him continuance of health, power, and prosperity for other birthdays yet to be.

THE KING'S MESSAGE TO THOMAS HARDY.

A BUSY BIRTHDAY AT DORCHESTER

Mr. Thomas Hardy spent his 80th birthday yesterday at his house at Max Gate, near Dorchester, where he received many congratulations throughout the day. One of the first messages was the following telegram from the King:—"On the celebration of your 80th birthday I offer you my sincere congratulations, in which the people of the Empire, who love your writings, will heartily join.—GEORGE R.I."

The Lord Mayor of London, on behalf of himself and his fellow-citizens, sent a cordial message, and the Society of Dorset Men in London sent a tribute of admiration and affection. The University of Cambridge and various learned societies also sent telegrams.

The principal event of the day was the reception of the delegates from the Council of the Society of Authors—Mr. Birrell, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins—bearing an address signed by most of the leading men and women in English literature to-day. The text of the address and the names of the signatories were given in *The Times* yesterday. The ceremony was reminiscent of a similar scene at Max Gate on June 2, 1912, when Sir Henry Newbolt and Mr. W. B. Yeats presented Mr. Hardy with the gold medal of the Society of Literature. The proceedings on both occasions were private.

Later in the day an address from the Hardy Players of the Dorset Debating and Dramatic Society, with which Mr. Hardy has long been associated, was brought by Mr. T. H. Tilley, the stage manager. The address read:—

To Thomas Hardy, O.M. The company of Hardy Players in his native Casterbridge offer their revered author loyal greetings and heartfelt congratulations on his 80th birthday.

It was signed by Dr. Kerr, the president, and all the players, who attached to their names the favourite character each had represented in the Hardy plays. Mr. Hardy was much interested in the preparation of a new Hardy play which is to be produced in the autumn.

NEW YORK, June 1.—Fifteen American writers sent a telegram to Mr. Thomas Hardy, congratulating him on the attainment of his 80th birthday.—*Reuter.*

"The Daily Telegraph" 3.6.20:

THE DOYEN OF NOVELISTS.

YESTERDAY was the 80th birthday of Mr. THOMAS HARDY, and in honour of the event he was the recipient of a message of warm congratulation from the KING and similar greetings from literary societies both in England and America. We are sometimes fond of distinguishing between the nineteenth and twentieth century, between the literary figures who graced the close of the Victorian era and those who recommend themselves to the tastes and predilections of the Georgian epoch. More especially in poetry we feel a vivid contrast between an older period and a later—the later specimens of the British muse depending more on vigour and less on art, more on matter and less on form, than was the case with their predecessors. But when we arrive at the great and dominating figure of THOMAS HARDY, we feel that such distinctions are more or less superficial. By years, and also by genius, the man whose birthday we celebrated yesterday is alike old and young. He has about him the spaciousness, the story-telling instinct, the fundamental comprehensiveness and variety of SCOTT and the Victorian novelists; but in spirit and temper he is quite distinct from them, and belongs not so much to the age of GEORGE MEREDITH as to that of those who have been MEREDITH'S successors. We class him with modern lights, with RUDYARD KIPLING, with JOSEPH CONRAD, with H. G. WELLS, because he faces modern problems with that unflinching realism which is a characteristic of most of the modern authors. And, apparently because he took up the business of writing poetry late in life, he is in full sympathy with the moderns, for he, too, can be both vigorous and formless, analytic and crude, interpretative and scientific. It is just because he sums up all the tendencies of an epoch that he stands so incomparably higher than his admirers—an author whom we cannot classify, who defies analysis, who is at once a believer in romance and an apostle of naturalism or realism, transcending all these divisions of literary work by the mastery of sheer genius. He is a pessimist, or is ordinarily known as such, as many men must be who are emotionally sensitive to the contrast between human effort and the despotism of Nature; and he has discovered, as most thoughtful men have discovered, that irony lies at the root of fate. The ironical laughter of the gods attends most human tragedies, and the "President of the Immortals" has much sport with all his characters, and not only with Tess of the D'Urbervilles. If we are sometimes daunted by the melancholy view of the universe which THOMAS HARDY gives us, let us also remember that he has the gift of humour, and that in his peasants he has drawn the most natural as well as humorous types of any modern novelist. Identifying himself with Wessex, and with all the dim aspirations and follies of the rustic mind, he has also portrayed for us the large world of England, with its pathetic idealisms and its rugged, unshaken bravery. Rarely has any man lived to old age to better purpose than THOMAS HARDY. He deserves all the tributes which we can render to a great thinker and a richly-endowed artist. Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Gabriel Oak, Bathsheba, Eustacia Vye, Wildeve, and, in a lower rank of life, Jude, the obscure, Joseph Poorgrass, Granfer Cantle, and William Worm, live in our memories with an intensity which proves how near they are to the essential heart of things.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

KING'S BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

The King has sent the following telegram to Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., Maxgate, Dorchester:

On the celebration of your 80th birthday I offer you my sincere congratulations, in which the people of the Empire, who love your writings, will heartily join.—(Signed) GEORGE R.I.

Our Dorchester Correspondent telegraphs: Mr. Thomas Hardy's birthday yesterday was favoured by beautiful weather, and the veteran author was able to spend much of a busy day in the open-air at his delightful house at Maxgate, near Dorchester. During the day there was a stream of congratulations, one of the first to be received being from his Majesty. The Lord Mayor of London, on behalf of himself and his fellow-citizens, sent a cordial message of felicitation, and the Society of Dorset Men in London forwarded a fervent tribute of admiration and affection. The University of Cambridge and various learned societies also sent telegrams.

Naturally, the principal event of the day was the reception of the delegates from the Council of the Society of Authors, bearing an address signed by most of the leading men and women in English literature, and expressive of the deep homage, gratitude, and love of the members of the society. The ceremony was reminiscent of a similar scene at Maxgate on June 2, 1912, when Sir Henry Newbolt and Mr. W. B. Yeats attended and presented Mr. Hardy with the gold medal of the Society of Literature. To-day the proceedings were, as then, quite private, and were of a delightfully intimate character. Mr. Hardy was profoundly touched by the warmth of the sentiments contained in the address, and suitably expressed his thanks.

Later in the day he was much gratified by the presentation of an address by the Hardy players of the Dorset Debating and Dramatic Society, with which he has long been associated. The address, which was brought to Maxgate by Mr. T. H. Tilley, the stage manager and coach, was as follows: "To Thomas Hardy, O.M.—The company of Hardy players in his native Casterbridge offer their revered author loyal greetings and heartfelt congratulations on his 80th birthday." It was signed by Dr. Kerr, the president, and all the players, who attached to their names the favourite character each had represented in the Hardy plays. Mr. Hardy was much interested in the preparation of a new Hardy play, which is to be produced in the autumn.

Mr. Hardy was none the worse, and his interest was fully sustained. Mrs. Hardy was her husband's loyal helpmeet during the ceremonies and the labour of an eventful day.

MR THOMAS HARDY'S BIRTHDAY

THE KING'S CONGRATULATIONS

The King has sent the following telegram to Mr Thomas Hardy, O.M., Maxgate, Dorchester:—

On the celebration of your eightieth birthday I offer you my sincere congratulations, in which the people of the Empire who love your writings will heartily join.

(Signed) GEORGE, R.I.

GREETINGS FROM MEN OF LETTERS

The Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers, whose president Mr Hardy has been since the death of Mr George Meredith, O.M., yesterday sent a deputation to Dorchester to congratulate him on the 80th anniversary of his birth, and to carry with it the text of an illuminated address which, signed by all the members of the Council, carries the expression of goodwill of the whole society. Mr Augustine Birrell, Mr John Galsworthy, and Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins were the bearers of the society's message. Owing to the difficulty in obtaining the 60 signatures the address itself will have to be sent at a later date. The text of the address as [illegible] the names of the signatories are as follows:—

To Thos. Hardy, O.M.

"We, who speak for the Society of Authors, would have your 80th birthday bring you a sign of our homage and our gratitude. As in honour, so in time, your name stands high upon our roll of membership, for you have been of our society from its beginning. In 1908 you were asked to take office as our president—were, indeed, acclaimed to the post as of indisputable right. Alfred Tennyson and George Meredith had been our presidents; what name but Thomas Hardy could be set third in that succession without an evident lowering of its repute?

"Not by your name alone have you helped our cause. Always you have shown an eager concern with our work, often have hunted yourself to give us counsel. Our every effort on behalf of the profession of letters has been strengthened by your sympathy. Therefore to you, our president, as of the Society of Authors are deep in debt. Words must be a poor payment; but you will let them tell you that we are not ungrateful.

"If our thanks go to the president of our society, our homage is made to the master of our craft. Here, indeed, we are at one with all who prize literature. Yet though all men admire the thing wrought, perhaps it is they who themselves practise an art that best can discern the skill of the artist. Even they may doubt what of your work they are to account the highest—your tales, wherein so rare an insight, so passionate a sympathy, picture men and women beset by life's ironies, and your Wessex shines before us with its market-places, sheltered farms, while roads athwart the downs—or your lyrics, of so magical a skill—or that amazing epic given us by your later years.

"In this brief letter we can pay no full tribute, and, many praise has ever been little to your mate. Yet on your 80th birthday we review what time has accomplished, and we desire you to be aware of our belief that your work, which will survive to far-off years, has made, and will make, our England dearer to English folk.

"And thus, in deep sincerity, we offer you our thanks, our honour, and our love."

Signed by members of the Council on behalf of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers.

Glasgow Herald
3.6.20 -7

The Athenaeum 4.6.20.

TO THOMAS HARDY

(On His Birthday.)

To wisdom, truth and beauty dedicate,
With vision clear as cloudless break of day,
You mark man on his immemorial way
Rousing old echoes down the aisles of fate;
Unwearied yet, the mystery meditate;
Decipher motive, balance and survey;
Reveal the invincible predestinate,
Austerely silent touching "yea" and "nay."
O steadfast master, now your pilgrimage
Lights a new constellation on our sky,
A starry wonder and a heritage
Immortal in its pure humanity:
Through life's frustrated hope and desolate truth
Shall ever shine the beacon of your ruth.

Eden Phillpotts.

Thomas Hardy's eightieth birthday finds him securely fixed in his right place as the greatest literary figure of our time, perhaps of all our English times since Shakespeare. Certain it is that the divine comedy of English life, first revealed in Chaucer and then seen in Shakespeare's plays, reappears, with the changes of the centuries upon it, in Hardy's novels and poems, and in those memories remains stamped on our consciousness. It does indeed live under a darkened sky, the canopy of our later thought, until, maybe, it is touched again with freshening light. But if the terrific shadow of natural-spiritual forces is there, and Hardy's faithful genius lends it a brooding and awful significance, he has declared the sweetness of mere living, the delights of the human company of rural England, as beautifully and nobly as any of his forbears. Yet we know little more of the man who wrought these marvels than we know of Shakespeare. Probably the one being was as simple and silent, as modestly withdrawn from the curious eye, as the other. Therefore it is good to feel that Hardy's self-built home near Dorchester is a place of pilgrimage for many worshipping thoughts to-day.

"The Morning Post"
7.6.20

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Hardy's First Novel.

On a day in 1895 the Omar Khayyam Club met at the Burford Bridge Hotel, and after dinner George Meredith came in, having been faithfully promised that he should not be called upon to speak, for, he said, he never, never made speeches in public. He was duly given the place of honour at the president's right hand, and listened to two after-dinner speeches. The first was from Thomas Hardy, who arose and told how his first unfortunate novel, "Poor Man and the Lady"—delightful title—was first read by Meredith, when reader to Chapman and Hall, and told also of the encouraging and faithful criticism which Meredith had bestowed. Then arose George Gissing, and told how *his* early novel, "Workers in the Dawn," also had been first read by Meredith—one who had himself suffered long years of neglect, which had only deepened his sympathy for every member of his craft whose work was sincere. These two speeches and encomiums at an end, Meredith perceived that he had been trapped into talking in public after all, broke his iron rule, and made a heart-deep little speech, full of good things.

John O'London's Weekly 5.16.20.

LETTERS TO GOG AND MAGOG.

Thomas Hardy's Eightieth Birthday.

Thomas Hardy.

Gentlemen,—Many people are interested by attempts to *rank* great writers; to award them prizes, so to speak, and to place them in a nice order of merit, like the boys in a school class. Such exercises have, no doubt, some use and some fascination, but they do not seem to correspond with one's real relations to books, which at bottom are always personal.

Hardy and Fielding.

Yet it is not easy to throw off a tendency to grade and to award. If one is deeply interested in a writer one feels the need to claim for him a status among others. To-day, for example, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, I find myself thinking, almost involuntarily, about Mr. Hardy's "position" in the hierarchy of English fiction. But the Novel as a medium for the display and criticism of human life has been progressive in its scope without being progressive in its power, and to apply a scale of merit to writers who have triumphed on different planes is impossible. Fielding has not been approached by any later writer in his mastery of common human nature, in his power to draw the average sensual man, in his grasp of life as it is most widely lived. Yet from "Tom Jones" whole realms of experience are absent; he leaves the universe out, and with it mystery and the soul of man. Without them he remains, in Byron's words, the prose Homer of human nature.

Egdon Heath.

It is not fantastic to think of Fielding and Hardy together, for they have an axial relation to all the novelists who come between them. Fielding was the novelist of man's dealings with his fellow-men; Hardy is the novelist of man's relation to the universe and to fate. Yet Hardy's feet are on the earth, as were Fielding's—he builds upward from it; and his human material is not widely different, or even essentially much more modern. The real difference is spiritual, and it is enormous. Fielding pictures man in terms of the world; Hardy in terms of the universe. The paradox of his novels is their identification of the local with the universal. It has been said that his pictures of "Wessex" life and toil have the value of exact historical data. But he has so used them that they represent the planet. His own prefaces are singularly, almost ridiculously, explanatory of the mere local framework of stories in which you find interpretations of man's inner life which are timeless. In his preface to "The Return of the Native" he refers to Egdon Heath in words which a land surveyor might use; you turn the page and are at once awed into contemplation:—

> A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract of unenclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment by moment.

On the next page you read:—

> The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank brooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had awaited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crises of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow.

Such is the opening of one of the greatest novels in the language—a novel in which a landscape is endowed with the quality and vitality of a character in a drama, or, rather, of a chorus in a tragedy.

The wisdom of the simple.

Others have known how to use landscape as a background and as more than a background, but in Hardy's art Nature seems to collaborate rather than to be introduced. He sees Man as part of Nature, and both under the species of eternity. Even his ploughmen and furze-cutters fumble for the larger truths, and look, with a kind of mock humour, over the rims of their ale-pots into the mystery of things. How characteristic of Mr. Hardy's art and prevailing mood is the scene, in that wonderful novel, "The Woodlanders," in which Marty South is helping Giles Winterbourne to plant a thousand young fir-trees.

> He put most of these roots towards the south-west; for, he said, in forty years' time, when some great gale is blowing from that quarter, the trees will require the strongest holdfast on that side to stand against it and not fall.
>
> "How they sigh directly we put 'em upright, though while they are lying down they don't sigh at all," said Marty.
>
> "Do they?" said Giles. "I've never noticed it."
>
> She erected one of the pines into its hole, and held up her finger; the soft musical breathing instantly set in, which was not to cease night or day till the grown tree should be felled—probably long after the two planters had been felled themselves.
>
> "It seems to me," the girl continued, "as if they sigh because they are very sorry to begin life in earnest—just as we be."
>
> "Just as we be?" He looked critically at her. "You ought not to feel like that, Marty."
>
> Her only reply was turning to take up the next tree; and they planted on through a great part of the day, almost without another word.

This talk has its dramatic relation to the story, but it is an example of the whole orientation of Mr. Hardy's art, as characteristic as that unforgettable sentence:—

> "Justice" was done, and the President of the Immortals, in Æschylean phrase, had ended his sport with Tess.

The great six.

Mr. Hardy's novels have repelled a certain public because they are unlike all others. They are essentially the novels of a poet and a brooding thinker who will abate nothing of his right to doubt, to question, and to refrain from cheerful answers in which he sees only the seed of illusion. To call them "depressing," and to pass them by, has been the way of many whose preconception of the Novel has closed their eyes to its claim to see life as it is seen by the authors of "The Book of Job" and of "Hamlet." In the six novels which most of Mr. Hardy's readers would name as his greatest—"The Return of the Native," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Woodlanders," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and "Jude the Obscure"—they might discover every fine and familiar quality that they have learned to seek in fiction; but they would find that each drama is presented, as it were, under the stars of heaven and not under a roof, on the plain of the universe and not between snug walls that give flattering echoes. They will find not only characters but Principalities and Powers, and the voice of man's inner heart exclaiming, "We wonder, ever wonder, why we find us here." His words and his poetry have the same outlook:—

> We wonder, ever wonder, why we find us here!
>
> Has some Vast Imbecility,
> Mighty to build and blend,
> But impotent to tend,
> Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?
>
> Or come we of an Automaton
> Unconscious of our pains? . . .
> Or are we live remains
> Of Godhood dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?
>
> Or is it that some high Plan betides,
> As yet not understood,
> Of Evil stormed by Good,
> We the Fosters Hope over which Achievement strides?
>
> Thus things around. No answerer I. . . .
> Meanwhile the winds, and rains,
> And Earth's old glooms and pains,
> Are still the same, and Death and glad Life neighbour nigh.

This week the most illustrious and courageous of living English writers receives the heartfelt good wishes of a great throng on his completion of eighty years. And he is a prophet in his own country. The men and women of Wessex proudly step into the shoes of his characters and interpret his art where it was nurtured. He is their Prospero, whose staff must be broken and buried, but whose book will never be drowned.

I am, gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN O' LONDON.

published; and then, when the author was sixty-four, the first part of "The Dynasts." How that huge experiment puzzled us all! How difficult we found it (and how sadly most of us failed) to put out of our heads the familiar notions of what a play was and what an epic was! In four years the whole of it was laid before us, and we could see it fairly as a whole and in all its variety. There were moments when the long row of the novels, to say nothing of those strange poems, so unlike any other poet's poems, seemed but a preparation for this great "epic-drama." Mr. Hardy had at last found the method by which he could express in one artistic whole all the component parts of his mind: his clear-sighted reverence for the past; his close knowledge of the Napoleon period; his minute observation of nature; his wide observation of history; his joy in the Biblical talk of rustics; his love of the plain and hearty humours of homely folk, be they kings or dukes or peasants; his sense of the littleness of man and his sense of the greatness of man; his broodings on the governance of the world; his passionate pity for the men and the women who struggle and desire and suffer. All the grandeur of his work and all its exactness of detail may be seen at their best in "The Dynasts." Each scene has its own life, and the whole is masterly moulded into unity. It holds all his sense of tragedy and all his sense of fun. It shows his grim determination not to speak smooth things which he does not believe to be true, and the shrinking sensitiveness which must cry out at others' pain.

The scene of the principal incidents in "The Hand of Ethelberta." From a drawing by Leonard Patten.

"Knollsea" (Swanage).

Doing homage to a great man on his birthday, one is not disposed to criticise his work, nor even to analyse or estimate it. Yet some of the warmest admirers of the new music of his rhythms, the magnificence of his descriptions, the dignity of his composition, this or that element in his prose or poetry, can still maintain that Mr. Hardy is "pessimistic" or even "cruel." It is one thing to accept the views of social law or of life's ordering which emerge from his dramatic presentations; it is another to shut the eyes to a chief quality in the mind that shaped those views. And future, freer times may not improbably come to see in Hardy first of all a great pitifulness. It is significant that he has written and worked on behalf of ill-used humbler fellow-creatures, like song-birds and performing animals, though we must not make too much of that because many a lover of birds and animals has been a sentimentalist, and sentimentalists can be very cruel to human beings. No one has ever accused Mr. Hardy of being a sentimentalist. Yet to read the later novels, and especially the lyric poems, is to know that the mind which created them is a mind extraordinarily sensitive to the beauty that is in human nature and to the pain which each life must suffer in its brief passage across the scene. Mr. Hardy is, perhaps, the most sensitive and the most pitiful of all the great English writers. He softens by showing us the sufferings of our fellow-men; he braces by the courage with which he fronts what, for him, is the truth; he uplifts by revealing the grandeur and the beauty in plain men and women.

From a drawing by Leonard Patten.

"Casterbridge" (Dorchester).

"The Bookman"
June 1920.

A.T.O.

THE READER.

THOMAS HARDY.

By Harold Child.

ON the 2nd of this month of June Mr. Thomas Hardy will be eighty years old. Nearly half a century has passed since he published, anonymously, his first novel, "Desperate Remedies" (1871) in the good old three-volume days; nearly a quarter of a century since he published his last, "The Well-Beloved" (1897). In that last quarter of a century the storms have died down. We must search old newspapers and reviews for the savage attacks on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and on "Jude the Obscure" which, as he has told us, cured him of his interest in novel writing. As novelist Mr. Hardy now enjoys what might almost be called a posthumous fame. He has left the novels as they stood, not tinkering at them as Meredith tinkered at his—"a middle-aged stranger," in Mr. Max Beerbohm's phrase, altering the original author's work; and he has seen them emerge from the dusty struggle against odds into the serenity of secure acceptance. His best novels are already classics. And day by day he lives to see the growth of what, perhaps, he values yet more than his fame as novelist, and that is his fame as poet. He has told the world that he "had to drop verse for prose," about 1868. When he was "cured of his interest in novel writing," he began to publish his poetry. He has worked at poetry for more than half of his long literary life; and he has lived to see "The Dynasts" established as a masterpiece, his lyric poems making their way steadily into the esteem that is their due. What Goethe used to call "the Demons" have a way of using inimical circumstance to bring out the powers of a great man. If Mr. Hardy had not "had to drop poetry," we might never have had "The Woodlanders," "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "The Return of the Native." If he had not been "cured of his interest in novel writing," we might have lacked "The Dynasts" and the volumes of lyrical poetry. The Demons now and then made things mighty uncomfortable for Mr. Hardy; but they were not concerned with his feelings. Their task was to get the last ounce out of him as novelist and as poet; and who can doubt that they have succeeded?

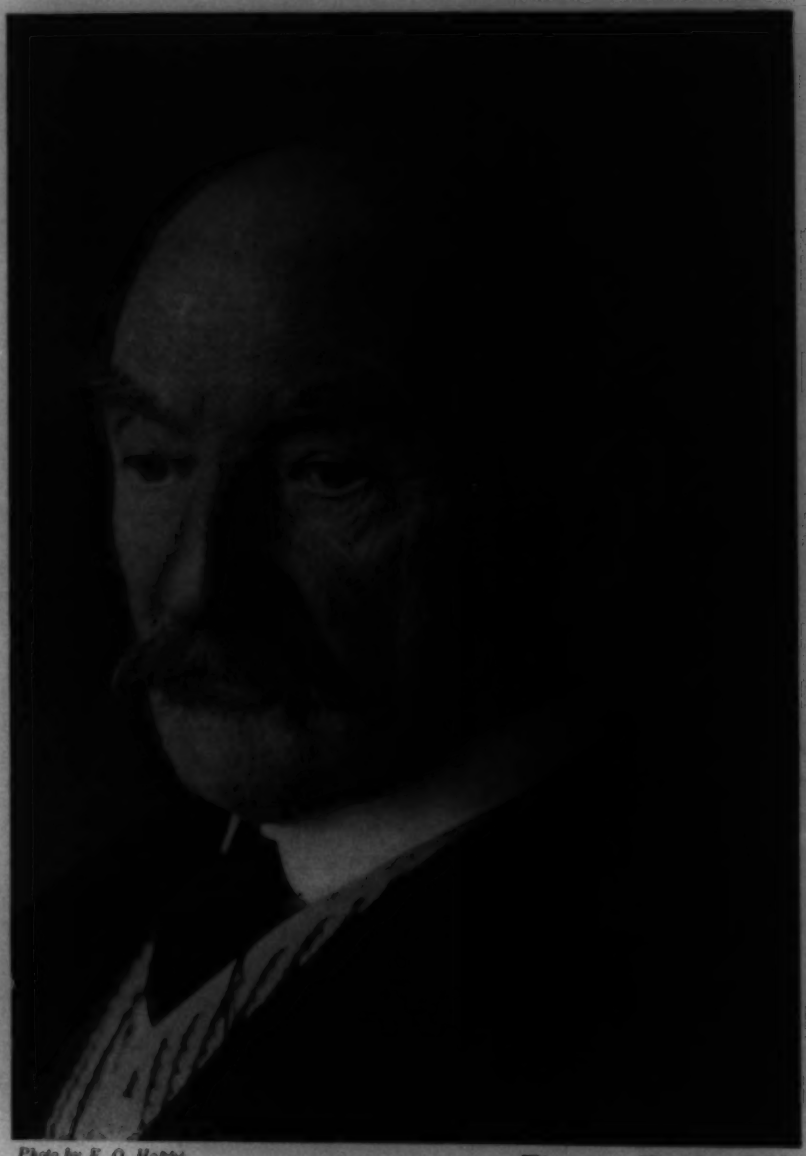


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Thomas Hardy, O.M.

They seem to have begun preparing for this great literary artist a long time back. On the father's side there was much music, many Hardys with music in their souls, though they gave it forth not on the concert platform but in the home and in those church choirs and orchestras which their descendant has preserved, with reverent humour, in his prose and verse. On the mother's side there was literature. Nowadays we are inclined to think of literature as belonging to towns and lecture-halls and libraries, and to forget that, not only in bookish Scotland, but in rural England as well, there was a good deal of reading done in quiet homes—of that best of English literature, the Bible, and next of whatever else was good. Mr. Hardy's mother's family had been small landowners in Dorset for centuries. They had been implicated in the Monmouth rebellion—their house entered by King James's soldiers after Sedgmoor, the daughters escaping by a back staircase into the orchard, and a relative brought before Judge Jeffreys for being "absent from home att the tyme of the Rebellion." This yeoman stock, with its tradition and its quiet dignity, can be rich in new shoots of power. When we come to that ancestor of Mr. Hardy who founded the *West Briton* newspaper; to his maternal grandmother, with her wide reading in the essayists

and her choice little library; to his mother's sister, who wrote verses all her life and was wonderfully quick at off-hand rhyming; to his mother herself, who, like his father, was great at telling a story and full of family traditions and memories of the Napoleonic wars, we see something of the preparation for his genius.

Having planted him firmly in Dorset the Demons proceeded to uproot him. Suggesting that his proper art was architecture, they put him to study it under John Hicks, an ecclesiastical architect in Dorchester, and then sent him off to London to become Prize-man of the R.S.B.A., and to work at Gothic architecture under Sir Arthur Blomfield. In London, with periods in Paris, he was to spend half his mature life, thereby gaining that knowledge of the world which enabled him to see his Dorset folk in true perspective. In the sixties, the craze for restoring churches was at its height: a craze unwelcome to a mind which always revered, without idealising, the past; and the young student in architecture spent much time making drawings of old ecclesiastical buildings, sitting in churches and churchyards for hours on end alone. Many have noticed how large a part churches and churchyards play in Mr. Hardy's work; many have discerned something "architectural" in the grand and thorough planning of his novels. It may not be fanciful to see in this drawing of old buildings another characteristic of his literature—that exact, acute attention to the fact with which he not only observes birds, trees, Egdon Heath or the winter sky, but follows "the road to a true philosophy of life" by "humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena." Architecture, however, was not all that he studied in those years of preparation. From seventeen to twenty he "read Latin and Greek with a fellow-pupil." How much could that fellow-pupil or a friend, a Fellow of a college at Cambridge, who early recognised the signs of genius, have told us about the strange mind that even then must have been searching out its way? Very little, probably; for they were in contact with a very lonely and a very shy mind, a mind which to the last has cloaked itself in dramatic forms. Over and over again Mr. Hardy has warned his readers that they must not ascribe to him any set of opinions that he may use in a novel, nor even the emotion expressed in this or that lyric poem. What he thinks and feels can only be learned by studying his work as a whole. Yet there are still people who take "Jude the Obscure" to be autobiographical.

The Birthplace of Thomas Hardy,
in the village of Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester.
From a drawing by Leonard Patten.

At the end of those three years of Latin and Greek began that practice of poetry which Mr. Hardy "had to drop" when he was twenty-eight. He was thirty-one when he published his first novel. What turned him to fiction there is nothing to show. Very likely the Demons, with "The Return of the Native" and "Tess" and "Jude" in their eye, told him that there was more money in fiction than in poetry. Mr. Hardy himself has been known to hint at "pot-boiling." Did he catch glimpses, on far uplands of the future, of august but shadowy figures—the great novels that he would one day write; or foresee the new world of thought and feeling which he, the artist, was to create—for other people to philosophise about? The inner development and the visions of any young artist excite an eager curiosity; but in this case, as in many others, we know little of what went on inside. As with most young artists, Mr. Hardy's first interest seems to have lain in technique. In "Desperate Remedies" he was "feeling his way to a method." He has always been feeling his way. He has never dropped into a formula. The method of each novel, the music of every poem, have been to the author an experiment, no matter how complete the critic may discern the mastery of form to be. With the same caution and originality he has felt his way toward that idea or philosophy of life which, not definitely stated in any novel or poem, emerges from the work as a whole. Even the choice of "Wessex" for the setting of his stories was a deliberate artistic experiment. He wanted to give unity of place to his conceptions. That, as one might say, was all *he* knew about it.

The Demons knew a little more. They sent him home to the country that he knew and loved, because there, not in this or that metropolis nor in places where he was a stranger, he could realise most clearly the connection and the contrast between man and nature, between the desires and ambitions of man and the order of the world, which are an essential part of his matter as novelist and poet.

In twenty-six years of novel writing he achieved enough for the fame of one man. But the Demons had not done with him. There was more to be got out of him yet; and therefore they made novel writing bitter in his mouth just when, as we may imagine, he himself felt that, to some extent in "Tess" and still more in "Jude," he had found the right way of saying what his maturity wanted to say. He took up poetry again—if he could be said to take up what, in private, he had never laid down. Two volumes of lyric poems were

"Book-Post"
13.8.20.

The Hardy Testimonial

The testimonial to Mr. Thomas Hardy upon his 80th birthday is most beautifully illuminated in gold upon vellum leaves, and bound in morocco. The address is signed by the foremost living English writers, men and women. For a few weeks only the testimonial is on view at Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly. The superb "Mellstock" edition of Hardy will be completed this year. All copies have gone, and the set is already at considerable premium.

"The Athenæum"
26.11.20.

Correspondence

THOMAS HARDY: A FRENCH VIEW

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Will you allow one of your French readers to challenge the claim (made in one of your last issues) on behalf of Thomas Hardy, as likely to have deserved the Nobel prize for fiction?

I know practically all the works of Thomas Hardy, and enjoy finding in them views on society congenial to my own. But I never take up a novel of his without the semi-reluctant feeling of one who knows beforehand that he is going to admire a piece of sensible criticism upon life, spoiled by artistic or technical deficiencies.

The qualities of Thomas Hardy are: an acute perception of the realities of life, hidden from the sight of the herd by Custom and Snobbery; a felicitous gnomic turn of style, expressive of much and many-sided wisdom; lastly, a praiseworthy attempt to overthrow the prejudices of civilization in general and English society in particular, i.e., the sacred, indefeasible character of the marriage tie, the desecrating character of manual and commercial avocations, the craving for "ancestry" (unknown in France), the obloquy on free love, etc.

All such aims of his works, and characteristics of his talent, are highly appreciated, even abroad, where the crusade against formalistic morality is less necessary than in your sterner land. But Thomas Hardy's merits are somewhat blighted by subtle awkwardnesses, akin to those of Meredith, and which, I dare say, are keenly felt by the French rational and ratiocinating intellect. He is *too subjective*, and writes from within, while all the time he pretends to depict from facts. His characters say what he, Hardy, thinks under the circumstances—not what average men and women are expected to say under the same. (This can be tested, in almost every page of every book of his.)

He evinces some amount of *clumsiness* and *unlikelihood* in the creating and stringing together of events. The idea the characters embody is sound enough, true to experience, but the *working out* of it is not. The personages are elusive, stiff, devoid of self-analysis, somewhat puppet-like, in the hands of their dreaming creator. So that the characters of Hardy are (how strange!) both *true* and *unreal*. He himself speaks through them instead of leaning his ear

In many a secret place. . .

and reporting thereon.

Such I believe to be the reason why Thomas Hardy, a brave and bold inquirer into our world, a clear seer of our evils, does not enjoy on the Continent the same amount of popularity as his brethren at arms—Meredith, Wells the erratic, and Galsworthy, and even B. Shaw. His insight is keen. But his art is imperfect.

JULIE BERTRAND,
Agrégée de l'Université.

Aix-en-Provence, November 3, 1920.

"The Athenæum"
3.12.20.

THOMAS HARDY: A FRENCH VIEW

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your French correspondent Julie Bertrand, in writing of "the Nobel Prize for Fiction" (*sic*) and the above-named author, implies by her analysis of his writings that she is considering Mr. Hardy's novels only, notwithstanding her statement that she "knows practically all the works of Thomas Hardy"—which not improbably means those of them (fiction only) that circulate on the Continent in the Tauchnitz edition—some written nearly fifty years ago, and all written more than twenty-five years ago, as may be seen from the dates in "Who's Who."

But the best English critics—among them yourself, I believe—hold that Mr. Hardy's finest works are not his prose fiction but his eight volumes of verse, which, considering the compression of verse, is intrinsically of larger compass than his prose, and (as the same work of reference shows) has occupied a larger part of his life than his fiction has done. Perhaps Madame Bertrand will state how much of this she has read to disprove the inference that she has read none of it at all.

Your obedient Servant,
L. A.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—The French view of Thomas Hardy, in your last issue, is an interesting criticism, but those who know the English countryman will disagree with the statement, "His characters say what he, Hardy, thinks under the circumstances—not what average men and women are expected to say under the same." Hardy writes about types he understands so well that in almost every case the opposite of Mme. Bertrand's view holds good, and although the novels treat on the whole of a bygone England, in remote country districts one can meet even yet with odd characters and circumstances as grim as many described in these books.

In a district I know well, as late as the summer of 1917 the preliminaries of a "Skimmity ride" were arranged (*cf.* "The Mayor of Casterbridge," chap. xxxix). The life-size effigies were hung in trees near the dwellings of the offending couple and in other public places for days, but the procession was prevented by the disappearance of the figures. Ten or twelve years ago such a ride actually took place, finishing with a bonfire and much drunken horseplay and threatening behaviour. In this district there is still a widespread belief in "charms" (for all sorts of ailments and accidents, such as toothache, lumbago, St. Vitus' dance, deafness, dislocations, etc.), and many old-fashioned farmers prefer a "charmer" to a veterinary surgeon when illness attacks their stock.

To-day, while even the cultured section of our society is still trammelled in early-Victorian influences, in such isolated parts the yeoman class, with which many of Hardy's novels are concerned, has made little intellectual progress; the most advanced often being incapable of struggling against ingrained, almost hereditary, principles and prejudices.

To the French, whose ideas, aims and ideals are clear-cut and distinct, the people of these novels, with their hesitancies and withdrawals, must seem as foggy and uncertain as the English climate, but in spite of their occasional woodenness, the characters are on the whole true portrayals of country folk who are slowly disappearing.

As pictures of life in a past generation these books are worth much to Hardy's own countrymen. As a guide to the better understanding of the English (who are slow to change and inherit largely from their parents and grandparents) they should prove valuable to other nationalities; and even without considering his poetry, these national and international qualities in his works made Thomas Hardy most fitted to receive one of the Nobel prizes for literature.

I am yours faithfully,
LETTIE COLE.

Pontrilas, Herefordshire.

"The Athenaeum" 3. 12. 20

LITERARY GOSSIP

Last week our correspondence columns contained an interesting French view of Thomas Hardy. On the same day there appeared in *El Sol*, the principal daily newspaper of Madrid, a Spanish view by the distinguished critic Angel Guerra. Our French correspondent was, if anything, too penetrating in her criticism; it passed clean through Mr. Hardy's work without striking anything solid. But the Spaniard can sympathize with the novelist's attitude towards Tess and Jude, and finds it both intelligible and convincing. He is unable to make fine points, for he is addressing a public less familiar with Mr. Hardy than are English readers; but he contends, and supports his contention, that Hardy has more of fire of true genius than most of his European contemporaries. The sweep of his vision is enormous, complex, all-embracing, "de añadidura." He is a man who has understood.

* * * *

Above all (he says in conclusion) Hardy's work has nothing of the English preacher or moralist about it; he is not "un moralizador a la inglesa." The remark is of interest because every Spanish critic of English letters, and most foreigners (even "Xenius," and Mr. Madariaga in the suggestive essay on Wordsworth in his new book), find that most English poets and novelists are interested not in beauty, but in ethics. They strive to be angels—not "ineffectual angels" like Shelley.

* * * *

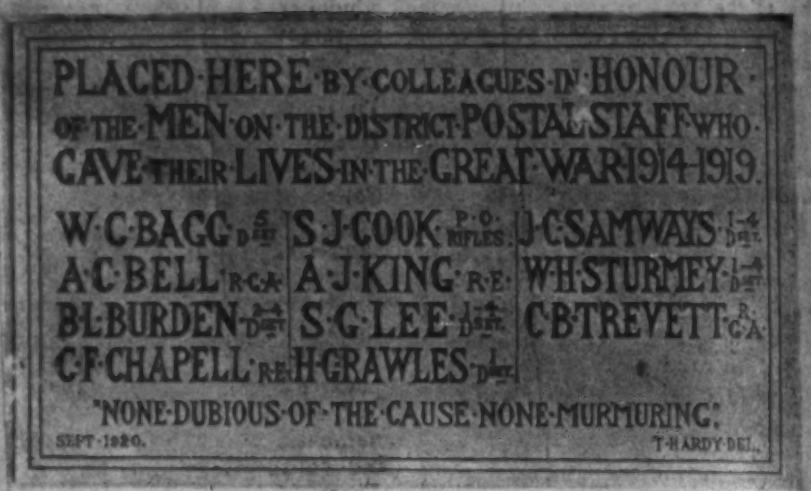
We cannot refrain from quoting an anecdote given in the *Bookman's Journal* for November 26. The "victor-victim," to borrow a phrase from Shirley, is Mr. Hardy. "A local barber, not the original of Percomb in 'The Woodlanders,' while applying his scissors to my hair, seemed to consider the distinguished novelist sadly overrated. 'Such a quiet little man,' said he. 'You'd never know it was Thomas Hardy. Such an old overcoat and such a baggy umbrella! Never read his books, and never want to. Americans seem to think a lot of him. One came in here not long ago. Says he: "Seen Thomas Hardy?" "Oh, yes," says I. "He sat in the chair you're sitting in." "In *this* chair?" shouts the American, no end excited. "Yes," I says, "I cut Mr. Hardy's hair." "Did you keep the hair you cut off?" "No," says I. "Well, that's a pity," replies the Yankee, "because I'd have bought it!"'"

* * * *

"The Builder" 3. 12. 20

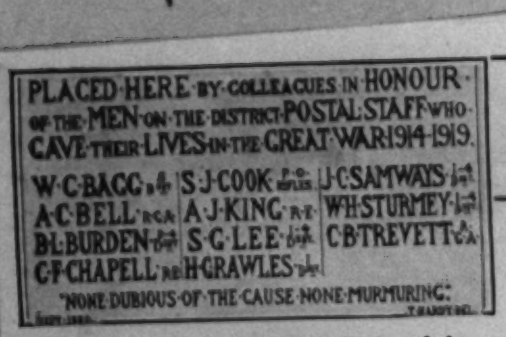
A Memorial by Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M.

Architects will welcome the kind offices of Mr. Thomas Hardy in desigring a simple memorial panel to be erected at the Dorchester Post Office, which will help to remind us that the distinguished novelist began life as an architect. It is indeed difficult to think of him achieving parallel fame as an architect, but who shall say? The panel we illustrate is of statuary marble and measures 2 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 3 in. The work was executed by Messrs. Grassby & Sons, of Dorchester.



War Memorial at Dorchester.
Designed by Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., Hon. Fellow, R.I.B.A.

"The Spleen" 25. 12. 20



A War Memorial Tablet Designed by Thomas Hardy, O.M.

London, December 20, 1920.

I cannot resist giving here for the benefit of admirers of Mr. Thomas Hardy, great novelist and fine poet, another example of his versatility. Unlike most men, Mr. Hardy *is* a prophet in his own country, revered by everyone in the county in which he has so long been a resident, and where he has served for many years on the bench of magistrates. Mr. Hardy designed for Dorchester the tablet commemorating the men associated with the postal service who gave up their lives in the Great War

"The Bookman" January 1921.

CHESTERTON THE UNCHANGED.*

Mr. Chesterton does not change. Like another public character of festive reputation he is still going strong. He writes the same little essays in the same old way, indicating infallibly what is wrong with the world and putting it right with suspicious ease, reducing all the difficulties of life to a pair of simple alternatives, greeting the obvious with a cheer, puncturing the windbags, exposing the humbugs, and sometimes exposing himself in the process. There is an example of this self-exposure in the present volume—an essay on Meredith that Mr. Chesterton's better angel should have made him suppress. He is welcome, of course, to praise Meredith as highly as he pleases—but does he really find it necessary to slander Thomas Hardy in the process? He once permitted himself to describe Hardy as "the village atheist brooding over the village idiot." So far from repenting, he now writes thus:

"Mr. Hardy is wholly of our own generation, which is a very unpleasant thing to be. He is shrill and not mellow. He does not worship the unknown God: he knows the God (or thinks he knows the God) and dislikes Him. He is not a pantheist: he is a pandiabolist. The great agnostics of the Victorian age said there was no purpose in Nature. Mr. Hardy is a mystic; he says there is an evil purpose. . . . Swinburne and Thomas Hardy talk almost in words of one syllable; but the philosophical upshot can be expressed in the most famous of all words of one syllable—damn. Their words are common words; but their view (thank God) is not a common view. They denounce in the style of a spelling-book."

There is a point at which an alleged honest opinion is not entitled to the least respect. Mr. Chesterton has reached that point here. A man who declares that Hardy is "shrill and not mellow" is no more respectable than a man who declares that the sun is green and not luminous. Mr. Chesterton is great enough to be told bluntly that such an utterance from him is silly, if not disgraceful. Its intellectual level is no higher than that of a suburban debating society at which crude young men argue about "Capital" and "Labour" without any idea of what they mean by these empty words. Mr. Chesterton (who will sometimes sacrifice truth to an antithesis)can no more get on without his pair of alternatives than G. P. R. James could get on without his pair of horsemen, and so, in order to discuss Meredith he has to invent a bogey-man to which he attaches the name of Hardy. I am not going to argue with Mr. Chesterton, I will simply tell him that Thomas Hardy is one of the glories of English letters; that he is almost the only novelist we can set without shame by the side of Flaubert, Dostoevsky and Turgenev; that "The Dynasts" is the greatest poem produced in Europe since "Faust"; and that in writing as he does of such a man he is simply making a public exhibition of folly. I profess that I admire Mr. Chesterton as a cheerful, courageous and wholesome influence in these horrid times; but I hope my admiration is not inconsistent with an honest resentment.

Let us turn to more pleasant matters. The essays in this volume, as in all its predecessors, show Mr. Chesterton's happy combination of gravity of purpose with levity of manner. Here, as elsewhere, his hand is heavy on the so-called "Lady Bountiful." I rejoice in the castigation, for I know the spirit of the people who run the poor as an occupation or duty or amusement. Heartily do I enjoy Mr. Chesterton's "Ballade d'une Grande Dame," the essential truth of which is unquestionable. In the present volume he connects our Lady Bountifuls, our hard, heartless, uncharitable charity-mongers, with Jane Austen, above all people, and his essay may be starred as an excellent example of his penetrating, revealing criticism.

There are other subjects here on which he enlarges with pleasure to himself and delight to his readers—detective stories, Christian science, spiritualism and the joys of life. I like his reference to the Coventry Nativity Play (produced a couple of years ago) as an example of mediæval, humorous reverence; but I wish he had said a faithful word about the performers, who, when I saw it, drawled and droned out their lines like a pale young curate intoning collects. Surely, in minimising the liveliness of the play they were minimising the essential reverence!

Well, here is the volume, with its faults and its many merits. You must be a crusty old creature if you cannot receive it with joy, gratitude and admiration.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Uses of Diversity." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

"The London Mercury" February 1921

THE NOBEL PRIZE

(*To the Editor of* THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In your comments on the Swedish Academy in the July number MERCURY you levelled a very sweeping accusation of ignorance ag and the Swedish public with regard to English literature and especially p That this ignorance is not so profound as you imagine will perhaps be following facts:

(1) Most of the leading modern English novelists are translated into widely read. Among the living writers thus translated I may mentio Galsworthy, Shaw, Chesterton, Bennett, Conrad, Kipling, Locke, Ma Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, Jerome, Jacobs, besides many other w ephemeral popularity. In the case of several of the authors mentioned, such Galsworthy, practically every work of importance is translated, often interval after publication in England.

(2) Even in Swedish schools there is a very wide and representative by modern English writers used as text-books. I note the following Kipling, Hardy, Gissing, Galsworthy (including *Strife*), Merrick, B *Milestones*), Anstey, Vachell, Shaw (*Arms and the Man*), St. John Hankin,

(3) For many years the Swedish universities have each had a na "lektor," who has been able to bring to the notice of students and th latest developments in English literature.—Yours, etc., H

University of Upsala, November 5th, 1920.

P.S.—Since the above was written the announcement of the award has been made, but in spite of the continued blindness of the Swed greatness of Hardy I still think it unfair to accuse the general Swed total ignorance of modern English literature. The choice of a Nobel P to have as little relation to public opinion in Sweden as the choice of often had in England.

[We did not say that no British authors were known in Sweden, but and some do not, those who do being mainly popular novelists and d bad. We very much doubt whether anybody in Sweden or Germany to be the equal of Mr. Wells or Mr. Kipling. Very few great English chance for the Nobel Prize: a great continental poet, especially from dinavia, would. This is no fault of the Swedes, but it is a fact.—EDITOR.

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"The Daily Chronicle" 21. 2. 21.

Edible Christian.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is not generally credited with a comic vein, but he can tell a funny story on occasion. The occasion chosen for a gruesomely funny yarn was a dinner. Exploring the catacombs once (Hardy told the friend at his side) he found a small human bone, evidently a martyr relic. This he put in the pocket which held his sandwiches.

When lunching later he found that the bone had crumbled into dust and spread itself over the sandwiches. That was his one taste of early Christian, he explained as ponchalantly as if he had been talking of early peas.

"The Athenaeum" 3. 12. 20

LITERARY GOSSIP

Last week our correspondence columns contained an interesting French view of Thomas Hardy. On the same day there appeared in *El Sol*, the principal daily newspaper of Madrid, a Spanish view by the distinguished critic Angel Guerra. Our French correspondent was, if anything, too penetrating in her criticism; it passed clean through Mr. Hardy's work without striking anything solid. But the Spaniard can sympathize with the novelist's attitude towards Tess and Jude, and finds it both intelligible and convincing. He is unable to make fine points, for he is addressing a public less familiar with Mr. Hardy than are English readers; but he contends, and supports his contention, that Hardy has more of fire of true genius than most of his European contemporaries. The sweep of his vision is enormous, complex, all-embracing, "de añadidura." He is a man who has understood.

* * * *

Above all (he says in conclusion) Hardy's work has nothing of the English preacher or moralist about it; he is not "un moralizador a la inglesa." The remark is of interest because every Spanish critic of English letters, and most foreigners (even "Xenius," and Mr. Madariaga in the suggestive essay on Wordsworth in his new book), find that most English poets and novelists are interested not in beauty, but in ethics. They strive to be angels—not "ineffectual angels" like Shelley.

* * * *

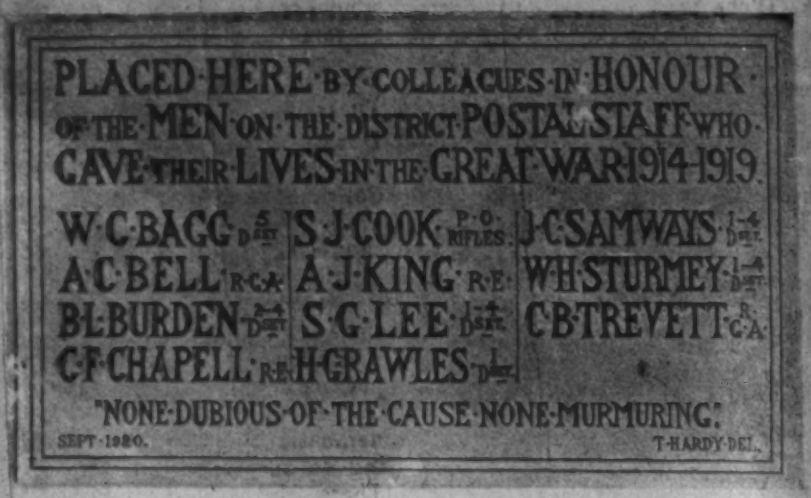
We cannot refrain from quoting an anecdote given in the *Bookman's Journal* for November 26. The "victor-victim," to borrow a phrase from Shirley, is Mr. Hardy. "'A local barber, not the original of Percomb in 'The Woodlanders,' while applying his scissors to my hair, seemed to consider the distinguished novelist sadly overrated. 'Such a quiet little man,' said he. 'You'd never know it was Thomas Hardy. Such an old overcoat and such a baggy umbrella! Never read his books, and never want to. Americans seem to think a lot of him. One came in here not long ago. Says he: "Seen Thomas Hardy?" "Oh, yes," says I. "He sat in the chair you're sitting in." "In *this* chair?" shouts the American, no end excited. "Yes," I says, "I cut Mr. Hardy's hair." "Did you keep the hair you cut off?" "No," says I. "Well, that's a pity," replies the Yankee, "because I'd have bought it!"'"

* * * *

"The Builder" 3. 12. 20

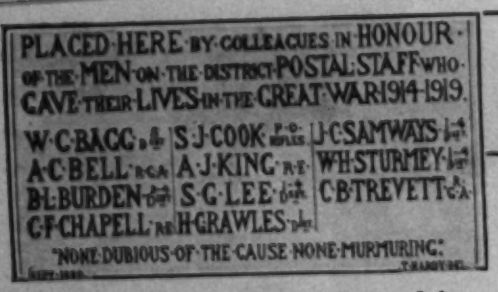
A Memorial by Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M.

Architects will welcome the kind offices of Mr. Thomas Hardy in desigring a simple memorial panel to be erected at the Dorchester Post Office, which will help to remind us that the distinguished novelist began life as an architect. It is indeed difficult to think of him achieving parallel fame as an architect, but who shall say? The panel we illustrate is of statuary marble and measures 2 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 3 in. The work was executed by Messrs. Grassby & Sons, of Dorchester.



War Memorial at Dorchester.
Designed by Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., Hon. Fellow, R.I.B.A.

"The Sphere" 25. 12. 20



A War Memorial Tablet Designed by Thomas Hardy, O.M.

London, December 20, 1920.

I cannot resist giving here for the benefit of admirers of Mr. Thomas Hardy, great novelist and fine poet, another example of his versatility. Unlike most men, Mr. Hardy *is* a prophet in his own country, revered by everyone in the county in which he has so long been a resident, and where he has served for many years on the bench of magistrates. Mr. Hardy designed for Dorchester the tablet commemorating the men associated with the postal service who gave up their lives in the Great War

"The Bookman" January 1921.

CHESTERTON THE UNCHANGED.*

Mr. Chesterton does not change. Like another public character of festive reputation he is still going strong. He writes the same little essays in the same old way, indicating infallibly what is wrong with the world and putting it right with suspicious ease, reducing all the difficulties of life to a pair of simple alternatives, greeting the obvious with a cheer, puncturing the windbags, exposing the humbugs, and sometimes exposing himself in the process. There is an example of this self-exposure in the present volume—an essay on Meredith that Mr. Chesterton's better angel should have made him suppress. He is welcome, of course, to praise Meredith as highly as he pleases—but does he really find it necessary to slander Thomas Hardy in the process? He once permitted himself to describe Hardy as "the village atheist brooding over the village idiot." So far from repenting, he now writes thus:

"Mr. Hardy is wholly of our own generation, which is a very unpleasant thing to be. He is shrill and not mellow. He does not worship the unknown God: he knows the God (or thinks he knows the God) and dislikes Him. He is not a pantheist: he is a pandiabolist. The great agnostics of the Victorian age said there was no purpose in Nature. Mr. Hardy is a mystic; he says there is an evil purpose. . . . Swinburne and Thomas Hardy talk almost in words of one syllable; but the philosophical upshot can be expressed in the most famous of all words of one syllable—damn. Their words are common words; but their view (thank God) is not a common view. They denounce in the style of a spelling-book."

There is a point at which an alleged honest opinion is not entitled to the least respect. Mr. Chesterton has reached that point here. A man who declares that Hardy is "shrill and not mellow" is no more respectable than a man who declares that the sun is green and not luminous. Mr. Chesterton is great enough to be told bluntly that such an utterance from him is silly, if not disgraceful. Its intellectual level is no higher than that of a suburban debating society at which crude young men argue about "Capital" and "Labour" without any idea of what they mean by these empty words. Mr. Chesterton (who will sometimes sacrifice truth to an antithesis) can no more get on without his pair of alternatives than G. P. R. James could get on without his pair of horsemen, and so, in order to discuss Meredith he has to invent a bogey-man to which he attaches the name of Hardy. I am not going to argue with Mr. Chesterton, I will simply tell him that Thomas Hardy is one of the glories of English letters; that he is almost the only novelist we can set without shame by the side of Flaubert, Dostoevsky and Turgenev; that "The Dynasts" is the greatest poem produced in Europe since "Faust"; and that in writing as he does of such a man he is simply making a public exhibition of folly. I profess that I admire Mr. Chesterton as a cheerful, courageous and wholesome influence in these horrid times; but I hope my admiration is not inconsistent with an honest resentment.

Let us turn to more pleasant matters. The essays in this volume, as in all its predecessors, show Mr. Chesterton's happy combination of gravity of purpose with levity of manner. Here, as elsewhere, his hand is heavy on the so-called "Lady Bountiful." I rejoice in the castigation, for I know the spirit of the people who run the poor as an occupation or duty or amusement. Heartily do I enjoy Mr. Chesterton's "Ballade d'une Grande Dame," the essential truth of which is unquestionable. In the present volume he connects our Lady Bountifuls, our hard, heartless, uncharitable charity-mongers, with Jane Austen, above all people, and his essay may be starred as an excellent example of his penetrating, revealing criticism.

There are other subjects here on which he enlarges with pleasure to himself and delight to his readers—detective stories, Christian science, spiritualism and the joys of life. I like his reference to the Coventry Nativity Play (produced a couple of years ago) as an example of mediæval, humorous reverence; but I wish he had said a faithful word about the performers, who, when I saw it, drawled and droned out their lines like a pale young curate intoning collects. Surely, in minimising the liveliness of the play they were minimising the essential reverence!

Well, here is the volume, with its faults and its many merits. You must be a crusty old creature if you cannot receive it with joy, gratitude and admiration.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Uses of Diversity." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

"The London Mercury" February 1921

THE NOBEL PRIZE

(*To the Editor of* THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In your comments on the Swedish Academy in the July number of THE LONDON MERCURY you levelled a very sweeping accusation of ignorance against the Academy and the Swedish public with regard to English literature and especially present-day writers. That this ignorance is not so profound as you imagine will perhaps be obvious from the following facts:

(1) Most of the leading modern English novelists are translated into Swedish and are widely read. Among the living writers thus translated I may mention Hardy, Wells, Galsworthy, Shaw, Chesterton, Bennett, Conrad, Kipling, Locke, MacGill, McKenna, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, Jerome, Jacobs, besides many other writers of a more ephemeral popularity. In the case of several of the authors mentioned, such as Wells, Kipling, Galsworthy, practically every work of importance is translated, often with a very short interval after publication in England.

(2) Even in Swedish schools there is a very wide and representative selection of works by modern English writers used as text-books. I note the following examples: Wells, Kipling, Hardy, Gissing, Galsworthy (including *Strife*), Merrick, Bennett (including *Milestones*), Anstey, Vachell, Shaw (*Arms and the Man*), St. John Hankin, Jerome.

(3) For many years the Swedish universities have each had a native Englishman as "lektor," who has been able to bring to the notice of students and the general public the latest developments in English literature.—Yours, etc.,

HENRY ALEXANDER.

University of Upsala, November 5th, 1920.

P.S.—Since the above was written the announcement of the award of the Nobel Prizes has been made, but in spite of the continued blindness of the Swedish Academy to the greatness of Hardy I still think it unfair to accuse the general Swedish public of almost total ignorance of modern English literature. The choice of a Nobel Prizeman often seems to have as little relation to public opinion in Sweden as the choice of a Poet Laureate has often had in England.

[We did not say that no British authors were known in Sweden, but that some get there and some do not, those who do being mainly popular novelists and dramatists, good and bad. We very much doubt whether anybody in Sweden or Germany supposes Mr. Hardy to be the equal of Mr. Wells or Mr. Kipling. Very few great English poets would stand a chance for the Nobel Prize: a great continental poet, especially from Germany or Scandinavia, would. This is no fault of the Swedes, but it is a fact.—EDITOR.]

"The Daily Chronicle" 21. 2. 21.

Edible Christian.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is not generally credited with a comic vein, but he can tell a funny story on occasion. The occasion chosen for a gruesomely funny yarn was a dinner. Exploring the catacombs once (Hardy told the friend at his side) he found a small human bone, evidently a martyr relic. This he put in the pocket which held his sandwiches.

When lunching later he found that the bone had crumbled into dust and spread itself over the sandwiches. That was his one taste of early Christian, he explained as nonchalantly as if he had been talking of early peas.

"Publishers' Circular" 5.3.21

An American Appreciation of Mr. Thomas Hardy

THE report that the Nobel prize will henceforth be given each year to the man of letters who in the opinion of the judges has done the most important work during that year, instead of being given to the writer who on the basis of his total work seems that year most to deserve it, means in all probability that Thomas Hardy will now never receive the prize. At eighty-one even the most powerful imagination may reasonably rest—though it is true that Mr. Hardy after completing his great series of Wessex novels and tales, went on with mounting stride to the poems and dramas which almost all honest poets and competent critics will agree have been the supreme imaginative achievement of the English tongue in the twentieth century. And if he never receives this particular recognition, the Nobel prize will be in the position of the French Academy with respect to Molière; he will not seem to lack it, but it will seem to lack him. For Thomas Hardy, while the lesser novelists, the Gissings and Mrs. Humphrey Wards, fade out of view, looms steadily larger. He has been the deep voice of dim underlying currents of the racial life of Britain. In him the ancient soil, moor and heath and rounded hill and quiet river, has risen up into a new beauty; in him the ancient stock, once savage, then Roman, then Christian, never but partially imperial, has been raised up to a new significance. At the same time, from that soil and stock he has looked out over the vast body of Europe lying prone under the wars of Napoleon, and has mused upon the Immanent Will with a profundity which the world rarely matches as often as once in a hundred years. It is not easy to say more for a poet than that, as one may say of Mr. Hardy, he has written such pastorals as almost make us want to substitute the word Dorset for Doric and has written such tragedy as takes us back again to the mighty visions of Æschylus. —The New York *Nation*, January 26th, 1921.

DEATH OF MR. C. W. MOULE.

CHRISTIAN AND SCHOLAR.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. C. W. Moule, President and Senior Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, aged 87.

Charles Walter Moule was the son of the Rev. H. Moule, a well known Dorset vicar, and was one of a group of distinguished brothers, which included Handley, Bishop of Durham, George, Bishop of Mid-China, Arthur, Archdeacon of Mid-China, and Henry, Curator of the Dorchester Museum. Bred in the strict faith of the Evangelical party, he was entered in 1854 at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which, under the influence of the three Perowne brothers, Edward Henry, then tutor and afterwards master, John James Stewart, afterwards Dean of Peterborough and Bishop of Worcester, and Thomas, afterwards Archdeacon of Norwich, was becoming known as a college where the spiritual life of undergraduates was carefully nurtured. In 1857 he graduated in the Classical Tripos as one of a group of four who were bracketed senior classics, two of whom afterwards earned fame as Sir J. R. Seeley, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and Canon Kynaston, Professor of Greek in the University of Durham.

After taking his degree in 1858, Mr. Moule was elected to a fellowship at Corpus, and was for a time an assistant-master at Marlborough under Dr. Bradley; but he was soon called back into residence at Corpus in the capacity of classical lecturer. On the election of Dr. Perowne to the Mastership of Corpus in 1870, Mr. Moule was appointed to succeed him as tutor, and held the post until 1892.

During his tenure of the tutorship the influence of his name and of that of the Master assisted him greatly to raise the number of students in the college; but his labours in this direction, coupled with an innate diffidence of his powers, prevented him from making a full use of his classical attainments, and, with the exception of some fugitive pieces of composition, he has left no fruit of his great literary knowledge and taste. At one time he undertook to prepare for the Syndics of the Pitt Press an edition of Theocritus, a task for which he was eminently qualified, but he afterwards characteristically withdrew his promise. His powers of criticism were, however, widely acknowledged, and the University appointed him to examine in the tripos and University scholarships and medals more frequently than any other scholar of his time. He resigned his lectureship in 1908 and devoted the last years of his life to the care of the college library, with its unique collection of manuscripts, given by Archbishop Parker.

Mr. Moule was an enthusiastic supporter of the Church Missionary Society and other kindred societies, but his innate courtesy and old-time manners made him a kindly and generous friend to all Christian work. He married, in 1885, Mary Dora, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Cautley, of the 19th Bengal Cavalry.

The funeral took place yesterday at Grantchester. A memorial service was held in the College Chapel in the afternoon. The lesson was read by the Master, the Rev. Dr. E. C. Pearce. The members of the family present were Mrs. Moule (widow), Mrs. Henry Moule (widow), Miss Bosanquet (daughter), and Mrs. de Vere (daughter of the late Bishop of Durham). The congregation included many heads of Houses, professors, and other members of the University.

"Dorset County Chronicle" 19.5.21.

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES MOULE

It is with deep regret we have to announce the death of Mr. Charles Walter Moule, President and Senior Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which occurred in the early hours of Wednesday morning at his home at Cambridge at the age of 87.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Charles Walter Moule, President and Senior Fellow of Corpus, was the fifth son of Henry Moule, vicar of Fordington. In Fordington Vicarage he was born on February 9th, 1834, and knew no other home or school until he went up to Corpus Christi College at Cambridge in 1853. It does not seem to have occurred to him that he should compete for any University scholarship or medal, and when in 1857 he was bracketed, without apparent effort, senior classic in a very brilliant year, it was only those who knew him well who were not surprised. He went from Cambridge to a mastership under Bradley at Marlborough, where from 1861 till 1864 he had a House. Already elected in 1859 a fellow of his college, he returned in 1865 to Cambridge, and has remained there, tutor of Corpus from 1879 till 1892, librarian from 1895 till 1913, and President since 1913, a resident fellow to the day of his death. For many years he lectured in classics; nineteen times he examined for the classical tripos, and many times for all the university scholarships and medals both for classics and English. He also went more than once to Eton to examine for the Newcastle Scholarship. He wrote the "Carmen" for Marlborough and the "Corpus Boat Song." In 1876 he competed, with a list of supporters of which anyone might have been proud, for the public oratorship. He married in 1885 Dora, daughter of Colonel Richard Cautley, and leaves a daughter Dorothy (Mrs. Vivian Bosanquet) and a son Henry; and his home life has filled the places of departing friends and turned the shadows of old age into sunshine to the last. This is the simple record of a distinguished but not extraordinary career. Of the seven brothers who made the Fordington family, "Charlie Walter" ranked, in the memory of those who could recall his early manhood, second only to Horace in combination of charming manner with brilliant gifts. But he had few of the qualities that make a man great in the eyes of the world, and all the qualities that make a perfect friend. Among the closest of his friends were F. E. Thompson of Marlborough, John Conington at Oxford, R. Bosworth Smith of West Stafford and Harrow, and other members of that honoured family, John Peile, Master of Christ's and his wife, D. B. Cowell, Professor of Sanskrit, and Mrs. Cowell, and in later years Montagu Butler, Master of Trinity. Closest of all, perhaps, were his brothers Arthur and Handley.

His Christian faith was not reached easily. But "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virture, and if there be any praise," he thought on these things, until the praise and worship of the God he loved dominated his whole life more and more. One of the recreations of his last year was to learn by heart in Greek the 12th, 13th, and 14th chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. The last words of the Bible the writer heard him quote were "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." And many will be grateful for help in spiritual things from this friend who made no pretence of religiousness. He made no pretence of anything. That lies at the root of his friendship, and his scholarship and his whole life. He had a mind and a memory honest and exact to a degree very near indeed to perfection. It helped him to understand, love, and remember a very wide range of literature, classical and modern; it gave him a fineness and independence of judgment in artistic matters which astonished those who knew that he had no training in music or painting; it helped him, in union with a great and vivid love of architecture, to remember the features and character of every place he visited in England and on the Continent; to remember great events and anniversaries, and also to greet the birthdays of his large circle of nephews, nieces, and friends without effort; and to remember clearly, as boys and young men, a great number of his pupils at Marlborough and Corpus, many of whom came back to see him down to his very latest days. He was unmethodical—it is remembered that his boys' exercises at Marlborough "mislaid themselves" not once nor twice each term—but was not untidy. He had the air of being always at leisure, yet always punctual; doing things in his [illegible] ways with [illegible] speed. Above all, he had a heart "at leisure from itself." "If I want sympathy in sorrow," Montagu Butler once said, "I go first to Charles and Handley Moule." He was a great scholar; not a learned man, not a laborious student, nor a specialist, but a scholar entering with unrivalled truthfulness and refinement into the words and thought of the writers, Greek, Latin, or English, whom he loved. His talk, especially on any intellectual subject, was delightful — humorous, witty, informing, full of thoughtful judgment and deep insight. He liked to read aloud, and read quite perfectly whether poetry or prose. When complimented on his fine reading of the Lessons in church he would say "It isn't that I read well, though it is very good of you to say so; but I just let the Book read itself." He sang until lately with a musical tenor voice, and liked to recall singing Mendelssohn's "Open air quartettes" with voices now long silent.

His handwriting and his little pen-and-ink sketches and watercolours were full of strength and beauty; his letters and even his postcards were treasures to be kept. Quite lately I watched him touch up a postcard before he put it in the pillar-box, and then slowly and with difficulty pick up a withered flower from the roadway and lay it on the garden bed, for he greatly loved flowers and knew every individual plant in his garden; and especially he loved wild flowers, and had his regular annual expeditions to see the violets and cowslips at Madingley and Lord's Bridge, the pasque-flowers at Newmarket, and the blue flax on the Roman-road. He had great sympathy with birds and a wonderful knowledge of their notes; and the robins, which came when he called them, have even been known to take food off his hand.

He had no common power of translating into Greek and Latin verse, and of writing English verse, and the little volume *Musa Domestica*, printed in 1912 by his brother Handley, is a precious possession to his friends. It is the only book of his ever printed, though some of his translations and other verses have been included in different collections. A short memorial of his dear friend, Professor Cowell, appeared in the "Journal of Philology;" but otherwise I doubt if any specimens of his admirable English prose (confined as it has been to private letters, which must rank among the very best of his time) will be found in print.

I have said nothing about his unfailing kindness and courtesy in great things and in small. A student of MSS. remembers that there was always a comfortable chair, a good fire, and everything in readiness for him, if he had to work in the Librarian's room at Corpus. Nor can we forget his invariable gratitude for the smallest offer of help—"In everything give thanks," he often said, was the best verse in the Bible; his detailed appreciation of all the good points of a friend's house and garden; the wonderful stimulus of his lectures, composition lessons and ordinary conversation; his power to delight a general company with stories excellently told. He could be extremely and most laughably severe in literary and other criticism; his simple truthfulness made him a terror in no flippant sense to those who made excuses or told lies, or even to those who spoke without thinking; but his aim was always and increasingly to say and see the good in all things and in all men, and to dwell on them in admiration.

He loved the open air. A swimmer, cricketer, and oar in his youth, he remained a great walker all his life, and was the best possible companion for a walk. Deafness was the very real trial of his old age, coming, as it did, while every other faculty was unimpaired. Later, with his mind and affections undimmed, he accepted the gradual limitations of bodily activity with a childlike simplicity which it was wonderful to see. When all is said, it was not his deeds, which were few, or his great gifts, of which he was unaware, but himself that men loved and miss.

> No further seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his Father and his God.

The funeral took place quietly on Friday at Grantchester. A memorial service was held in the College Chapel in the afternoon. The Lesson was read by the Master, the Rev. Dr. E. C. Pearce. The members of the family present were Mrs. Moule (widow), Mr. Henry Moule (son), Mrs. Bosanquet (daughter), and Mrs. de Vere (daughter of the late Bishop of Durham). The congregation included many heads of Houses, professors, and other members of the University.

D.C.C. — 19 May 1921

"Musical Times" June 1921

THE MUSIC OF THOMAS HARDY

SIR,—May I make a few additions to the list of passages in Mr. Hardy's books referring to music, which are cited in the article by Mr. Hadland Davis in your April number? Apart from their beauty of thought and form, two of the poems—Nos. 3 and 6—possess further interest from their obvious reference to the poet's parents, whose graves lie in 'Mellstock' churchyard:

(1) *Poems of the Past and Present*: 'The Self-Unseeing.'
(2) *Time's Laughing-stocks*: 'The Fiddler.'
(3) ,, ,, 'A Church Romance.'
(4) ,, ,, 'The Rash Bride.'
(5) ,, ,, 'The Dead Quire.'
(6) *Moments of Vision*: 'To my Father's Violin.'

There is also the story of 'The Fiddler of the Reels' in *Life's Little Ironies*.

Many of your readers would be glad to know which of Mr. Hardy's poems have been set to music. Perhaps Mr. Davis could tell us.

On page 257, towards the end of the article, the remarks by Henchard which are quoted come of course from 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' not, as stated, from 'The Trumpet Major.'—Yours, &c.,

V. H. COLLINS.

21, Bigwood Road, N.W. 4.
April 20, 1921.

A HANDEL COLLECTION

SIR,—In your May issue, page 358, Mr. Newman Flower alludes to the Handel collection which belonged to Barret Lennard. In 1902 it was given to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, as is mentioned in Grove ii., 285.—Yours, &c.,

H. DAVEY.

89, Montpelier Road,
Brighton.

"The Star" 2.6.21

"STAR" MAN'S DIARY.

June 2. 1921

Hardy's Birthday.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, whose eighty-first birthday it is to-day, has admitted that most, if not all, of his great characters have been drawn from life.

"Tess," he once said, "I only saw on one occasion. I was walking along a quiet lane one evening when a cart came along. In it was seated a girl. I fell in love with her as a character f[illegible] a novel, and she ultimately took the form of Tess. Gabriel Oak I knew quite well as a boy. And one of my aunts appears in 'Far From the Madding Crowd' as Bathsheba Everdene."

"Pall Mall & Globe" 3.6.21.

Mr. Hardy.

Mr. Hardy's eighty-first birthday is honoured by an address from the pick of our young authors, lauding his high spirit and example. How great his work really is, the generation which has received most of it will never be able to determine. It is with posterity that the verdict in these things lies, but the virtual "discovery" of Mr. Hardy as a poet after he had been practising that art for many years suggests that his reputation is still on the way to its climax.

"The Daily Telegraph" 3.6.21.

MR. HARDY'S BIRTHDAY.

YOUNGER AUTHORS' TRIBUTE.

Mr. Thomas Hardy celebrated his 81st birthday at Max Gate, Dorchester, yesterday, where he received numerous congratulations. The veteran author's general health is good, but he maintains his close retirement, and finds his greatest pleasure in his country walks. This week he was visited by a delegation from Dorchester, Massachusetts, bearing a message from the daughter town, but he was not well enough to receive them, and the duty was courteously performed by Mrs. Hardy.

When Mr. Hardy celebrated his 80th birthday last year the Society of Authors presented an address of congratulation to him, which was signed by the council. This arrangement for signatures was made because of the obvious difficulty of presenting an address signed by all authors and the still greater difficulty of making a selection of them to sign it. Unfortunately it had the effect of confining the signatures almost exclusively to the older writers, and a number of young critics, dramatists, novelists, and poets felt that a tribute ought to be paid to Mr. Hardy on his next birthday by his younger comrades. A meeting was summoned some months ago by Mr. St. John Ervine, and a committee was formed to consider the nature of the tribute. This committee decided to present an address, signed by younger writers representative of the groups named, to Mr. Hardy, with a copy of the first edition of Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other poems by John Keats. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting all the signatures that were desired, owing to the fact that many of the people to be included in the list of signatories were abroad. Mr. Francis Brett Young, for example, is in Johannesburg, while Mr. Somerset Maugham is in Sarawak, and Mr. Frederick Niven is in British Columbia. However, nearly all the signatures desired were obtained, and on Mr. Hardy's 81st birthday the book and the address were presented to him at his house in Dorchester. The copy of Lamia is a very fine one, in the original boards, with the half-title and eight pages of advertisements. The following is a copy of the address and a list of the signatories:

"Dear Mr. Hardy—We, who are your younger comrades in the craft of letters, wish on this, your 81st birthday, to do honour to ourselves by praising your work, and to thank you for the example of high endeavour and achievement which you have set before us. In your novels and poems you have given us a tragic vision of life which is informed by your knowledge of character and relieved by the charity of your humour, and sweetened by your sympathy with human suffering and endurance. We have learned from you that the proud heart can subdue the hardest fate, even in submitting to it. When Mr. Justice Shallow sought to instruct Sir John Falstaff in the choice of soldiers, the knight said: 'Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.' So would you have answered him, for in all that you have written you have shown the spirit of man, nourished by tradition and sustained by pride, persisting through defeat. You have inspired us both by your work and by the manner in which it was done. The craftsman in you calls for our admiration as surely as the artist, and few writers have observed so closely as you have the Host's instruction in the Canterbury Tales:

Your termes, your colours, and your figures,
Keep them in store, till so be ye indite
High style, as when that men to kinges write.

"From your first book to your last, you have written in the 'high style, as when that men to kinges write, and you have crowned a great prose with a noble poetry. We thank you, Sir, for all that you have written, especially for 'The Return of the Native,' 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' 'Jude the Obscure,' 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' and the 'Wessex Poems,' but most of all, perhaps, for 'The Dynasts.' We beg that you will accept the copy of the first edition of 'Lamia,' by John Keats, which accompanies this letter, and with it accept also our grateful homage.—We are, dear Mr. Hardy, your Faithful Comrades."

The letter bears the following signatures:

Lascelles Abercrombie, Richard Aldington, Martin Armstrong, Stacey Aumonier.
Reid Beresford, Maurice Baring, E. H. Bickford, Clive Bell, Stella Benson, Reginald Berkeley, J. D. Beresford, Rodolf Besier, Laurence Binyon, Algernon Blackwood, Edmund Blunden, Gordon Bottomley, F. W. Bradford, Harold Brighouse, Thomas Burke.
Catharine Carswell, E. Gordon Craig.
W. H. Davies, Clemence Dane, Walter de la Mare, R. J. Dent, John Drinkwater, Dunsany.
Vivian Locke Ellis, St. John Ervine.
James Bernard Fagan, John Freeman, Gilbert Frankau.
W. L. George, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Louis Golding, Oswald Gould, Harry Graham, Stephen Graham, H. Granville-Barker, Robert Graves, Russell Green.
Cicely Hamilton, E. M. Harwood, A. P. Herbert, Ralph Hodgson, Constance Holme, Violet Hunt, Aldous Huxley.
H. Tennyson Jesse, James Joyce.
Sheila Kaye-Smith.
Rohan Lynch, Robert Lynd, St. John Lucas.
Rose Macaulay, Miles Malleson, Patrick MacGill, Stephen McKenna, Compton Mackenzie, Frederick Manning, Katharine Mansfield, Edward Marsh, John Masefield, W. Somerset Maugham, Charlotte Mew, Viola Meynell, A. A. Milne, Harold Monro, Elinor Mordaunt, Thomas Moult, J. Middleton Murry.
Frederick Niven, Alfred Noyes.
Alan Porter.
Forrest Reid, Dorothy M. Richardson, Harry M. Richardson, E. Ellis Roberts, Leonard Robinson, Naomi Royde-Smith, Elizabeth Russell.
Victoria Sackville-West, Michael Sadler, Siegfried Sassoon, R. A. Scott-James, Ethel Sidgwick, Frank Sidgwick, May Sinclair, Edith Sitwell, Osbert Sitwell, G. H. Stern, James Stephens, Lytton Strachey, Frank Swinnerton.
J. E. Harold Terry, E. Temple Thurston, H. M. Tomlinson, R. C. Trevelyan, W. J. Turner.
Hugh Walpole, Alec Waugh, Rebecca West, Romer Wilson, Leonard Woolf, Virginia Woolf.
F. Brett Young.

"The Times" 3.6.21.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. Thomas Hardy celebrated his 81st birthday yesterday at Max Gate, Dorchester, where he received numerous congratulations. His general health is good, but he maintains his close retirement and finds his greatest pleasure in his country walks. This week he was visited by a delegation from Dorchester, Massachusetts, bearing a message from the daughter town, but was not well enough to receive them. They were seen by Mrs. Hardy.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.

I wonder if Thomas Hardy's "occasional" papers are being collected. The fact that to-day is his birthday suggests the question. I am the happy possessor of one which is fascinating. He called it "Memories of Church Restoration," and was to have read it at Burlington House to a meeting of architects, but as he was unable to attend, however, the paper was read by a deputy. It dealt in a vein of reflective sadness with Hardy's own brief experience as a church restorer, and condemned the policy of "Thorough," which, he said, "was always that in which the old church was boldly pulled down from no genuine necessity, but from a wanton wish to erect a more styish one."

A Guide to Casterbridge.

A guide-book is hardly the place in which to look for a contribution from Mr. Hardy's pen, but there is a fragment by him in an account of Dorchester, the Casterbridge of his novels. Commending the book for its inclusion of a map, Mr. Hardy writes slyly: "Natives of the ancient borough may smile at the idea of any sane person losing his way in a town of ten thousand inhabitants, yet I have been credibly informed that such is frequently the case, even among teetotalers."

"Westminster Gazette" 3.6.21.

"The Morning Post" 3.6.21.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Address by Young Writers to the Veteran.

Mr. Thomas Hardy celebrated his 81st birthday yesterday at Max Gate, Dorchester. His health is good, and he takes easy walks in his beloved Wessex; but his days for deputations appear to be past. His wife received the two ladies on a visit to Dorchester, England, from Dorchester, Massachusetts.

He received yesterday, from over one hundred of our younger writers, an address of congratulation and admiration to the Master, together with a copy of the first edition of "Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems," by John Keats (in the original boards, with the half-title, and eight pages of advertisements). The address was as follows:

To Thomas Hardy, O.M.

On June 2nd, 1921.

Dear Mr. Hardy,—We, who are your younger comrades in the craft of letters, wish on this your eighty-first birthday to do honour to ourselves by praising your work, and to thank you for the example of high endeavour and achievement which you have set before us. In your novels and poems you have given us a tragic vision of life which is informed by your knowledge of character and relieved by the charity of your humour, and sweetened by your sympathy with human suffering and endurance. We have learned from you that the proud heart can subdue the hardest fate, even in submitting to it. When Mr. Justice Shallow sought to instruct Sir John Falstaff in the choice of soldiers, the knight said: "Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow." So would you have answered him, for in all that you have written you have shown the spirit of man, nourished by tradition and sustained by pride, persisting through defeat.

You have inspired us both by your work and by the manner in which it was done. The craftsman in you calls for our admiration as surely as the artist, and few writers have observed so closely as you have the Host's instruction in the Canterbury Tales:

Your termes, your colours, and your figures,
Keep them in store, till so be ye indite
High style, as when that men to kinges write.

From your first book to your last you have written in the "high style, as when that men to kinges write," and you have crowned a great prose with a noble poetry.

We thank you, Sir, for all that you have written, especially for "The Return of the Native," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Jude the Obscure," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "Under the Greenwood Tree," and the Wessex Poems; but most of all, perhaps, for "The Dynasts." We beg that you will accept the copy of the first edition of "Lamia," by John Keats, which accompanies this letter, and with it accept also our grateful homage.—We are, dear Mr. Hardy, your faithful comrades,

Lascelles Abercrombie.	Miles Malleson.
Richard Aldington.	Patrick MacGill.
Martin Armstrong.	Stephen McKenna.
Stacy Aumonier.	Compton Mackenzie.
Enid Bagnold.	Frederick Manning.
Maurice Baring.	Katharine Mansfield.
H. H. Bashford.	Edward Marsh.
Clive Bell.	John Masefield.
Stella Benson.	W. Somerset Maugham.
Reginald Berkeley.	Charlotte Mew.
J. D. Beresford.	Viola Meynell.
Rudolf Besier.	A. A. Milne.
Laurence Binyon.	Harold Monro.
Algernon Blackwood.	Elinor Mordaunt.
Edmund Blunden.	Thomas Moult.
Gordon Bottomley.	J. Middleton Murry.
F. V. Branford.	Frederick Niven.
Harold Brighouse.	Alfred Noyes.
Thomas Burke.	Alan Porter.
Catharine Carswell.	Forrest Reid.
E. Gordon Craig.	Dorothy M. Richardson.
W. H. Davies.	Henry M. Richardson.
Clemence Dane.	R. Ellis Roberts.
Walter de la Mare.	Lennox Robinson.
E. J. Dent.	Naomi Royde-Smith.
John Drinkwater.	Elizabeth Russell.
Dunsany.	Victoria Sackville-West.
Vivian Locke Ellis.	Michael Sadlier.
St. John Ervine.	Siegfried Sassoon.
James Bernard Fagan.	R. A. Scott-James.
John Freeman.	Ethel Sidgwick.
Gilbert Frankau.	Frank Sidgwick.
W. L. George.	May Sinclair.
Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.	Edith Sitwell.
Louis Golding.	Osbert Sitwell.
Gerald Gould.	G. B. Stern.
Harry Graham.	James Stephens.
Stephen Graham.	Lytton Strachey.
H. Granville-Barker.	Frank Swinnerton.
Robert Graves.	J. E. Harold Terry.
Russell Green.	E. Temple Thurston.
Cicely Hamilton.	H. M. Tomlinson.
H. M. Harwood.	R. C. Trevelyan.
A. P. Herbert.	W. J. Turner.
Ralph Hodgson.	Hugh Walpole.
Constance Holme.	Alec Waugh.
Violet Hunt.	Rebecca West.
Aldous Huxley.	Romer Wilson.
F. Tennyson Jesse.	Leonard Woolf.
James Joyce.	Virginia Woolf.
Sheila Kaye-Smith.	F. Brett Young.
Bohun Lynch.	
Robert Lynd.	
St. John Lucas.	
Rose Macaulay.	

Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining all the signatures, as Mr. Somerset Maugham was in Sarawak, Mr. Young in Johannesburg, and Mr. Niven in British Columbia.

"Yorkshire Observer" 4.6.21.

Thomas Hardy.

It was a frank and almost naive confession that the members of the Society of Authors made to Mr. Thomas Hardy when they explained in their birthday-tribute to him that they desired "to do honour to themselves in praising his work." The cynically-disposed will feel compelled to note that the names of some at least of the "authors" who signed the tribute will never go down to posterity in any other connection. It is their one claim to immortality that their names appear in Thomas Hardy's birthday list. At the same time, the tribute was a pretty thought, and one in which the whole of the reading public in this and many other lands most heartily shares.

It is not merely that Thomas Hardy survives as a giant of old days to be the wonder of lesser men. He was a giant among giants of his own time and greater, relatively to them, than they themselves knew. It has been his happy lot to know "the glory of going on and still to be." His greatest literary triumph was given to the world at a time when most authors are supposed to be incapable of more than retirement upon their royalties, if they have any. It was the belated appearance of "The Dynasts" which first gave the full measure of the man, and it is upon this, even more than upon [illegible] novels, that his fame is securely founded. In the broadening and the deepening of the outlook upon life as between the period of his earlier novels and to-day he has exercised an influence comparable with that of the greatest writers of any age, and it is pleasant that the debt should be acknowledged in his lifetime and not left to posthumous record merely.

"Young News" 7.6.21.

Sir W. R. Nicoll's Sacrifice.

I WONDER how many people know that Sir William Robertson Nicoll, our virile veteran literary critic, refused the Order of Merit in the last Honours List! I happen to know that it was so.

Sir William gives his friends a reason for which those who matter will honour him. Thomas Hardy is an O.M. Sir William has for Thomas Hardy an admiration that approaches reverence. He sincerely believes that an honour adorned by Hardy should be kept exclusive. He felt that he was not worthy to share an honour equally with our greatest living writer.

"The New World" July 1921

A LEAGUE OF THINKERS.

Some Replies to M. Tolstoy's Invitation.

To the May number of "The New World" M. Léo Tolstoy, son of the famous Russian thinker, contributed an article advocating the formation of a League of Thinkers. He opined that unity of thought and unity of laws among the divers peoples of the world must precede the realisation of any true "Society of Nations". That union, he argued, must be begun not by an exterior and purely material organisation, but by an internal, intellectual, spiritual and moral organisation. He concluded by asking those in sympathy with peace movements two questions:

1. Do you think that a League of Thinkers could be a solid basis for the organisation of a real Society of Nations?

2. Are you prepared to express your views and, above all, to do all in your power to agree on the common principles that will be approved by the union of thinkers?

We publish below some replies received to M. Tolstoy's proposals.

Thomas Hardy.

I am much struck with the idea of a "League of Thinkers" — which gives a distinctive name to what almost everybody must have felt during the late and present troublous years. Though I have not as yet had time to consider closely the ways and means of promoting it, or how the Thinkers are to get themselves listened to by the Doers, think they never so wisely, I believe there are ways, and that it is only in those ways salvation lies, if there can be any salvation at all for a world that has got itself into such a deplorable welter, which seems to threaten a new Dark Age, to last may be for centuries before "the golden years return."

THOMAS HARDY.

G. Bernard Shaw.

A League of Thinkers is certainly greatly needed at present. But as the species is extinct in this country I fear it will prove impossible to form an English branch. Test matches are more in our line.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

International Press-Cutting Bureau
Bureau International de Coupures de Journaux
205, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Extract from
Shanghai Times
5th Shai
6.7.21

THOMAS HARDY

The Last Of The Great Victorian Novelists

A PROLIFIC CENTURY

Including Thomas Hardy, the last century produced nine great English novelists. He alone survives. On June 2 he was 81 years old. This group included besides Sir Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, Emily Bronte, George Eliot and Meredith. Four of the nine were women. We can scarcely include any others, for certainly Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Gaskell, Bulwer, Reed and Trollope, along with Kingsley and Disraeli fall below the nine.

Hardy is of the Dorsetshire Hardys—a descendant of the Thomas Hardy whose ancestry was traceable to the old, old Isle of Jersey family of Le Hardy. His ancestor, Thomas Hardy, passed away October 15, 1599, and the author as well as Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, Nelson's flag-captain are alike descendants.

Our Thomas Hardy has led a more uneventful life than almost any other widely known author. He was born June 2, 1840, in the village of Upper Bockhampton, which is but a mile distant from Dorchester. Near here for the most part of the time he has remained, and now lives at Maxgate, which is situated but a few miles from his place of birth. For a time he was an architect. Mr. Hardy has been in a way a literary oddity. He was nearly 30 years of age before he produced his first novel, "Desperate Remedies" and he has written no novel since he was 60. This latter situation is responsible for the fact that his work as a novelist can be judged in its entirety, and passed upon long after he has ceased to with fiction and while he is still a living person.

39 Productive Years

Those 30 years—from 1870 to 1900—are the years during which the world was given several novels equal to any produced in the English language, for such is not too lavish a praise to give "The Woodlanders," "Tess," "Jude the Obscure," "The Return of the Native," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and "Far from the Madding Crowd," to mention only his best. And we have several nearly as good: "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Two on a Tower," "A Laodicean," "The Trumpet-Major."

From what material has his mind woven stories? Is it the background of the Wessex country which has given colour, life and soul to his work? Not that alone. If Hardy had lived in America rather than in the south of England, he would have been just the novelist he is, for he could have found and would have found the same types as he has given us. They are here—in the valley of the Connecticut, in the Sussex hills of New Jersey, in the farm lands of Southern Pennsylvania, in a hundred places on this side of the Atlantic. But this is not a reflection upon the wisdom of the choice of his field. His wisdom in that regard is beyond question. He chose a field he knew, and it was so close at hand that study it he must for it was a part of his daily life.

The identity of Mr. Hardy's places is easily resolved. There is that compelling force in his genius which draws those who have once read him and fallen under his spell to desire to see for themselves the country and the people he has told about. Out of that old, old south of England region comes tragedy as strong as the current of life itself; suave and admirable comedy—pictures that those who have read Hardy will never forget. Those who have explored Egdon Heath have observed well the justness of the novelist's description of that sullen waste.

Narrows His Field

His chief aim is surely truth, and he ranks with Crabbe among the sternest word painters of the social life of mankind. He gets much of his strength through narrowing his outlook. It has been his way of finding essential elements of the human drama. The larger world outside seems to have held but few attractions for him. Perhaps this may be referred to as a rare fact when we compare him with many novelists who are so constantly having to shift the geographical location of the canvas upon which they are painting. This constant change may be one of the things that will come to blemish the work of Ibanez, for even the greatest of novelists cannot use every background in the world.

Some teachers of literature say that in reading Hardy there is nothing lost in skipping lightly over his descriptions of nature. Such advice is not sound. Lightly is no way to read him. His descriptions of scenery are a part of the story, which cannot be omitted if his complete message is to be conveyed. How can it be otherwise when his nature-worship controls and points all of his writing? It is essential to an understanding of such characters as Giles Winterbourne and Marty South. I should say that his stories are woven of such fabric that the landscape and the human creations of the author's fancy contribute somewhere near an equal share of the charm and interest. How can one think of the valley of the Var without thoughts of Tess and of Clare, or again of Egdon's waste without thoughts of Wildeve and Eustacia Vye?

Not all of Mr. Hardy's stories are so closely posed against nature descriptions—the latter portions of Jude are not; but the point is that one cannot skip over his nature pages and get the full force of his character drawing. The range of the romancer's scenes is wider than a good many suppose, for it embraces a considerable portion of several counties included under the general title of Wessex.

If one starts on a journey to this country of Hardy's, the way is southward from London, and pausing first at Weyhill on the course to the county town of Dorsetshire, the traveller will pass either through Winchester in Hants, or Salisbury in Wiltshire. Whether one's rambles be confined to Dorset, one may almost always and as in "The Return of the Native," the surroundings "made for the scene as the scene seems made for the hour."

A good many of his readers, those who know his work well will frequently turn to "Far from the Madding Crowd." It ends with a more cheerful picture than any of his great novels. The steadfastness of Gabriel Oak is one of the great elements of its strength. This book well displays the fact that "love is a possible strength in an actual weakness." After Bathsheba has been wooed and won by Troy and pursued by Boldwood almost to the end of the story, the love of Gabriel, earnest and intent, pictures the extremes and at the same time the weakness and strength of love.

Poet As Well As Novelist

One difference between Mr. Hardy and any other writers is that they tell good stories, but he does more. He had made literature where others have ended in only telling good stories. As another has put it "they are authors by their own will and not by the grace of God." The art he employs may not be at first easy to understand and perhaps it can never be quite defined, but its effect is to open the eyes of the reader to the wonder in common life and in the familiar objects of daily contact. In this he sets an almost hopelessly high standard. He seems to miss nothing but feels everything, has an eye and a mind for all that he tells, but with such simplicity that we can hardly realise the force of it all.

A novelist turned poet is not always successful. This has not proved true in Mr. Hardy's case for here, too, we find that he is careful to maintain exactitude of pattern and each poem is kept to one firm, consistent mold. Lascelles Abercrombie, in 1912, and after the completion of "The Dynasts," formed the opinion that "in absolute value" it was his greatest work. Greater than "Tess," than "The Woodlanders," than "The Return of the Native?" With all its greatness the criticism of life is not so sharp nor so intent as in several of his novels. "Jude" and "Tess" go farther in sounding the depths of human unhappiness and so affording this greatest of all modern authors his best opportunities of showing at their very fullest the tragedies of human experience.—John Davis Anderson in "The Republican."

The Literary Review; "New York Evening Post"

9.7.21.

The Novelist of Pity

By Henry Seidel Canby.

TO THOSE interested in the meaning of the generation that has now left us quivering on the beach of after war, Thomas Hardy's books are so engrossing that to write of them needs no pretext; yet the publication of a new anniversary edition with all his prefaces included* is a welcome excuse for what I propose to make, not so much an essay as a record of a sudden understanding. Long familiarity with Hardy's novels had led to an afternoon of conversation with the author himself in the mildness of old age. But he remained for me a still inexplicable figure, belonging to an earlier century, yet in other respects so clearly abreast, if not ahead, of the emotions of our own times, that at eighty he saw the young men beginning to follow him. It was a reading of "The Dynasts," in the tall, red volumes of the new edition, that suddenly and unexpectedly seemed to give me a key.

The danger, so I had thought and think, is that Hardy bids fair to become a legendary figure with an attribute, as is the way with such figures, better known than the man himself. "Hardy, oh, yes, the pessimist" threatens to become all the schoolboy knows and all he needs to know of him, and his alleged philosophy of gloom is already overshadowing the man's intense interest in strong and appealing life. It has been the fate of many a great artist to get a nickname, like a boy, and never be rid of it.

I do not wish by any ingenious fabrication to prove that Hardy was not a pessimist. He is the father of the English school that refuse to be either deists or moralists, and, like them, pushes his stories to an end that is often bitter. His temperament is cast in that brooding, reflective mood that concerns itself less readily with jollity than with grief, and is therefore ever slanting toward pessimism. This, even his style indicates. Like the sombre Hawthorne's, his style is brooding, adumbrative, rather than incisive or brilliant, and it often limps among the facts of his story like a man in pain. Indeed, Hardy is seldom a stylist, except when his mood is sombre; therefore it is by his sadder passages that we remember him. Yet the most important fact about Hardy is not that he is pessimistic.

His manner of telling a story, however, helps to confirm the popular impression. Hardy's plots are a series of accidents, by which the doom of some lovely or aspiring spirit comes upon it by the slow drift of misfortune. Tess, Grace, Eustacia, Jude—it is clear enough to what joys and sorrows their natures make them liable. But the master prepares for them trivial error, unhappy coincidence, unnecessary misfortune, until it is not surprising if the analytic mind insists that he is laboring some thesis of pessimism to be worked out by concrete example.

Nevertheless, this is incomplete definition, and it is annoying that the dean of letters in our tongue should be subjected to a sophomoric formula in which the emphasis is wrongly placed. The critics, in general, have defined this pessimism, stopped there, and said, this is Hardy. But youth that does not like pessimism reads Hardy avidly. More light is needed.

Mr. Hardy himself does not suggest the simple and melancholy pessimist. A mild old man, gentleness is the first quality one feels in him, but at eighty he still waxed his mustache tips, and his eyes lit eagerly. I remember how earnestly he denied knowledge of science, piqued, I suppose, by the omniscient who had declared that his art consisted of applying the results of scientific inquiry to the study of simple human nature. If his treatment of nature was scientific, as I affirmed, his wife agreed, and he did not deny, then, he implied, his knowledge came by intuition, not by theory. The war was still on when I talked with him. It had lifted him to poetry at first, but by 1918 no longer interested him vitally. "It is too mechanical," he said. His novels, where fate seems to operate mechanically sometimes, he was willing that day to set aside as nil. Poetry, he thought, was the

*The anniversary edition of the writings of Thomas Hardy, in Prose and Verse, with Prefaces and Notes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1921.

"The interviewer shows here

We are so constantly reminded of the
struggles of geniuses (writes W. M. P.), o
how seldom the fruits of their labour
are recognised till after their death
that it is worth while taking note when the
reverse happens. In the annals of modern
literature perhaps no creative genius, except
Tennyson, has gained so many distinctions and
won such universal recognition in his lifetime
as Mr Thomas Hardy. Consider what has taken
place while he has lived to see it all. For one
thing, his works have run into several editions—
the first uniform edition, the pocket and Wessex
editions, and, to crown them, the Mellstock
edition de luxé. Add to this the numerous
critical studies on his art and outlook, the
topographies dealing systematically with the
regions of his novels, the bibliographies of his
works, and the various translations of his
volumes into foreign languages. His is one of
the most honoured names on the roll of the
Order of Merit. Last year, on the occasion of
his eightieth birthday, he received two presenta-
tions—an album of autograph verses by living
poets and a congratulatory address, signed by
the Council of the Authors' Society on behalf
of their fellow-members. This year, when he
celebrated his eighty-first birthday, a delegation
on behalf of the younger members of the
Society of Authors, at the instigation of Mr
St John Ervine, attended on him and presented
him with a copy of Keats's "Lamia" and an
address signed by over a hundred of the younger
authors. He has been twice married; and he
is a J.P. of Dorset. Again, his name has been
given to a group of exceptional amateur actors
in Dorchester, the Hardy players, who perform
at regular intervals, dramatised versions of his
novels in the Corn Exchange, Dorchester,
where congregate many of the leading dramatic
critics of the London papers to witness the pro-
ductions. His house, Max Gate, was designed
by himself, and he lives there just as he desires
"far from the madding crowd." It was a
great privilege to visit him there, and no spot
could be more ideal for a veteran to pass the
quiet evening days of his great life. He is
respected and beloved by all who live far and
near in that Wessex country which he has im-
mortalised in his works. Truly, if there be any
other great man of modern letters who has
enjoyed the same measure of full recognition as
thoroughly as Mr Hardy, I have yet to hear
of him.

"Glasgow Herald" 13.

1921 Nineteenth Century Sept. 1921

THOMAS HARDY AND OUR OWN TIME

A SEPTEMBER afternoon was lazing to its close when I at length found *The Woodlanders'* country. It was one of those days bathed in a golden dream of sunshine, hallowed by a pauseful silence, and wrapt in a peace so profound as to seem almost unearthly which every autumn brings to England. Not Death but the beautiful foreclose of Death enthralled the land. Not life but the after-reflection of life: that point which a man or a woman reaches after the turning of the prime when he or she looks back in calmness and without regret upon spring and summer, youth and middle-life, feeling painlessly the approach of the day's decline.

I had left Sherborne (Sherton Abbas) by the Dorchester (Casterbridge) road, crossing a river, climbing a steep hill, passing along a woodside. My thoughts had been with 'the louring evening of a bygone winter's day'—that is, with the opening chapter of *The Woodlanders*:

> At one place, on the skirts of Blackmoor Vale, where the bold brow of High-Stoy Hill is seen a mile or two ahead, the leaves lie so thick in autumn as to completely bury the track. The spot is lonely, and when the days are darkening the many gay charioteers now perished who have rolled along the way, the blistered soles that have trodden it, and the tears that have wetted it, return upon the mind of the loiterer.

It must have been near to this point that I came upon a by-road and a sign-post pointing through a lodge-gate to 'Hillfield and Hermitage.' I then knew that I was near to the 'Hintock villages,' and following a narrow road through a park, came to a large area of oak-coppices and to a stubble-field on which the ploughman was already at work. The lane turned and twisted through the oak-woods until I reached a five-barred gate opening upon a green on one side of which was a small old church with a superadded lead spire, surrounded by leaning greyish-white gravestones of various shape grown high with grass. The green was bordered on one side by the lane along which stood half a dozen cottages and an inn. A stone's throw from the church was a large farmhouse, from which came sounds of ducks, poultry, and cows. The hamlet lay immediately beneath

High Stoy and was completely secluded among the oak-woods, thus fulfilling the characteristics of Marty South's environment, Grace Melbury's, and Giles Winterborne's :

> It was one of those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world where may usually be found more meditation than action, and more listlessness than meditation; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premisses, and results in inferences wildly imaginative; yet where, from time to time, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely-knit interdependence of the lives therein.

On this day, upwards of a generation after the above words were written, it seemed doubtful whether the inner life of the place, any more than its physical attributes, had in the smallest degree changed. True, the trees were not yet bare as upon that 'bygone winter's day' when the Sherton Abbas carrier set down his load at 'the gates of the world.' The oaks flaunted all shades of colour between rich yellow and pale green; the beeches all shades between brilliant red and coppery brown; the chestnuts were pale saffron; the occasional pines a dark cool green, and the occasional larches an ethereal feathery green. Had not the barber, Percomb, 'paced cautiously over the dead leaves which nearly buried the road or street of the hamlet'? And was not this or some such place the haven which the poet had in mind when he wrote[1]:

> Pale beech and pine so blue,
> Set in one clay,
> Bough to bough cannot you
> Live out your day?
> When the rains skim and skip,
> Why mar sweet comradeship,
> Blighting with poison-drip
> Neighbourly spray?
>
> Heart-halt and spirit-lame,
> City-opprest,
> Unto this wood I came
> As to a nest;
> Dreaming that sylvan peace
> Offered the harrowed ease—
> Nature a soft release
> From men's unrest.
>
> But, having entered in,
> Great growths and small
> Show them to men akin—
> Combatants all!
> Sycamore shoulders oak,
> Bines the slim sapling yoke,
> Ivy-spun halters choke
> Elms stout and tall.

[1] 'In the Wood,' *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy*. Macmillan and Co.

Since, then, no grace I find
Taught me of trees,
Turn I back to my kind,
Worthy as these.
There at least smiles abound,
There discourse trills around,
There, now and then, are found
Life-loyalties.

The churchyard seemed such a one as Marty South might have entered in the moonlight, when she went 'to a secluded corner behind the bushes'—there was such a corner near to the hedge—'where rose the unadorned stone that marked the last bed of Giles Winterborne'; and there, in face of her old rival's defection, laid her flowers and gave utterance to perhaps the most moving declamation in all the Wessex novels:

'Now, my own, own love,' she whispered, 'you are mine, and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died! But I—whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven! . . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!'

Few signs or sounds of life, as was to be expected, disturbed the hemmed-in place. Leaves fluttered down in perfect silence; some children were playing on the green; a far-off caw-ing of rooks and the musical drone of a threshing-machine floated serenely through the golden haze. Near at hand, an old man who might have passed for Mr. South himself was carrying faggots out of the shades of the woodland to the outhouse in his cottage-garden.

'For the winter?'

'Yes. Us'll need all us can get.'

A little further along the road a young man was mending the road. He was a stalwart, clean-shaven labourer with a dull but pleasant face. Such a one Giles Winterborne may have been, though he was a skilled woodman and this an assistant road-mender above which humble station the latter seemed to cherish no desire to rise. Conversation elicited that he had been born at Hillfield, had lived there the whole of his life until joining the Army and, on leaving it, had returned to his native village where—with the exception of a seven-mile bicycle-ride to Sherborne and back on Saturday afternoons, and a dallying there in public-houses—he hoped to remain till the day of his death.

Two years on the Western Front! He had been wounded; he talked of life at Ypres and at Arras. He had not liked the

War—or the Army: was not particularly interested in either. In that he differed from the younger peasants in less secluded parts of Wessex who had been visibly changed by their war-experiences and were as self-assertive on the subject as any Cockney clerk—and as distinct from their elders, the old Wessex type, as young and old can be. A crabbed, queer strain appears sometimes; and a savage strain. In a village in the heart of Dorset where I stayed, there dwelt a man, also a road-mender, of surly disposition but stalwart and hardworking. One day he disappeared from his home and was found on the following Sunday morning drowned in a neighbouring stream with a kitchen-weight attached to his neck, his coat and waistcoat neatly folded on the bank. No reason could be adduced for the suicide: he was in good work and the prime of life, and except for a certain moroseness had shown no signs of insanity. Near another village in that neighbourhood a savage crime was committed. A local rabbit-catcher lured a village girl to a lonely wood, killed her, and buried her feet-deep in soil under some yews. For this there was a supposititious reason, yet not one sufficient to account for the cold-blooded ferocity of the deed. Something—primeval, or at any rate elemental—seems left to be accounted for in the Wessex character, something that is only exemplified in a type like Henchard. Contact with the world modernises the countryman, brings out what is worst as well as what is best in him, and imposes upon him a knowing varnish that is not knowledge but frequently proves too much for his intelligence. The young roadmender, however, had remained true to the type of Winter-borne and Oak and Yeobright; seeing him there in the heart of his own country impassively representative of his forefathers, yet separated from them by the chasm of a dynamic experience, one apprehended the significance of the poem, 'In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"' (1915)[2] which in three brief stanzas seems to epitomise that which is changeless in Hardy's peasantry and in our own chaotic time:

I

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

[2] *Collected Poems.* Macmillan and Co.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

Where poetry as a whole seemed so ineffectual, whether of those who took part in the war or of those who did not; where the younger poets strove to express themselves (with few exceptions) by piling horror upon horror in a monotone of dreadfulness and the older ones by clarion calls and sonorous phrases as though their own note had to be keyed to the tremendous din of the battlefield or of the call for men: the finger of the master laid itself quietly but surely on the pulsing beat of that momentous hour. Masefield did so, in his too-little-known 'August, 1914.' Another note was struck, one more intense, more poignant and agonised, by the young poet, Wilfred Owen, who was killed almost as the curtain rang down upon that war which he detested. Rupert Brooke never knew the war at first-hand, but in two poems at least he got near to the heart of it; there was a poem about Laventie written by a very young officer, the late Edward Tennant, and published in *The Times*, which struck truly the note of contrast between that shattered and uncomfortable place and the undisturbed spaces of the English countryside.

Wherever the quiet and spacious note was struck, wherever fundamentals were touched, poetry (or prose) got home. It seemed of no use for poets and writers to try to express themselves in terms of noise and tumult; what, it seemed, they had to do was to express and stress and exemplify fundamental causes, contrasts, and effects, and detach a meaning from them. That was their job, and when they did that they succeeded. A great many men never took to reading (or writing) until the war forced the mind to seek relief from physical actualities and material distresses. And speaking in a personal sense, there seemed to be no established writer of English who so far expressed the then universal sense of impending doom and finality as Thomas Hardy did and does—who so far succeeded, moreover, in impressing upon one a sense of some philosophy in pain, some beauty in pain as well as the bitter irony of a world suffering, some comprehension of inscrutable forces at war behind it all, and of the inevitability of those forces, the uselessness, the futility of evading or defying them.

Popular attitudes were carefully cultivated during the war—if you will, popular fictions. Some of them have been sedulously maintained since the war—adroitly adjusted to suit the necessities of the hour. They had their uses, no doubt—they kept up the fiction of light-heartedness, of sprightliness when, in fact, people's

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hearts were heavy as lead. War for the participants was truly defined as: 'Months of infinite boredom interspersed by moments of indescribable fear.' War was falsely and shamly defined (by the halfpenny press and certain hearty optimists, lookers-on) as young men kicking footballs across No Man's Land, and as a series of Bairnsfather cartoons of muddy fellows who waxed facetious in face of death. Others saw only the drab horror and sordid misery of it; others again a sort of spurious heroism based on a Victorian conception of what ought to be, dating from the Peninsular War and the traditions of Inkerman and the Alma, and ascribing to ordinary men the majestic attributes of super-humans. War, in point of fact and upon a more intimate acquaintance, resolved itself into the moral struggle of ordinary mortals against extra-ordinary forces—of men who grumbled, who were frightened, who got tired and felt ill, who hated lice and wet feet, who hated cold, mud, tinned food, and discomfort generally yet were pitted through four-and-a-half years against an Unknown comprising inscrutable powers of Irony and Fate, a perpetual threat, physical degradation and mental torture, and were enmeshed in a web of Destiny from which some lucky star alone could extricate them.

There was beauty in pain, there was love in death, there was sacrifice in horror, and there seemed very often behind it all a curious haunting laughter. In these years now past the only philosophy capable of maintaining a man was the watchword: 'What must be must be.' Once he lost his grip of this, once let himself think that the future could be eluded or fate cheated, and—himself was lost. The war was ordained for mankind, and mankind had to go through with it—for larger and undisclosed purposes, to high and beneficent ends as some say, blindly and fruitlessly according to others. Hardy expresses this perhaps negative but necessary attitude for soldiers in the very fibre of his life's work, in his novels, in his poems, and especially in that poem[3] written on New Year's Eve 1915-16:

I

Phantasmal fears,
And the flap of the flame,
And the throb of the clock,
And a loosened slate,
And the blind night's drone,
Which tiredly the spectral pines intone!

II

And the blood in my ears
Strumming always the same,
And the gable-cock
With its fitful grate,
And myself, alone.

[3] *Collected Poems.* Macmillan and Co.

III

The twelfth hour nears
Hand-hid, as in shame;
I undo the lock,
And listen, and wait
For the Young Unknown.

IV

In the dark there careers—
As if Death astride came
To numb all with his knock—
A horse at mad rate
Over rut and stone.

V

No figure appears,
No call of my name,
No sound but "Tic-toc"
Without check. Past the gate
It clatters—is gone.

VI

What rider it bears
There is none to proclaim;
And the Old Year has struck,
And, scarce animate,
The New makes moan.

VII

Maybe that "More Tears!—
More Famine and Flame—
More Severance and Shock!"
Is the order from Fate
That the Rider speeds on
To pale Europe; and tiredly the pines intone.

Was not that the attitude of a world waiting and weeping, in face of anticipations which were to be realised, in a time when no man could call his soul his own?

The poetry of Thomas Hardy in recent years seems to have taken on a mellowed, a tenderer quality, as though Time had fined down the harshness of experience. Its fateful and ironical qualities are more noticeably reinforced by that superabundant pity which makes of Tess a durable literary creation.

A critic has said—I think Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie in his *Critical Study*—that the environment of the Wessex novels with their wonderful descriptions of Wessex life, humour, and scenery is a thing extraneous to the architectural fibre of Mr. Hardy's work, a thing apart from its permanent and spiritual quality. This is, of course, true in the sense that Tess is womanhood, frail, patient, suffering, and that she is the woman not of to-day or yesterday, not the Wessex peasant-girl, but, like Shakespeare's

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characters, a figure of all time. Take away their environment, take away the things and people that mean Wessex only like the Cantles, the Dewys, and the Poorgrasses, the descriptions of Blackmoor Vale and Egdon Heath, and Hardy's women, Bathsheba Everdene, Eustacia Vye, Arabella Donn, and his men like Angel Clare, Alec D'Urberville, Henchard, and Sergeant Troy—yes, and poor Jude—might have played their respective parts in any surroundings or in any sphere of life. Yet if it were so, Hardy would not be Hardy—England would not be England. What a different thing would *The Return of the Native* convey without its background of Egdon Heath, or *The Woodlanders* without the peculiar environment of the Hintocks, or *Tess* apart from Lower Wessex, or *The Mayor of Casterbridge* if Casterbridge were any town but Dorchester! In reading Hardy, whether in Flanders or the East, or in the remotest outposts of the Empire, one reads of an England which remains and which never can essentially change because it is England. And it is worth while at the present day to take a walk through the Hardy country, to follow the fortunes or misfortunes of the people he has made living. Most of the places can be recognised as the Hintock villages can be; one feels that the countryside is no whit changed even if the people are. There are, of course, disappointments—and puzzles. To seek out Tess's birthplace and the scene of the May Day dance in the opening chapter of the book is to find one of the few uninteresting and even ugly villages in Wessex: you wonder why Tess's early situation was laid here and not in any of the neighbouring villages or hamlets whose beauty would have been a foil to hers. Yet following the course of her weal and woe through narrow hedgegrown lanes, signpostless often and often so tortuous as to make the accident to the bees appear inevitable, as far as Casterbridge, or following her on her first pilgrimage south to 'the valley of the great Dairies, the valley in which milk and butter grew to rankness,' one realises how integrally a part of the Wessex novels is the particular locality of each. Especially the Valley of the Frome in which Talbothays was situated.

> The world was drawn to a larger pattern here. The enclosures numbered fifty acres instead of ten, the farmsteads were more extended, the groups of cattle formed tribes hereabout; there [in Blackmoor] only families. These myriads of cows stretching under her eyes from the far east to the far west outnumbered any she had ever seen at one glance before . . . . The river itself, which nourished the grass and cows of these renowned dairies, flowed not like the streams in Blackmoor. Those were slow, silent, often turbid; flowing over beds of mud into which the incautious wader might sink and vanish unawares. The Froom waters were clear as the pure River of Life shown to the Evangelist, rapid as the shadow of a cloud, with pebbly shallows that prattled to the sky all day long.

And it is so to-day. Talbothays itself one cannot locate, but one can discover a dozen lush farmsteads that might be the same, notably one with a great mill-wheel on a secluded reach of the river near Woodford—a rather marshy place populated by wild duck, moorhens, and innumerable snipe. When you come to Wellbridge (Wool), you live word by word and moment by moment the confession and the débâcle of Tess's hours-old wedded life: that terrible scene when, she still wearing the gems with which Clare's playful fancy had in a happier moment adorned her,

> the fire in the grate looked impish—demoniacally funny, as if it did not care in the least about her strait. The fender grinned idly, as if it too did not care. The light from the water-bottle was merely engaged in a chromatic problem. All material objects around announced their irresponsibility with terrible iteration.

For the Jacobean farmhouse stands by the bridge as you approach the little town from the direction of Bere Regis, and it is said that the haunting D'Urberville women still look down very faintly from its wall, though a child whose mother had gone out would not admit me to their inspection. Instead, I crossed the river, and turning to the left along a by-road—the one no doubt by which the couple had walked, Tess following 'with dumb and vacant fidelity'—came to the site of Bindon Abbey, a shadowy solemn place amid a rectangle of rook-nested trees. Here, fish-ponds; the ruined choir of the Abbey Church—remains of a Cistercian monastery; and, hidden away in a twilit corner, the stone coffin in which Clare laid the form of his wife. That the site of the monastery is nearly half a mile from the bridge-house is necessarily incidental to the story.

Some time after their separation, it may be remembered, Tess made her way to Emminster Vicarage to obtain news of her husband from his parents. The real place is, of course, Beaminster. On her return journey from this fruitless quest, she stops for breakfast at a cottage at 'Evershed' (Evershot), and this cottage—a pretty one smothered in honeysuckle near to the church at the top of the village street—may be identified, as may the Acorn Inn, called in the book the 'Sow and Acorn,' a little lower down. Over the way is seen a barn which, it is reasonable to suppose, is that wherein she rediscovered Alec D'Urberville making his religious discourse. The unfortunate woman then tramped her way back towards Flintcomb Ash along a high and lonely lane much frequented by rabbits until she came to the solitary stone called Cross-in-hand, whose strange legend is celebrated in the poem called *The Lost Pyx*. It is a wild, lofty place from which one looks out across a vast expanse of the green and fertile Blackmoor to the queer hill about Mere and to the smooth

escarpment of the Great Plain beyond. Here it was that Tess swore solemnly to D'Urberville never to tempt him again. She then proceeded on her way to Flintcomb Ash—where 'the air was dry and cold, and the long cart-roads were blown white and dusty within a few hours after rain.' It is a difficult place to identify, and I spent many hours wandering about and beneath the high bluff known as Nettlecomb Tout, which, together with the yet loftier summit of Bulbarrow, Tess saw ahead of her. At length, a short distance above the remains of a village or hamlet, Melcombe Horsey, in a northerly direction I found a large farm which seemed to answer to the description of Farmer Goby's. It is a drear windblown place, devoid of trees save a nearby plantation, very remote and recognisable at a distance only by the high zinc roof of its barn. Lingering here, it was possible to visualise Tess and Marian and Izz at their weeding in the winter weather and the mood of black despair in which the first-named laboured amid those desolate surroundings while awaiting vainly news of her husband.

Has anybody identified the scene of Tess's last sojourning with Angel Clare in the New Forest? 'Bramshurst Court' is probably one of those large country houses situated in the deeps of the Forest above the Avon Valley near to Ringwood—at least so its situation on the map would lead one to suppose. Yet does it really matter? We are at this point of the story too horrified by Tess's situation, too fearful of its sequel, to care for identifications unless it be for the satisfaction of approaching more really the scene of their brief and last happiness.

The Dynasts has a place in literature which leaves one conjecturing what epic inspiration might have moved its author had recent European events occurred a few years earlier than they did. There is a fundamental quality in Hardy which leads one to believe that he alone among living writers of English could handle adequately the great themes and the grand *spectacles* which these latter years have offered. Standing one darkening autumn day at the cross-roads of Longueval, which is the heart of the battlefield of the Somme, and speechlessly impressed by the sombre majesty of its appearance nearly a year after the drums of war had died away, I searched my memory for some passage in English prose (which I knew existed) that should do justice to the scene. The one which presently came to my mind was Hardy's description of Egdon Heath in *The Return of the Native*. Knowing also the original I detected their spiritual and physical affinity, so inestimably emphasised or heightened in the case of the former by the travail through which it had passed, by the insignia of that travail in the shape of grey crooked wooden

crosses flecking the battlefield's face, and by the litter of phantom armies which lay about on every hand.

> The heaven being spread with this pallid screen and the earth with the darkest vegetation, their meeting-line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an instalment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come: darkness had to a great extent arrived thereon, while day stood distinct in the sky . . . . The distant rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath, by its mere complexion, added half an hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread . . . . Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity; for the storm was its lover, and the wind its friend. Then it became the home of strange phantoms; and it was found to be the hitherto unrecognised original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.
>
> It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly; neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

Such, were it not to be ascribed to the stretch of moorland, now considerably broken up, lying between Dorchester and Poole, would be a verifiable description of that battlefield which more than any other to-day preserves its awesome character. Mr. Nevinson, perhaps alone among artists, has struck the same enduring note in his 'Road from Arras to Bapaume.' As for Mr. Hardy, he is an old man, and a tired, and has said that he will not again give prose to the world. But, though he may not visit the battlefields of the twentieth century as he once did that of Waterloo, his description of Egdon Heath is an unforeseen yet monumental tribute to the cataclysmic aftermath of our own time.

WILFRID EWART.

"Daily Chronicle" 2. 6. 22.

THOMAS HARDY, O.M., AT 82.

By One Who Knows Him.

At Max Gate, Dorchester, set in the very heart of the Wessex he loves, and has made familiar to readers and lovers throughout the world of what is great in the literature of the race, Thomas Hardy will spend his eighty-second birthday to-day.

It is difficult, indeed, for those who know him to realise that he has so far outrun the threescore years and ten of the Scriptures; that the spare frame, the keen intellect, and the wonderful, "seeing" eyes belong to a man who is the last survival of the great Victorian literary giants who have been so much discussed of late.

But so it is, and what is more amazing is the fact that just on the eve of attaining this great age he has published a book of verse which many will contend contains some of his best.

We are on the verge of summer, and he gives us in this volume a lyric, "Summer Schemes," that consecrates the season of sunshine, hope and gladness in the mind. A poem that will live among the best of his verse when the delighted readers of to-day are dust.

It is a great thing to have written this poem, or at least published it, at a time when little might be expected from even a genius like Thomas Hardy.

ALWAYS A "SHY" MAN.

That Mr. Hardy has been a puzzle to his contemporaries is not to be wondered at. He has never sought the limelight; nay, more, he has never allowed it, if he could possibly avoid it, to be focused upon him. He has moved little in the society that would have welcomed him and honoured him. He has always been a "shy" man. Shy, we think, with some of the same kind of "shyness" that has cut off Sir James Barrie from the life of his age, and has made him almost unknowable save through his plays and books.

We remember cycling on one of many occasions in Wessex in company with Thomas Hardy. A more delightful companion none could have in Wessex. It was during the period that succeeded—though not immediately—the publication of "Jude the Obscure," and his final desertion of prose for verse. He jumped off his machine and swung round as we were ascending the steeply climbing road that ultimately takes one to the regions of High Stoy, and, looking back upon the wide prospect that lay unfolded, he suddenly said, "If you had been consulted would you have chosen to be born?"

An amazing question. One that gave rise to strange doubts, as do such lightning flashes into our lives.

After some discussion the questioner said, "Life contains more of ill than good, more of disillusionment than satisfaction. I do not think that I should have chosen to be born."

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION.

But with all the pessimism with which he has for many years been credited there is the saving grace of humour, the keen interest in life itself as a problem of intensest interest and moment, and the kindly spirit, all which things have served to keep Thomas Hardy, even though he calls himself an old man, young with some subtle strain of eternal youth of mind and sympathy. Of a curiosity regarding life that survives the multiplied and passing years.

What is the personal impression left upon the mind of those who know him by this giant writer, who has outlived all his fellow-giants? It is of a yet spare figure; a face with many lines, out of which some of its habitual sadness of the past seems of these late years to have been smoothed; a pair of still keen and even alert eyes, an aquiline nose; and an almost whimsical and very transient gleam of humour playing about his sensitive mouth when he smiles.

The figure of a seer as well as a writer, of one who in the plenitude of years has attained to a mellower outlook upon life than aforetime, and who possesses a stronger belief than ever in the essential verities.

"The Times" 20. 11. 22.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

HONORARY FELLOWSHIP FOR MR. THOMAS HARDY.

OXFORD, Nov. 18.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., Hon.D.C.L., and Mr. Henry Laming, M.A., have been elected to Honorary Fellowships at Queen's College.

The election of Mr. Thomas Hardy is a further link in the connexion which the college has long had with Dorset through the ownership of property in part of the country which Mr. Hardy has made famous in his writings.

HON. FELLOWSHIP FOR MR. THOMAS HARDY.

It is announced in our University news in page 14 that Mr. Thomas Hardy has been elected to an Honorary Fellowship at Queen's College, Oxford.

THE

Correspondence of Claudius Clear.

TWO GOOD BISHOPS.

I.—BISHOP MOULE, OF DURHAM.

To the Editor of THE BANNER WEEKLY.

SIR,—I have before me two biographies of bishops. They are both done with great skill and make admirable and instructive reading. The larger is "Handley Carr Glyn Moule, Bishop of Durham," by John Battersby Harford and Frederick Charles Macdonald (Hodder and Stoughton, 20s.). The other is "The Life and Letters of Edward Lee Hicks (Bishop of Lincoln 1910-1919)," edited by J. H. Fowler, late of Clifton College. This is issued by Messrs. Christophers (10s. 6d.). Both biographies will rank among the very best biographies of bishops that have ever been published, and in each case the attraction of the biography largely depends on the attractiveness of the man. I propose to say something of these books in order, and shall commence this week with the late sainted Bishop of Durham, Dr. Handley M[illegible].

Home Life.

There is [illegible] thing very wonderful in that home at [illegible]ordington where Moule's father laboured as vicar for fifty years, and where he wrought a change upon the parish by his powerful preaching and compassionate life. He was a tall, noble-looking man when he came into his office, and he was remembered by such of the older residents as Mrs. Hardy, mother of the illustrious Thomas Hardy. Mr. Moule's wife was like-minded, and both of them were successful in no ordinary way in influencing the people for good. She was Mary Evans, daughter of a City merchant. I regret that Canon Harford does not mention that this lady was closely related to Dr. Caleb Evans, the Principal of the Baptist College in Bristol. The Evans family were represented in the name borne by Messrs. Bradbury, Evans and Co., the famous publishing firm. Canon Harford says that Mrs. Moule had been brought up a Unitarian, but abandoned that belief and joined the Church of England before her marriage. Like her husband, she was constantly active in looking after her household, which generally included some fifteen growing boys—sons and pupils.

The record of her sons is extraordinary. There were eight born to the Vicar and his wife. One of them, Henry, was the honoured curator of the County Museum at Dorchester. Mr. Hardy has written of him with admirable skill, which might have been mentioned here. Then there was George Evans, who became a Bishop in China, a learned scholar of classical Chinese. Frederick, the third son, was rector of St. Lawrence, Norwich. Horace, who won the Hulsean Prize, was a master at Marlborough, coach for the Indian Civil Service in London, and assistant-inspector under the Local Government Board. Charles Walter was bracketed first in the First Class of the Classical Tripos of 1857, together with Sir John Seeley and two others. He was later Senior Fellow and President of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Arthur Evans was a missionary in China for almost fifty years. Christopher, the seventh son, died in infancy. Handley Carr Glyn, the subject of this memoir, was the eighth son.

In addition to their sons the Moules had the charge of eight or nine sons of gentry that they might share the benefits of the education which Mr. Moule gave his sons. Not a few of these pupils made their mark in Christian work at home and in the overseas mission-fields. The children were brought up gently, but firmly. They were never left to servants. Their Sundays were made as little gloomy as possible. They had ample reading suitable for boys and the taste for serious literature was cultivated. The influence of their father and mother was so powerful that it gave a new strength to the tie of brotherhood. "What have I not owed," wrote Bishop Handley Moule in 1913, "to my brothers!"

The future bishop showed much energy and wide interests from the first. In particular he had a telescope to which he often climbed on fine nights to gaze at the stars. There was steady application going on all the time to the stern business of education, but he was able to publish in a small edition a little volume of poems, by no means without promise. The religious influences, however, were those which played upon him most, especially the Revival of 1859. This seems to have been a kind of turning point in his life.

The time came for his going up to Cambridge, and he did so well prepared and especially prepared by what was lived out before his eyes day by day by his parents—a life of devoted service to God and man.

Days at Cambridge.

Handley Moule went to Cambridge in 1859. He was not quite eighteen, and came up for a year's preliminary coaching before matriculation. He owed much to his teachers, notably to Henry Sidgwick. "Senior Classic and Wrangler that year (1859), he was an excellent teacher, and I owe much to his minute and thorough reading of selected authors with me and to his clever and careful correction of my compositions." He kept remembering the wonderful light in Sidgwick's large and rather prominent grey eyes and the slightly stammering voice which never spoke but to the purpose. He speaks of Whewell, then Master of Trinity. "His grand presence, his mighty brow, his large voice and his manner of unaffected but inevitable authority, made him an impressive figure. His knowledge was vast. His heart all the while was deep and true." He remembers also the Vice-Master of those days, Adam Sedgwick, one of the fathers of English geology. "His deep-cut, animated face, with the light on it of a mind immortally young and growing, seemed to carry a geological grandeur in it." Bishop Moule once kindly directed my attention to the letter in Sedgwick's memoir which describes his impressions of the illustrious preacher, Robert Hall. He was no doubt specially interested from the connection of Robert Hall with Bristol Baptist College. Still more influential, it may be conjectured, was Bishop Lightfoot, whose work Moule was eminently fitted to take at its true value. In 1860 Lightfoot was not more than thirty-two years old.

Such were some of the great lights burning over Cambridge in those days.

Nor was the friendship of fellow-students unremembered. He speaks of Duncan Tovey, the accomplished editor of Gray's "Letters"; Frederick Myers, who might have been a great English poet; and W. P. Turnbull, who became Second Wrangler. It was a happy time in Cambridge, crowned by his brilliant degree. He won many distinctions, including medals for Greek and Latin epigrams, and one for a Latin ode. He showed his taste and feeling for poetry by his own writings. There is a certain grace and beauty in all that the Bishop wrote. By testimonies both in Bishop Hicks's Life and in Bishop Moule's, Cambridge was very much materialistic in those days. It was the first flush of triumphant Darwinism. It was a time, says Myers, when not the intellectual but the moral ideas of men seem to have passed into the camp of negation. Clifford was representative of a large number, and he triumphantly proclaimed the nothingness of God, the divinity of man. Moule had his struggles with doubt, but came out of them victorious.

He had pursued his studies to purpose. His name appeared second in the First Class. The Senior Classic was H. W. Moss, afterwards the distinguished successor of Dr. Kennedy as head master of Shrewsbury; and next came Handley Moule and Frederic Myers, bracketed equal as Second. Moule confessed his quite legitimate joy. He wrote to a friend: "As for the Tripos, for me it was indeed glorious. I have expatiated in air ever since. The surprise at the moment of telegraph was very great and delightful indeed; and I have not lost even yet the first sincerity of gratitude to God for what is to me an all-important gift, bringing, as I hope it will, such an honourable support as I once could hardly have dreamt of."

Then came the days of preparation for a possible Fellowship. He aimed at a Trinity College Fellowship. He accepted, and held for a couple of years,

From "The British Weekly"

30. 11.22.

an assistant-masterships at Marlborough School, closely associated with his family. There in September, 1865, he was appointed Fellow of Trinity. He did his work at Marlborough under the new impulse, but he did not specially take to the life, though he remembered it with happiness.

After much meditation he resolved to take Orders, and this was in a manner authorised by a certain spiritual experience. He wrote to his father to propose that after Ordination he should come and live at home, doing a certain amount of visiting and giving such other assistance as his father might require. (His brother Frederick was curate to his father at this time.) These were, indeed, remarkable brothers. The strength of the tie that bound them was almost unique. They wanted to take care of their aged parents, and they wished also to live as much as they could at the old Vicarage. It is amazing that Moule, with such a very brilliant career behind him should have been willing to forego all his delights of intellectual and spiritual intercourse at Cambridge for his father's country vicarage. But the arrangement lasted, if I make out rightly, from 1857 to 1872, and was in every way a great success. Moule never wasted time. Wherever he was he was a toiler, inclined to overtax his strength. They kept an eye upon him at Cambridge, however, and did not think that his powers were fully employed, so they called him up to Trinity again to be Junior Dean. He was not willing to go, but he felt that it was his duty, and that was final with Bishop Moule.

Moule as College Dean.

When Moule came back to Cambridge he found great changes in himself and among other people. He had one or two great friends among the Fellows, and he made others in time. But he felt a bit out of touch at first, "hardly realising how much he was valued and conscious of the difference between himself and some of them in religious purposes." The discipline of the College was unsatisfactory, but Moule did much to amend it. It was a remarkable sight to see the College filled with nearly six hundred men in surplices. Moule made it his business to give personal care to the men who seemed to need it, and he had great success in this way and showed his real genius for organisation under these conditions. He was not saccharine and sweet, in the offensive way of using these terms. He was a strong man physically, and strong in scholarship and firm in purpose. His Deanship at Trinity seems to have been a great success, though no doubt he had disappointments. He had always the Fordington Vicarage to fall back upon. His brother George from China with his family had arrived there in the summer of 1876, and it was a great joy and strength to Handley to have his brother residing in a house near by and helping from time to time in church and schoolroom. Moreover, his brother Charles used to spend the vacations for the most part at the Vicarage. Handley sang the praises of Dorset in verse, and published in 1878 his little volume, "Dorchester Poems." He was not by any means ignorant that two poets of the first rank lived and worked beside him—William Barnes and Thomas Hardy.

Moule and Thomas Hardy.

I print part of a letter from Mr. Thomas Hardy about Handley's memorial sermon on the death of his father, which was printed in the *Dorset County Express:*

"February 11, 1860.

"I have just been reading in a Dorset paper a report of your sermon on the death of your father, and I cannot refrain from sending you a line to tell you how deeply it has affected me, and—what is more to the point—to express my sense of the singular power with which you have brought his life and innermost heart before all readers of that address.

"You will, I am sure, believe me when I say that I have been frequently with you and your brothers in spirit during the last few days. Though not, topographically, a parishioner of your father's I virtually stood in that relation to him, and his home generally, during many years of my life, and I always feel precisely as if I had been one. I had many times resolved during the year or two before his death to try to attend a service in the old church in the old way, before he should be gone: but to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!—I never did.

"A day or two ago Matthew Arnold talked a good deal about him to me: he was greatly struck with an imperfect description I gave him (from what I had heard my father say) of the state of Fordington fifty years ago and its state after the vicar had brought his energies to bear upon the village for a few years. His words, 'energy is genius,' express your father very happily."

There is another letter dated June 29, 1919. The Bishop had sent to Mr. Hardy a copy of a study of his father's life and received the following in reply:

Max Gate.

"My dear Bishop of Durham,—

"You may agree with me in thinking it a curious coincidence that the evening before your letter arrived, and when it probably was just posted, we were reading a chapter in Job, and on coming to the verse, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come,' I interrupted and said, 'That was the text of the Vicar of Fordington one Sunday evening about 1860.' And I can hear his voice repeating the text as the sermon went on—in the way they used to repeat it in those days—just as if it were but yesterday. I wonder if you have ever preached from that text; I daresay you have. I should add that he delivered his discourse without note of any kind. . . .

"Believe me, always sincerely yours."

Then comes a very sad paragraph. When old Mr. Moule died, "the parishioners sent a unanimous petition to the patron asking him to appoint one of their late Vicar's sons; but the patron had other designs, and a week after the funeral it was announced that the parish had been committed to other hands." This was evidently a disappointment. It was the closing of a door. But as this door closed great doors opened.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

Tuesday.

UNDER THE KNIFE.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA.

—MR. THOMAS HARDY.

BRITISH criticism, in spite of the lively young gentlemen who write the reviews for the newspapers, has always shown a becoming respect for its elders. One is perpetually giving up one's seat in the intellectual omnibus to veterans, who sink into it breathing heavily (and, not infrequently, without saying "Thank you"); and there has been quite an orgy of little presentations to old gentlemen on behalf of the younger generation—occasions on which it is to be feared that tact on both sides was strained to breaking point, because the old gentlemen had hardly realised that they were quite so old as all that, and the younger generation, when it was shown in, seemed a shade balder than they had hoped.

Age, at any rate, has had its due; and quite a number of bath-chairs have been wheeled respectfully up the easy gradients of the British Parnassus. It is a form of good manners in which the people of these islands appear to excel, possibly because, in the highest possible degree, it combines sentimentality with cheapness. It is so obviously a less expensive matter to crown an established reputation with a handful of bay-leaves out of the garden than to stand Chatterton a square meal, and there is something about the process that is a trifle more flattering to the national vanity. The English have always preferred their young geniuses starving, and almost from the beginning of time they have specialised in Grand Old Men. It is less, perhaps, an inverted form of "Beaver" than an odd survival of their primeval taste for Druids.

Public attention in these islands is always assured for veteran statesmen or venerable poets. The national oracles, it would seem, are uniformly recruited from the superannuation list; and opinion is almost entirely formed by the rude forefathers of the hamlet talking in their sleep, whilst their shrines at Hawarden or Farringford are crowded with eager devotees. It is an unhealthy tendency, since it has stimulated in persons anxious to secure the public ear a morbid affectation of senility. The sprightly figures which our political parties carry before them into battle have adopted almost to a man a remarkable (and almost identical) disguise, consisting of a great deal of very long, white hair, because they recognised—with some reluctance in the case of Mr. Churchill—that this evidence of extreme age was the sole passport to their countrymen's respect.

Its influence in letters has been still more unhappy. The craving for tribal elders is satisfied in Wales by the simple-minded expedient of a direct impersonation of Druids at an annual charade. North of the Border they meet it with strange nocturnal incantations at the shrine of Robert Burns. But in England, where the spectacle of old gentlemen in nightshirts has always been considered ridiculous, and nobody has ever succeeded in retaining the name of a deceased poet for ten years after his death, it affects criticism in a different and perhaps a more sinister way and sets us all spotting *doyens*. In the absence of an Academy (and even the carefully selected senility of the Order of Merit is no real substitute) British opinion is perpetually engaged in recruiting octogenarians whom it can acclaim in a nice low voice as the greatest living practitioners of some one or other of the arts. Like that school of novelists in the last century which suffered from a morbid predilection for the last specimen of any species (whether it was Mohicans or Days of Pompeii), the British critic is always out mammoth-hunting. Contemporary gadflies are popped into the killing bottle and forgotten. But his elephant-gun is always ready, his glass is always sweeping the sky-line for the great humped back, the curling tusks, the trunk, the lumbering, heavy tread of the Last, the very last of the Great Victorians. Indeed, it saves a great deal of trouble when this interesting specimen has had the courtesy to get inside a glacier and die. One can analyse and appreciate so much more conveniently when the writer has ceased writing. Then one is sure of him, and the impressive figure can be enthroned as a Master, a *doyen*, and a warning to all young people with pen and ink who feel inclined to write before they are turned eighty.

British criticism is largely given over to the erection of these melancholy totems, and it has been one of the liveliest spectacles of the past few years to watch Mr. Thomas Hardy eluding their efforts. An obvious victim, with his long and glorious achievement and his crown of years, he has obstinately refused to be caught and stuffed. The first essential of a literary totem is that he should leave off writing; one must be able to refer to his work in a past tense. But Mr. Hardy, who might take his ease and sniff the incense as a *doyen*, a great name, a fragment of the past, remains a writer. It is not many months since he took the water once again in a volume of verse with a truculent lolly Roger at the main that warned all critics to stand by and dip their colours. That is a brave encouragement to every man who faces the universe with a pen in his hand, a finer evening to the long day than any golden glow of retrospect. Mr. Hardy is not the last of any species, least of all of the Victorians; but his contemporaries may honour him as a contemporary, without the faint condescension which one reserves for relics, as the first and greatest of the Georgians.

Yet if one's first verse was written in 1865, when Lord Palmerston was the Queen's Minister, and one's first novel was reviewed in 1871, almost a decade before Disraeli's last, there is bound to be some flavour of the past about the work. You will not find it where the birds wheel slowly above the great brown face of Egdon Heath. There is nothing that bears date in the cruel, dragging death of the Mayor of Casterbridge, unless it is the date of "Œdipus" and "King Lear," and the ages when tragedy was not afraid to speak with a full voice. Perhaps there is a

faint *démodé* touch of moral squeamishness in Tess, a mincing quality in some of the great ladies which you will hardly find in the modern young person and her mistress. But, then, Wessex is far away from towns—a long walk from the colleges at Christminster, and further still from London; and things change slowly in the country. There is a strangely modern quality in Mr. Hardy's stories, a touch of the hardness which mild-eyed mothers are meeting in their daughters, which staid Victorian critics reproved in Mr. Hardy. The wry smile with which he watches life, sitting behind his hedge to see the crowds go by, go singing up the lane that leads to the rough moors and sometimes to the steep drop by the old quarry, is not old-fashioned. His philosophy may not be cheering; honest philosophies rarely are. But it is not out of date.

Perhaps there is one corner of his work which is flecked with grey, which seems to bear in legible figures the date at which it was written. The fine, truculent face which he turns towards established religion has something in its look of the stern negation of the last century, of that singular crusade in which men solemnly took no cross and rode out to establish the faith that there was no faith. No dogma was ever so rigid as the Agnostic's, and one may sometimes catch in Mr. Hardy's utterance a note of that empty catechism, an echo of those hollow pulpits. He seems to deny as though Denial were a new and saving faith, a discovery by men who had sailed into unknown seas and found that there was nothing. It is his one concession to the *Zeitgeist* of his own generation. Perhaps he learnt it when he was a church architect in the 'Sixties: it would not be easy to combine faith with the construction of country churches in the Victorian Gothic.

For nearly thirty years, whilst strange new stars have climbed the sky and dipped and faded, his row of novels has stood on English shelves without a new one at the right-hand end. Someone in 1895 was shocked by "Jude." England could stand the "Yellow Book," but pulled long faces when unbelief ceased to be an affectation and became a creed. So Mr. Hardy withdrew into the blameless paths of poetry. The authority of Lord Tennyson could be quoted for the expression of honest doubt in that medium, and it was not felt that he was subverting the foundations of the State when his sardonic anecdotes were retailed in *staccato* metre.

Often he seemed merely to play over his old pieces on a different instrument. The poem was, in many cases, a study for a novel, a little drawing for the great cartoon. But once, at least, in the years when King Edward reigned and a Mr. Austin was his Laureate, Mr. Hardy played in the full tones which Browning had caught rolling from Abt Vogler's manual, with every stop full out and a great surge of sound above the little congregation. "The Dynasts" was decorated with the forbidding description of "an epic drama." In reality it was a chronicle play of the Great War of which the Trumpet-Major had seen something, with Napoleon for its principal and half Europe for its stage. Written in French, it would have been crowned by the Academy, nationalised, State-endowed, and played annually by two Divisions at the Camp of Châlons. In Germany, they would have built something vast for Reinhardt to produce it in. In Russian it would have made an English reputation; but solemn ladies continued to labour through "War and Peace" without a notion that an Englishman had caught the stamp and thunder of ten years of history in the great roll of a tragedy. It was an achievement on the fullest scale, in the grand manner, of the very first importance. And it was barely noticed. Even the young gentlemen who hasten to Dorchester in the vain attempt to catch and canonise Mr. Hardy are inclined to reserve their panegyrics for the strange, halting music of his shorter pieces, when the great tragedy stands there as the last and largest achievement of a master of two mediums.

6 Dec, 1923.]

NEW "HARDY" LECTURE BY MR. HARRY POUNCY.

Effort for St. John's New Organ Fund.

The commodious and comfortable Queen's Hall at the back of the Royal Hotel was crowded with an influential audience on Thursday night, when Mr. Harry Pouncy, the well-known exponent of the charms of Wessex, gave his new illustrated lecture-recital—the second of his series of three entitled "Thomas Hardy and his Romance of Wessex." It was in aid of the fund for providing a much-needed new organ for St. John's Church, and naturally there was a big rally of the devoted parishioners; and as Mr. Pouncy is the popular Assistant Secretary of the Dorset Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club it was not surprising also to see a considerable number of members of that scientific society who live beyond the boundaries of St. John's parish. Considering the many times that Mr. Pouncy has lectured in Weymouth, the large and eager audience was undoubtedly a most striking and convincing tribute to his popularity as a lecturer. The arrangements for the lecture had been completely and admirably made by Colonel H. Palmer, of The Merse, who is a skilful and successful entrepreneur.

Mr. Pouncy, who was introduced in cordial terms by the Vicar (Rev. F. E. Coryton), mentioned at the outset all the works—novels, short stories, and poems—with which he deals in his three lectures. These, he remarked, constituted a marvellous output even for a man of the literary fecundity of Mr. Thomas Hardy, their honoured Dorset man still happily living in the midst. And when they considered the fertility of his invention, the profound and subtle knowledge of Nature and of human character which all his works showed, the vivid portraiture which they contained, the splendid panorama of Wessex scenery which they unrolled, with all the changing beauty of the seasons in their varying liveries of green and russet, then the musings on the greatest problems that can engage the human mind, the pathos, the poetry, the philosophy, the rich and racy bucolic humour that irradiates the works, besides the perfection of literary craftsmanship—they must all feel compelled to salute Mr. Hardy with admiration and honour, and pay to him the homage due to the greatest living man of letters, and to congratulate themselves that he was still living in their midst and, in a green old age, displaying wonderful creative powers. (Loud applause.) Space would fail to enter in any detail into Mr. Pouncy's new lecture; suffice it to say that it is fully up to the standard of his first lecture, "An Evening in Hardyland," which he has given again and again, not only in Dorset, but also in London and the suburbs, in Bournemouth, Manchester, Halifax, and the Midlands, and which has been acclaimed by tens of thousands of people, both the general public and devoted readers and lovers of the novels. Mr. Pouncy confined himself almost entirely to three of Mr. Hardy's great masterpieces—"The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." This "trilogy" of *magna opera* was, he remarked, produced in the maturity of Mr. Hardy's genius, when wholly absorbed in the great effort of creative imagining and artistic shaping. With a magnificent series of choice photographic transparencies, in themselves an artistic feast, and projected to perfection by Mr. D. F. Allen, the experienced lanternist, with his limelight, Mr. Pouncy then led his entranced audience through all the scenery of these famous romances. The audience revelled in the irresistible humour of the rustic dialogues which were a special feature of the lecture. The rotundity of the world demonstrated by the old beacon keeper on Rainbarrows, "the man no woman would marry," the religious eccentricities of Mr. Levi Everdene, Joseph Poorgrass's affliction of the multiplying eye—these were only some of the gems, and, given in Mr. Pouncy's own inimitable way, in that Doric speech of Dorset of which he is an acknowledged and authoritative exponent, they convulsed the audience and evoked storms of applause. The rustic singing was as popular as ever; in short, this was the kind of lecture which, in its fullness of information and intimate personal touches, in the "peeps behind the scenes" which they afforded, was one over which all Hardy students would simply go crazy.

At the close the appreciation of the audience was manifested demonstratively. General astonishment was expressed that, though the evening had gone so quickly, Mr. Pouncy had held their attention for an hour and fifty minutes. The gratitude of the assembly and of St. John's Church to Mr. Pouncy and the helpers was expressed on the proposition of the Vicar, seconded by Colonel Palmer. The seating arrangements were efficiently carried out by Messrs. G. M. Burt and Son, and Miss Clarke rendered invaluable assistance in the sale of tickets.

"Dorset County Chronicle"?

"Bristol Times" 19.7.23.

THOMAS HARDY.

(By an Old Friend.) (?)

To-morrow (Friday), the last day of his tour of the Royal Duchy of Cornwall, the Prince of Wales is taking lunch with Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Hardy at their home at Max Gate, Dorchester.

Eighty-three years old, but still hale and mentally alert, capable of getting through several hours of literary work a day, Mr. Thomas Hardy has been called the last and greatest of the great Victorians.

But he doesn't appreciate the 'ital of "Victorian." He is not a man who dwells lovingly in the past. He is not always yearning for the good old days. If you asked him his opinion of modern times he would say: "Things are better now than they used to be."

That, of course, is his outlook on the modern world. Personally, he lives much in the past. His own private thoughts of his own life and affairs are always drifting, drifting back, in a melancholy way, to a time when he was younger than he is now. In one of his last books she tells of a man pursuing his love through three generations.

Reticent, even austere, he is not a man who speaks easily of his own feelings, his own life. He has, nevertheless, lived fully, if in a narrow orbit—for he has always felt rather lost outside his beloved Wessex country, has travelled little, and has seldom stayed long away from his home.

He takes a detached interest in local life, is a Justice of the Peace for Dorset, and until lately has appeared regularly every year in a Hardy play acted locally by a local company amateurs. He is so much a part of the town and the country that scarcely any of the local people stare at him when they see him about, or take interest in his doings.

He was born without advantages or opportunities in Dorset, and the aspirations of some of his poor-young-men characters, their dreams of fame and fortune, their shy self-consciousness before the great people of the neighbourhood, are faint hints at what young Hardy felt on the threshold of life long ago.

His education was in local schools, and it was only by a considerable effort that he was able to find the wherewithall to pay for private tuition in Latin and French. John Hicks, an ecclesiastical architect now forgotten, was his tutor from his sixteenth until his twenty-first year, and encouraged him to study. During this period he stored up impressions and acquired knowledge which eventually would be of the greatest use to him.

In his early twenties he was working under Sir A. Bloomfield, the eminent A.R.A., and was a prizeman of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1863, a year after he had joined Sir Arthur.

All this time he was writing verse in his leisure hours, which were few. He began to write prose when he was 28, and published his first book, "Desperate Remedies," three years later. It received little notice, and "Under the Greenwood Tree," published in the following year, fared little better. But one day a famous political peer saw a copy of the latter book in the "remaindered" compartment at a booksellers, bought a copy, read it, became an enthusiast, told all his friends—and the book, and Hardy, became famous.

Hardy has not always fared well at the hands of the critics. His tremendous pessimism has often made him enemies. "Jude the Obscure" was denounced so hotly that Hardy vowed he would not write another line. G. K. Chesterton called him "the village atheist brooding over the village idiot." Hardy has, even more than the sombre Conrad, an overwhelming sense of the vast indifference of Nature to mankind. He sees, like a Greek tragedian, the enormous inexorable forces of Fate moving massively to crush his little human characters.

Although a member of the Athenæum, Hardy is seen there very seldom. His Town visits are rare. He has been twice married. His first wife died eleven years ago. He married his second. Miss Florence Dugdale, the writer of children's books, and an occasional journalist, in 1914.

Max Gate, his home, stands within the Prince of Wales' Manor of Fordington.

TWO CRITICS OF MR. HARDY.

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY. By LIONEL JOHNSON. New and revised Edition, to which is added a Chapter on the Poetry by J. E. BARTON and a Bibliography by JOHN LANE. (John Lane. 8s. 6d. net.)

THE TECHNIQUE OF THOMAS HARDY. By JOSEPH WARREN BEACH. (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.)

It is not only the differing manners of their authors, the Englishman's sedate reflectiveness and the business-like approach of the American, which make these books a piquant contrast. That extends to their circumstances and aims. Lionel Johnson's study, written thirty years ago, is a voice out of the past, announcing a future which has become in a great measure our present. It was not only the first book written about Mr. Hardy, but the first to claim a great place for him in an argument worthy of the theme. With true and lasting matter, finely stated, it will never be out of date; yet you can feel that it is praising qualities which were less recognized then than they are now. Mr. Beach's book, on the other hand, suggests not only the present, but a distant future. Some day, perhaps, the Wessex novels will be anatomized in college lecture-rooms as painstakingly as they are here. Possibly even to-day, in the University of Minnesota, where this book was written, teacher and students are taking them to pieces and putting them together again. Mr. Beach certainly picks his holes industriously, but only because the rank of his author makes that worth while; the best compliment, he seems to say, which can be rendered to acknowledged genius is to criticize its processes as frankly as you can.

The manner of Lionel Johnson's book is worth pausing on; for it is written exactly in the way in which books on living authors are usually not written, and perhaps hardly ever can be. Was it his faith in a classic that gave his own writing a classical air of repose? From the first, at any rate, you feel the space of a great argument. It is full of the loyalty he expresses to "the broad and high traditions of literature; to those humanities, which inform with the breath of life the labours of the servants and the achievements of the masters, in that fine art." You may read the book in a train and it will suggest the quiet of a library, or even the calm of a church where, attending no ritual, you rest in the meditativeness of the place. So much he achieves by reverence for the dignity of human life and human art. His essay was conceived in the time we dismiss now as the trivial nineties; but it conveys thought and criticism without a word of jargon, and in the deliberate leisure of his prose, not excluding the austere punctuation, it is a comely and reviving thing.

The key he wrote in was, indeed, the greatest test that could be applied to his author; it brought Mr. Hardy's books into sequence with the classics, judging him by the worth of design and emotion and the fidelity of workmanship involved. If the estimate were wrong some incongruousness would be felt at once, here or there. But it was Lionel Johnson's first merit to see as early as he did that Mr. Hardy was in the great tradition of English literature; and that, when there was an original genius to deal with, was almost cleverer than seeing how original he was.

For he is an inheritor, by pure descent and kinship: not a *parvenu*, a *nouveau riche*, of literature: the praise bestowed by Plutarch upon the works raised up by Pericles, the praise of being new and old, is applicable here. . . . So, considering Mr. Hardy's work, I cannot confine my thought of him to the immediate interests of to-day: I cannot but think of him as of one upon whom has fallen a powerful spirit of great art: as of one who has received a vocation to do great things for English literature.

Seeing in Mr. Hardy's grave and large design his affinity with the older English masters, Johnson also saw deeply how one region of England, saturating the author's mind, had nourished it; how it was rooted in a sense of nature and of history. Reading the chapters on "Wessex" and "Country Folk," one understands how it is that the half-dozen great novels where Mr. Hardy struck farthest into his own ground emerge above the rest, just as the six or seven great Waverleys where Scott was nearest to what he felt and knew overshadow the others. Mr. Beach is also aware of this deep spirit of place, and notes its poetry; yet when, discussing its appearance in "Far From the Madding Crowd," he writes:—

One would like to know whether, in designing this novel, the author started with a plot and added a setting, or started with a setting and got himself a plot to suit it. My impression is that he started with the setting. He conceived the idea of a pastoral idyll, in which he should bring together the greatest possible number of country scenes and occupations such as, taken together, would amount to a reconstruction of his ideal "Wessex" . . .

we feel somehow a long way from the heart of the matter. A writer may choose his aspects as a painter does; but Mr. Hardy on Egdon or among the shearers is as natural, as much an element of it all, as Crome on Mousehold Heath.

Both critics are concerned with Mr. Hardy only as a novelist, and Lionel Johnson, we must remember, wrote before "Jude the Obscure" had appeared. He is clear in his own mind which novel has the pre-eminence; it is "The Return of the Native." For the American writer, likewise, that novel is unapproached among the rest for dramatic unity of structure. On "Tess" Lionel Johnson is interesting; not least because, after praising the other chief novels with his whole heart, he finds himself here at some variance with Mr. Hardy. Feeling the beauty and even the grandeur of the novel, he sees an indictment in it as well as a story, and the indictment seemed a tangle of inconsistencies; on the author's principles there was no

real nerve of tragedy, and Tess herself is "pitiable, but not admirable." For Mr. Beach, too, pity, and pathos even, is the whole aim of the novel; but he finds its simplicity a really greater thing than the design of "The Return of the Native," and his lynx-like view relaxes somewhat unexpectedly. Lionel Johnson was surely right in thinking that the comments and asides of the indictment were rather a blemish than a help to the art of the story; and there is a passivity in the heroine which makes his view of her seem truer than Mr. Beach's. Yet "Tess" shows that drama will not cover all the resources of a novelist; he has other possible ways of moving us as a narrator.

As the titles indicate, Mr. Beach's book is a counterpart to Lionel Johnson's. He is undisguised and by no means unsuggestive analyst, though he has fastened on Mr. Hardy's work with a confidence which sometimes takes one's breath away. It is all neatly formulated, and we listen to him as pupils to an instructor; there is, at any rate, no confusion in the discourse. On the novels individually—much of his space is taken up by abstracts of them—he comments in detail; but the main interest lies in the way he works out his view of the "gradual and triumphant subordination of artifice to art in Mr. Hardy's novels." He sees the novelist as a craftsman first, using the tools of his age and experimenting until he should find out the true vein of his original creation. The novels are unequal, and the process was slow, because Mr. Hardy was constantly yielding to the demon of plot. Even after "The Return of the Native" Mr. Beach spies a lamentable relapse; and neither "The Mayor of Casterbridge" nor "The Woodlanders" is a full recovery, for, though the power and charm of genius is there, the art is wavering back to craft again. Finally, the spell of a great binding interest in "Tess" and "Jude" brings Mr. Hardy to the highest level of his art once more, and therewith to his subtlest workmanship.

The distinction between craftsmanship and art is valid in its place, but it has pitfalls; and when Mr. Beach says Mr. Hardy's novels lead one to suppose that he made a more or less conscious distinction between the demands of his art and those of his craft he is saying something highly questionable. Given that you are dealing with a sincere artist—and Mr. Hardy's sincerity is the last matter one questions—the distinction between art and craft soon becomes one of degree, not kind, and is not premeditated by the author. Still, Mr. Hardy's use of coincidence and surprise was bound to have attention in a study of technique, and by classifying some of his books as "novels of ingenuity" he might be said to invite it. When he began to write novels intrigue and mystery were in the vogue. He himself, too, like the older race of novelists and novel-readers, clearly "loves a story"; and nothing seems farther from him than the assumption that a mere record of dull days can make one. That his earlier fictions tended to an extravagance of incident was felt by Lionel Johnson; and sometimes one is inclined to challenge the coincidences in the later. There is much that we should find ourselves questioning in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" were it not for Henchard's saving magnificence. Mr. Beach, however, seems to have been led too far by his devotion to the dramatic form. Mr. Hardy's variety and emphasis of events has surely been a real part of his vision of things. His unique achievement, as a novelist, of showing man and nature in one related view demanded breadth and expansion quite as much as tension.

To the truth of human nature, at least, both these critics are agreed that Mr. Hardy has been faithful. His candour presented men and women not only as "natural beings in the strength of nature," but in its weakness; and of the weakness nothing is extenuated. Yet the human feeling which is as strong as his detachment gives them dignity. It is in "Jude the Obscure," where the charm of outer nature enters so little, where circumstance is most pitiless and hearts are searched most utterly, that we are best aware how failure can be transmuted out of squalor into a thing of worth and beauty. One cannot help wondering what Lionel Johnson would have thought of "Jude." There are things from which he might have recoiled as gratuitous, like the deaths of the children; he was a scholar to whom learning was sacred in its high places, but he was an artist too; and we fancy he would have been of those for whom some fine traits in Mr. Hardy's Christminster outweigh the ironies and count among the great things which have been said of Oxford. In the austere design of a book which is akin to the strength of Mr. Hardy's poems he might have found something which he thought was marred in "Tess." But most of all does one wish that he could have known and written of the poems. To add anything from another hand to this individual book is difficult; and though Mr. J. E. Barton's essay on the poetry is competent, and fills a blank in the subject, it scarcely blends with Johnson.

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THOMAS HARDY.

THE PRINCE AND THE POET.

A DARING DEVOTION TO TRUTH.

To-day at Max Gate, a roomy, unpretentious house on the outskirts of Dorchester, the Prince of Wales takes tea with Thomas Hardy.

In ancient Ireland, if we may believe the neo-Celts, this would have been a mighty honour—for the Prince. It is not hard to name countries where, till recently, the honour would have been all the poet's. In modern England it is happily both safe and reasonable to say that in this quiet meeting the Prince and the Poet will each confer an honour upon the other.

Thomas Hardy has had many an official stamp put upon his greatness, at the head of them that Order of Merit, which is the rarest and the proudest reward of intellectual achievement; but very seldom is it a poet's privilege to entertain familiarly the Heir to the Throne. On the other hand, we see an aged man of genius, who all his long life has been studious to keep himself and his private affairs out of the glare of publicity, opening the doors of his home to a young man who, whatever his personal tastes, is prevented by his own arduous calling from being more than a casual student of literature, a young man whose every movement is watched by countless eyes, to be shouted from the house-tops by a thousand voices.

A GREAT SPAN.

When Thomas Hardy was born, in a village near Dorchester, the Prince's great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, had not been quite four years on the Throne. Sixty years later the poet, on the night of her death, was to celebrate her in a "Reverie," in which, piercing, as his way is, through the obvious, he saw that beyond the purposed life, "serene, sagacious, free," which had made her "the norm of every royal-reckoned attribute," there might yet be some deed of hers that, lying hid from her own age, would be most bright in eyes to be. Two decades and more have passed; and the poet, on this side of the Great War, having sung of the men who marched away, of the women who stayed at home, of the great silence that fell with the Armistice, is still an active force, a poet in being, whose new work is read with fully as much admiration by the youngest lovers of poetry as it is by their elders.

There is no equal instance in our literature, nor perhaps in any other, of such long vitality of the poetic fire. Michael Drayton wrote poetry for many years; but at the end he was an imitator, not a model. Could it be said either of Wordsworth or of Victor Hugo that the poetry of their old age was, like Mr. Hardy's, as good as the poetry of their earlier years? When the Prince visits Mr. Hardy to-day he will pay tribute not only to a great achievement in the past, but to an unexampled persistence of intellectual vigour and of the creative imagination.

The main facts of the life-story of the Prince's host are probably well known to most of our readers. His first choice of a profession was architecture, which he studied in Dorchester and later in London, where he won prizes. Years later he designed his own house, Max Gate, but in youth his greatest interest lay in making drawings of the old churches about England in those days when restoration was much in vogue. And during those years, perhaps, while he spent many a long and lonely hour, under all lights and weathers, in empty churches and remote churchyards, he acquired something of that sense of the briefness of life and the mortality of human flesh which pervades his work in poetry and in prose.

he was working hard, alone or with a friend or two, at the literature, classical and modern, which his schooling had denied him. He must, as his works reveal, have studied other things as well: astronomy, music, even theology, among them. And he resolved that, though architecture might be his profession, poetry was his true work. But then, as now, poetry was no profitable field for a young man without means; and no doubt forces that he himself could not recognize were pushing him into the right way.

THE WESSEX NOVELS.

He began writing fiction—for a livelihood, as he said, but also, as it is easy for others to see now, through artistic impulsion. His very first published book, "Desperate Remedies," was an experiment in form, and not devoid of the characteristics of his temper and his thought. And then, from "Desperate Remedies" to "Jude the Obscure," came that long series of novels which, little by little, with many a set-back and disappointment, won him at last a position among the very greatest of the English novelists. He kept, with very few exceptions, to his own chosen field: to a district which he called Wessex rather as a generic than a topographical term, though the topography in his novels is exact; and within that district to the people of the farming, shopkeeping, and labouring classes, where he found the emotional and spiritual substance that he needed.

Many a book has been written already about those novels; and many another will be written yet. Here it is only possible to pick from their rich variety of subject and form and tone a few cardinal points, passing over a score of interesting particulars, like the Shakespearian humour of his peasants and their fine Biblical talk, his admiration for the common soldier, his minute observation of bird, flower, tree, and sky, and the mastery of structure and proportion which is plain in all his prose, from his shortest story to his longest novel. The principal question for all the many readers of Mr. Hardy's novels has always been what the spirit of them is, what view they expound of life.

He himself has always been careful to protest that it is not his business as artist to expound anything. He records, as he has said, compiling material which perhaps future and happier times may explain; and he creates imaginative pictures of life as, at this moment or that, in this set of circumstances or that, he conceives that it must be. Nevertheless, he has a philosophical mind; and it is not his readers' fault if they find that he is always making them think about what he thinks about life. Time was when he was dubbed a pessimist; and attempts have been made to link him somehow on to Darwinism and other intellectual movements of his earlier years. All such attempts must fail, because they do not allow for the originality, the sincerity, the passionate and daring devotion to truth of this lonely and independent mind.

FAITH IN MAN.

He saw very early that the world was not conducted for the convenience of man, and that man had very little say in its conduct. He could not accept, and would not pretend to accept, the faith that a beneficent power was at work to bring things right for man in the end. And being sensitive, to a rare degree, to the sufferings of all created things, and quick and deep in pity, he was moved at times, as all great minds have been moved, to outcry, to rage, to bitterness. He saw man rich in good will, in love, in the worth of what the New Testament calls charity, and yet unable to find not merely the satisfaction of his urgent desires, but the expression of his good will, because of what for the moment might be called the force of mere circumstance. But he could only be justly called a pessimist if it could be proved that he had lost his faith in man's good qualities. And that he never has. His novels went on showing the potential nobility of man persisting, as natural beauty persists, through incessant struggle against forces of which he had no knowledge and over which he had no control.

There came a time, after he had moved and interested an ever-increasing public with tales in which his philosophy was nearly all implicit, when his passion for the truth moved him to become a little more explicit. He published

which is delightfully fascinating. His keen sense of humour is at once evident. His keen eyes flash instantaneously with his smile. Now Lloyd George and others invariably close their lids entirely when they smile; not so Thomas Hardy. His eyes illuminate his smiling expression, an expression which is quite foreign to the man of affairs and certainly impossible in the case of the thinker who is said to be by nature a pessimist.

Many readers of Hardy, even his greatest admirers, accuse him of being a confirmed pessimist, and point to that as the one blot on his literary greatness. Certainly an artist could with a few touches transform the genial face of Hardy into that of a pessimist by closing the marked horizontal lines in the forehead (the lines of "the thinker") and exaggerating the strong lines from the top of the nostrils to the sides of the mouth, and converging the corners of the mouth downwards—as I have done here. In picturing one of his characters he writes: "He was a pessimist in so far as that character applies to a man who looks at the worst contingencies as well as the best in the human condition."

Hardy has the ears of a musician—large, well-formed, and rounded. It is, of course, evident from his books that he is a keen lover of music.

Hanging on the walls of his study is a fine old violin, and against the wall, close by, his violoncello. Stringed instruments would naturally be found there, for who does not recollect the eldest Dewy's defence (in "Under the Greenwood Tree"), that microscopic study of village life which Hardy calls "a rural painting of the Dutch School"?

"They should ha' stuck to strings. Your brass man is brass—well and good; your reed man is reed—well and good; your percussion man is percussion—good again. But I don't care who hears me say it, nothing will speak to your heart wi' the sweetness of the man of strings."

I have met from time to time most of our greatest writers (Thackeray and Dickens were before my time), and I may justly say that I have never known one of them, young or old, who gave such interest and pleasure as Hardy—simply to watch him as one does a character in a play. Watch him pottering about his garden or feeding his dog, or on his knees searching for a book on the bottom shelf in his study. I had glimpses, but I wanted more, of this lovable character, this aged youth with the wonderful head, this analytical, innocent-looking, monumental-minded, absolutely natural, unorthodox, retiring country gentleman.

It requires the pen of a Hardy and his power of character-drawing to describe him properly. The artist's pencil is not equal to presenting the man as he truly is. For it is not the figure—neither the huge unwieldy form of a Thackeray, nor the irrepressible volubility of a Dickens, nor the uncouth Bohemianism of a Carlyle—which lends aid to an artistic outward representation of the man, but, as with Barrie, it is Hardy's head which is his most arresting feature.

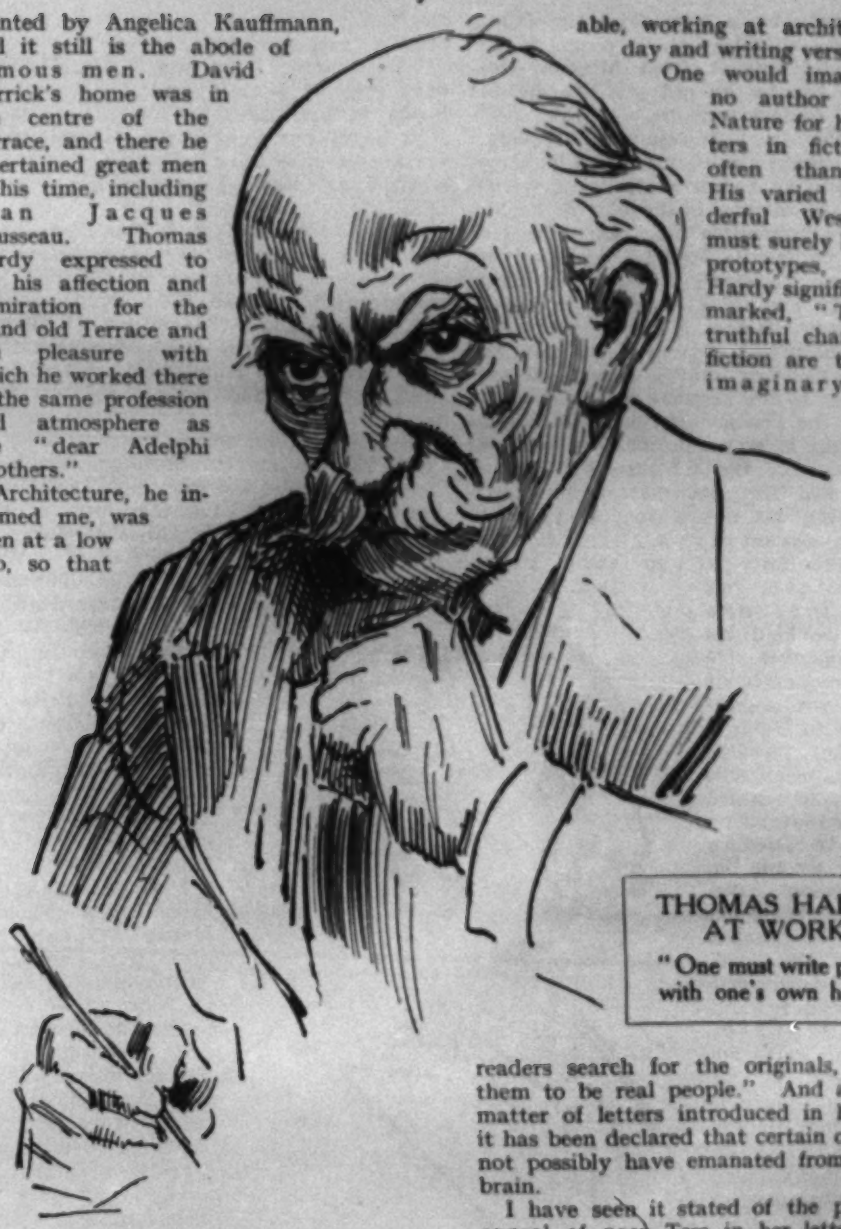
First impressions, we are told, are always best; they certainly are the most lasting—which to an artist bent on faithful portraiture are often a snare and delusion. For instance, when I first met Hardy, many years ago, he wore a beard; though he now tells me he wore it only for three years and merely grew it as a protection after a serious illness. But so I always recall him, for I happen then to have seen him many times—and rarely since.

It has more than once been said of Hardy that he confined nearly all his novels to the environment of his native county, Dorset, because of his ignorance of London, when, as a matter of fact, he knew and loved his London thoroughly. He lived in London, as a young man, for over seven years. He came to London in 1862 as assistant to that eminent architect, Sir Arthur Blomfield, whose offices were situated in Adelphi Terrace, off the Strand, one of the most interesting spots both historically and architecturally in all London. It was built by the brothers Adam, called by Garrick "the dear Adelphi Brothers," and was renowned for its beautiful fireplaces and ceilings, some of which were reputed to be

The genial face of Hardy transformed into that of a pessimist, as described by the Author on this page.

painted by Angelica Kauffmann, and it still is the abode of famous men. David Garrick's home was in the centre of the Terrace, and there he entertained great men of his time, including Jean Jacques Rousseau. Thomas Hardy expressed to me his affection and admiration for the grand old Terrace and the pleasure with which he worked there in the same profession and atmosphere as the "dear Adelphi Brothers."

Architecture, he informed me, was then at a low ebb, so that



THOMAS HARDY AT WORK.

"One must write poems with one's own hand."

no doubt the Adams' work appealed to him with all the force of contrast. Had he remained an architect, there is little doubt he would have become a famous one, for he showed early promise.

I recollect Hardy's amused smile when I happened to mention the popular fallacy that he was unacquainted with life in London. It may be correct as regards the present day, but Dickens could not have studied it more closely than Hardy did, and at the time when young and impressionable, working at architecture all day and writing verse at night. One would imagine that no author went to Nature for his characters in fiction more often than Hardy. His varied and wonderful Wessex folk must surely have their prototypes, but, as Hardy significantly remarked, "The most truthful characters in fiction are the purely imaginary, though readers search for the originals, believing them to be real people." And as for the matter of letters introduced in his books, it has been declared that certain ones could not possibly have emanated from a man's brain.

I have seen it stated of the passionate appeal of poor Tess in her letter to her husband, begging his return, that no man could possibly have invented such a letter. It must have been written by a woman. Mr. Hardy smiled when I recalled this flattering, if left-handed, opinion, and said that the letter was written during his ordinary morning's work. So much for the powers of an ordinary critic's penetration.

Not infrequently an author gets an idea from accidental conversation in everyday life; for instance, a certain wonderfully tragic incident in "The Dynasts" was

told to Hardy by a very old Swiss lady, who had the actual scene—a reminiscence of the awful retreat from Moscow—described to her by an old soldier—one of Napoleon's famous warriors.

As in the case of Tennyson, Kipling, and other literary celebrities, Hardy hero-worship would, if tolerated, become unbearable. Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, in the Poet Laureate's time, was protected from the inquisitive public, and in the present day, Burwash, Sussex, the home of Kipling, and Max Gate, Dorchester, where Hardy resides in peace, are withdrawn from public highways and are far from the madding crowd. And all are closed gates to the peculiar people who try to invade the privacy of celebrities. This hero-worship is a purely modern disease. When discussing the subject with Hardy, he mentioned the fact that in his youth such a thing did not exist. He, himself the most observant of men, lived in London in close proximity to two famous giants in literature, but never for one moment troubled his head about either. He lunched frequently at a well-known restaurant close to Hungerford Market, presided over by a celebrated foreigner, to which many celebrated writers, including Thackeray, were in the habit of going. But they did not rouse his curiosity. The annual invasion of Americans has quite transformed the successful writer's home life. He is looked upon as fair game for the globe-trotters, and has to be carefully shielded from importunity. Otherwise the victim's life is unbearable. Apropos of Thomas Hardy, when lunching at an hotel at Dorchester I was informed of a very typical incident that had taken place in the coffee-room in which I was seated. A batch of Americans, while having lunch, were examining the contents of their guide-books and asking the manager searching questions about the "domicile of Thomas Hardy."

"It was," he said, "about a mile away; but Mr. Hardy," he added, "is not at home at present, and even if he were, it would be absolutely impossible to see him, for no visitors are permitted."

"Waal, now, I am one of Mr. Hardy's vury greatest worshippers. I have all his books in my bag for him to autograph. Now keant I just make the exception, and see the great novelist and poet, just to say when I get home I have seen the great man?"

"Impossible, madam, I assure you."

At lunch the next day, just before the American hero-hunters were leaving Dorchester, they declared themselves delighted with the place and the picturesque villages sprinkled about the beautiful Hardy country, but they deeply regretted that the chief object of their pilgrimage should be frustrated. To see Dorchester and not see Mr. Thomas Hardy himself was a cruel blow.

"If it is any satisfaction to you, madam," quietly remarked the manager, "your wish *has* been gratified. You may have noticed a gentleman and two ladies lunching at the next table to you yesterday. Well, that gentleman was Mr. Thomas Hardy."

"Satisfied! Wuzz! Is that really so? And why did you not tell me? You Britishers are a vexatious, uncommunicative lot, I guess! That darned secrecy could never happen in our great country!" And the lady was about right.

A portrait of Thomas Hardy in middle age.

It is common knowledge that Thomas Hardy's first story fell into the hands of George Meredith, who, at the time, was literary adviser to the firm of publishers to which Hardy had sent the MS. It was a story with a purpose. Meredith read it and sent for Hardy and advised him not to print it, but write another with more plot; so the manuscript was never published. The title of it was "The Poor Man and the Lady."

Now I could write a volume about Thomas Hardy, but as he would object if too much were written about him, it would never be published. I might call it "The Poet and the Lady," for I should then have much to say of the very charming and accomplished lady of Max Gate—Mrs. Thomas Hardy.

THE TIMES,
SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1923.

THE PRINCE IN DORSET.

MEETING WITH MR. HARDY.

THE WISHING WELL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

WEYMOUTH, JULY 20.

The meeting of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Thomas Hardy dwarfed every other circumstance of the third and last day of the Prince's Western tour. It seemed to have struck the general imagination, so much was it talked of, so thoroughly did it permeate to-day's programme. This was natural in Dorchester, where the position of Mr. Hardy belies the proverb about a prophet and his own country. But Dorchester was only the culmination of the meeting with Mr. Hardy.

All day long the Prince's motor-car sped through Mr. Hardy's world; not only through the very country which the great writer has transfigured for so many of us by the shifting lights of his genius, but the country he has peopled with characters that do not die like mortal men and women. Here are houses, farms, cottages, beautiful with the time-worn loveliness of Wessex; but their beauty is overlaid by their poetical interest, for in them live the spirits of Bathsheba Everdene, Gabriel Oak, Eustacia Vye, and Tess. Such habitations are familiar, though we may never have seen them before, since Mr. Hardy has the secret of giving his eyes to his readers. And with his eyes they look also at the barrows and downs that stretch along the horizon in hues of green and purple, brown and gold.

The Prince's route need not be related to Mr. Hardy's books by such links as the literary investigator loves to forge. But the veritable Hardy air is breathed forth by names like Warminster, Mere, Shaftesbury, Fordington, Poundbury Farm, Maiden Castle, and Upwey. Through some of the places they connote the Prince passed; at some he stayed to meet Duchy tenants, or for other of the various objects of his tour. Then, at last, Dorchester gave him a welcome which might have been a chapter out of an unpublished Wessex novel. That chapter would describe how a son of the Wessex soil, having lifted himself to greatness, joined in his town's greeting of a Prince, who afterwards delighted to honour him, and be honoured by him, in his own home.

A Children's Chorus.

The road into Dorchester cuts deeply between high, wooded banks. The banks were filled by children in simple, pretty dresses; while the road was kept by Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, who showed once or twice, when there was a mild rush, the mingled tact and determination of London policemen. A blazing sun from a quite blue sky brought out the colour wherever it showed among the rich green of the trees or in the heat of the be-flagged and bannered road. The children's sweet, trained voices rang out in the chorus from *The Dynasts*, specially set to music:—

"Now a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there,
That the rages of the ages
Shall be cancelled,
And deliverance offered from the darts
that were;
Consciousness the will informing
Till it fashions all things fair."

At the top of the road the Prince was received by the Mayor and Corporation in a covered stand, where Mr. Hardy had a place. His Royal Highness was then conducted, through lines of the Dorsetshire Regiment, to a new Territorial drill-hall, which he declared open in a short speech. Those who had lived through the long years of the war, he said, would never wish to repeat the experience; but, at the same time, he was certain there was no finer training for young men than that they got in the Territorials, and he hoped the boys of Dorchester and the county would add, if need were, to the splendid record of the Dorsetshire Regiment.

Mr. Hardy was present at this ceremony. From the Drill Hall he drove with the Prince, amid the cheers of people pleased to see the young face and the old side by side, to Max Gate. As for Mr. Hardy, he may be 80-odd, but his lined countenance bore a very alert and cheerful expression, and, if it spoke truly, he enjoyed to the full the bustle and colour of the streets, and shared to the full in the joy of his fellow-townsmen.

I have already referred to the prevalent interest in the luncheon at Max Gate. It expressed itself in a desire, which in this case was wistful rather than vulgar, to overhear the conversation at that very private and informal little gathering. People spoke as though they would not have spied if they could; they only wondered what the talk of a young Prince and an aged poet might be like. Of course, they can never know. This must be numbered among the fascinating secrets which will not be told. The house at Max Gate stands secluded among the closely growing trees that overshadow it. There was no mob at the gates. The privacy of Mr. Hardy and his guest was respected in intention no less than fact. The photograph taken after luncheon on the lawn will be the sole record of an occasion that, judging from one's experience to-day in Dorchester and on the road through Wessex, charms alike the fancy of the Hardy student and of the man who could not tell how Tess came of the D'Urbervilles.

The Prince's next visit was paid to tenants who might be said to live over the way from Mr. Hardy's. During the afternoon, still in the very region of the novels, he climbed the Maiden Castle Earthworks, sinking to the ground on the summit, declaring his pleasure at the prospect of half an hour's rest, and remaining at ease till the half-hour had gone by.

At the Wishing Well.

At the Wishing Well at Upwey—as though nothing was to break the spell of this memorable day—he found another scene from that unpublished, unwritten novel. The well, as many know, lies at the bottom of an encircling green bank, well grown with trees. On the turf sat a decorously gay company of humble folk in their best clothes. It included tiny children, and even a baby or two. The Prince set them laughing by accepting a glass of the wishing water from the wrinkled old woman who dispenses it, and by gravely nodding his head towards her, as drinking health, before setting his lips to it. But this did not suit the guardian of the magic spring. She instructed the Prince that he must not put down his glass without throwing the dregs over his shoulder. He did as he was bidden. But had he wished? The question was asked him by a woman on the bank as he was leaving. He confessed that he had not. "Then you ought to have done," she said; and the chidden Prince smilingly agreed with her that perhaps he had been remiss.

From Upwey it is but three miles or so to Budmouth, which is Weymouth; and from Weymouth, not yet exiled from the land of romance, the Prince took train for London.

The visit exactly fulfilled the prediction contained in a telegram which reached the Prince at Dorchester from the Society of Dorset Men in London. It proved "a wunnervul time o' rejoicen, vor viags were a-vlyen, bells a-ringen, an' th' vo'k dress'd up in their Zunday best, wi' nar a libbet about 'em."

The Prince of Wales arrived at Waterloo shortly before 9 o'clock last night from his tour in the West of England. His Royal Highness, who was wearing a grey lounge suit and soft hat, travelled in a special saloon attached to an express train from Weymouth.

Observer. 23.12.23

CONTINENTAL VIEWS OF MR. HARDY'S WORKS.

Sir,—It may be possible to give a very simple explanation of the reason why Mr. Hardy's writings are belittled in some quarters (though not in all) of Continental journalism, including the German periodical containing the article from which extracts are given by your correspondent, Mr. Silverman.

It can be seen to arise largely from the fact that Hardy has published both prose and verse—the former the earlier, so that it had the start—and the latter being but little known to foreigners; hence the basis of their estimate of him as an author is his prose alone. The volumes of his that are read in Germany and some other European countries are almost exclusively his novels—Tauchnitz copies of them chiefly, or more or less abridged translations of these Tauchnitz copies—all old work of their author's, finished nearly thirty years ago (except some short trifles), as can be seen from their dates, before he set about publishing what he defines somewhere as his more personal literary fruitage (or by words to that effect) which Tauchnitz does not include.

In no foreign review that I have been able to meet with—not excepting the periodical from which the quotations Mr. Silverman gives are taken—is there any mention made, or the slightest consciousness shown, of other books than these novels. Mr. Silverman's quotations reveal a curious ignorance on the point, though one might have supposed "The Dynasts" at least to have had some Continental interest, if only in a translation. Yet we can gather from "Who's Who" and such handbooks that Mr. Hardy's works in verse, published since these prose works were concluded, cover a greater number of his writing years than those occupied in producing the prose stories; and they are also the books which, with many of the acutest English critics, carry greater weight than the fiction.—Your obedient servant,

F. E. H.

December 18, 1923.

"New York Times" 9.3.24.

THE POET WHOM THE PRINCE CALLED UPON: THOMAS HARDY, With Mrs. Hardy, at Their House Near Dorchester, in the Dorset Country, Which Is the Background for the Author's Novels.

(Times Wide World Photos, From © E. O. Hoppe.)

"Nation" 17.5.24.

A SHOOTING-GALLERY.

A Gallery. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

MR. GUEDALLA'S "Gallery" is not a portrait-gallery. Here are no quiet, dignified rooms. . . . To Mr. Thomas Hardy, life is "one long lane that leads to an eternal booby-trap." Writing of "The Dynasts," however, Mr. Guedalla mingles with his jests, as he sometimes can, a wise and welcome appreciation:—

> "Written in French, it would have been crowned by the Academy, nationalized, State-endowed, and played annually by two divisions at the Camp of Châlons. In Germany they would have built something vast for Reinhardt to produce it in. In Russian it would have made an English reputation. But solemn ladies continued to labour through 'War and Peace' without a notion that an Englishman had caught the stamp and thunder of ten years of history in the great roll of a tragedy."

"The Times" Weekly 19.6.24.

COMPASSION.

AN ODE IN CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

By Thomas Hardy.

I.

Backward amid the dusky years
A lonesome lamp is seen arise,
Lit by a few fain pioneers
Before incredulous eyes.
We read the legend that it lights:
"Why must throughout this land of historied rights
Mad creatures, despot-doomed, bewildered, plead
Their often hunger, thirst, pangs, prisonment,
In deep dumb gaze more eloquent
Than tongue of highest breed?"

II.

What was faint-written, read in a breath
In that year—ten-times-ten away—
A larger clearer conscience saith
More sturdily to-day.
But still those innocents are thralls
To throbless hearts, near, far, that hear no calls
Of honour towards their too-dependent frail;
And from Columbia Cape to Ind we see
How helplessness breeds tyranny
In power beyond assail.

III.

Cries still are heard in secret nooks,
Till hushed with gag or slit or thud;
And hideous dens whereon none looks
Are sprayed with spurting blood.
But here, in battlings, patient, slow,
Much has been won—more, maybe, than we know—
And on we labour hopeful. "Ailinon,"
Outcalls one great of old: "May good have rule!"
And "Blessed are the merciful!"
Calls yet a greater one.

January 22, 1924.

(No copyright.)

THE SPHERE

RIES OF THE 'NIN

By C. LEWIS HIND. VI.—Some Lions

resting series of personal reminiscences] Mr. Hind relat
s of English literature. Included in the many famous
ain, Bret Harte, Coventry Patmore, and of all these h

Meredith saw it he swept off his hat, made a deep obeisance, and remained for a moment bending. So I see him now; so I shall always see him—man reverently saluting nature.

Sphere • 11 Oct 24 • (Lewis • Hind)

George Meredith seems to live in the light, Thomas Hardy in the shadows. Meredith was an optimist tingling with buoyancy, Hardy is a pessimist tinged with irony. That was a quiet, reflective autumn afternoon I spent at Max Gate, Dorchester, with Thomas Hardy, watching, in the gathering light, his sad, tired face, most gentle, most sweet, but alert as a bird's. An hour or so passed, and I was slowly encouraging him to talk, planning to persuade him to tell me why, after *Jude the Obscure*, he wrote no more novels, when Mrs. Hardy entered the room and said to me, "Oh, I do want to show you my water-colours." This was the former Mrs. Hardy, niece of Archdeacon Gifford, and I, who am weak in the presence of the nieces of archdeacons, followed her; so I never heard from the author of *Jude the Obscure* why, after that supreme book, he wrote no more novels.

MR. HARDY'S UNIVERSE.

THOMAS HARDY'S UNIVERSE. A Study of a Poet's Mind. By ERNEST BRENNECKE, Jr. (Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net.)

In the few cases where we can speak of a writer as a really philosophical artist we may feel that something has been gained by the description; and there is a general agreement that if this description applies to any modern author, it applies to Mr. Hardy. He compels the phrase by the significant and pervasive ground-tone of his work, the thoughtfulness which everywhere enriches his feeling, and the sheer logical structure of his art. But suppose we change the phrase a little and speak in his case, or any other that resembles it, of the writer's "philosophy." What was easily acceptable as an epithet appears now to be something of a metaphor. No artist is a philosopher in the sense in which Kant was. We may go on talking of his philosophy—in fact, we cannot help it, and it is a reasonable way of humanizing the word—as long as we remember that his pursuit of wisdom is not bent on a final analysis or system and does not really belong to the discursive intellect at all but has arisen out of feeling and is mainly determined, in substance as well as form, by the particular cast of his imaginativeness. So in its own way it is constantly reinforced; and Mr. Hardy's intuitions have so massive a strength of this kind that one deep calls to another in his work, and if there is any poet for whom life seems to wear a definite complexion it is he. When he tells us that he has been noting "unadjusted impressions," we find ourselves more struck by their consistency. Only, perhaps, when we examine them again, especially in his poetry, is the diverseness of the many tones in his symphony completely audible.

Mr. Brennecke, who writes this book, feels that to track the thought or intention of Mr. Hardy's writings is a fascinating mental sport. So, certainly, it is; and even if the result turns out to be one's own construction as much as Mr. Hardy's, it is no shadow that has been pursued. On the remote day when one first read a book of his, whether it was "Far from the Madding Crowd" or "The Return of the Native," there was the thrill of an interest unexhausted by the events or even the poetry of the story, and rare in English fiction. It was stirred, if we like to adopt Mr. Brennecke's phrase, by the conveyance of an idea; or rather by a new sense of woven destiny and a perspective that related human passion and outer nature with a power unfelt since Wordsworth's, although in a different colour from his. This vivid sense of the relatedness of things, felt still more keenly in Mr. Hardy's last novels and throughout his poetry, justifies the title of Mr. Brennecke's book; whatever may be the nature of the world, Mr. Hardy's art does portray it as a universe. The question for the critic is how he, in his turn, will portray the philosophic temper in this art. Mr. Brennecke's beginning encourages us to think that he will not insist too much. He recognizes that a poet's way to reality is exactly the inverse of a philosopher's, and requires another kind of scrutiny; and he is content to describe Mr. Hardy's philosophy as "the prevailing colour and composition of the screen through which he views the world in his writings." But the plan of his essay is ominous, not so much for the literary reasons he mentions as because it almost inevitably lures him off this ground. Like many people, he is impressed by the resemblances between Mr. Hardy's attitude and Schopenhauer's—and so far impressed that a large part, and perhaps the most interesting, of his book is about Schopenhauer, whom he expounds successively with the aim of seeing how far Mr. Hardy's views tally with his. Being a competent student of Schopenhauer, he is very far from supposing that the affinity of the two writers can be settled by calling them both pessimists. Pessimism, as he sees, is only incidental to the philosophy of Schopenhauer, and to describe Mr. Hardy bluntly as a pessimist is not even true. But the whole trend of his book is to show Mr. Hardy as first an unconscious and then a convinced Schopenhaurian; and by the end he has done what we hoped he would avoid and virtually pinned his subject to a system.

Perhaps for this reason his best chapter so far as Mr. Hardy is concerned—because it has most of Mr. Hardy—is one where he traces briefly and interestingly the view of nature, chance and destiny as it develops in his writings. It is no mere theory but a sound instinct which draws the critic to "A Pair of Blue Eyes," that early novel which seldom gets full justice but deserves it, not only for its significant idea but for a charm, mainly radiating from its frail and yet exquisite heroine, that survives the piteous course of the story. It is a mark of the suppleness in Mr. Hardy's art that it can depict with equal force the apparently whimsical strokes of chance and the relentless logic of necessity. This may suggest a conviction like Schopenhauer's, that every event is necessary in relation to its cause, while in reference to anything else it is a matter of contingency or chance. But even though the growth of determinism can be traced in Mr. Hardy's work, the essence of the matter surely is that he has expressed two abiding inclinations of our minds with such power as literature can bring to them. By the time he wrote "Tess" and "Jude" his material was thoroughly penetrated; and it is no longer an external opposition of men and nature, like the antagonism of Eustacia Vye and Egdon Heath, but a conflict of permeating inner forces—the will to enjoy and the will against enjoyment, the battle of circumstance and instinct—which forms their tragedy. And nature, as in so many of the shorter poems, is no more the arbiter of her fate than men. So we are prepared for the final simplification in *The Dynasts* that pictured metaphysic which brings a welter of episodes into such astonishing mental unity.

Here, where one might say Mr. Brennecke had the game in his hands, he seems to let it run away with him. Any close reading of *The Dynasts* will produce scores of passages to illustrate the law which exhibits men and nations as puppets of "the all-urging Will," or thins them to mere fibrils of its anatomy. If, like Mr. Brennecke, you are versed in Schopenhauer, you may joyfully identify the five attributes of his will-in-itself in the description of the Immanent Will on the very first page of the drama. Very possibly, were it not for Schopenhauer, the metaphysic of *The Dynasts*, might never have been so conceived or written. But to assume that this superb visualization embodies an assured philosophical conviction on the author's part, "the final form into which his metaphysical thought has been cast" is to go beyond the mark, or beside it. It transgresses Mr. Hardy's own warning in the preface to his poem, and the implication, in those following remarks of his, that he chose a scheme which, being most in accord with prevailing ideas of the age, would be the most persuasive æsthetically. Even supposing Mr. Hardy understated his own view there, we feel pretty sure that his commentator has done the opposite, and has not escaped the snare which attends any discussion of the ideas in a work of art when those ideas are abstracted. To get the true measure we must make such a distinction, as Mr. Abercrombie has excellently drawn in this very case, between a philosophical and a tragic metaphysic. The main idea of *The Dynasts*, while so congruous with Mr. Hardy's attitude that it might stand for a conclusion of that, is still the idea demanded by his drama; and the extraordinarily concrete form which it attains there suggests a projection of experience much more than the desire to state a principle. In fact the chief use of Schopenhauer to Mr. Hardy may have been that, as a singularly æsthetic philosopher, he conceived a "will" which was itself half-way to being a creation of art—a world-drama disguised in a philosophy.

To say this is not to lessen the energy or depth of Mr. Hardy's vision of life, which Mr. Brennecke has contemplated down one perspective. That remains a fascination. For, as he says of Mr. Hardy:—

> Long before he acquired philosophical learning he was the possessor of the philosophical temperament which enabled him to approach the commonest phenomenon of life in such a manner as to lay bare its real significance in a general scheme of things, and to present an apparently trivial situation in such a way as to make it the vehicle for the communication of an ultimate truth.

This is true of a poet of vision as much as of a philosopher; and Mr. Hardy has thought as a poet thinks, with intuitiveness deepened by reflection and experience. It was in his nature to feel truths as well as admit them, and so he has not merely accepted but definitely portrayed a universe of which man is no longer the centre. As his vision is predominantly one of tragic truth, he has emphasized those knots inherent in the grain of life with a fearless logic that is rare, if not unique, among our classics. These things reveal, in more senses than one, perhaps, the skeleton of his universe. But to see his universe as it lives we must clothe it with all that a book like this has to pass over—the exquisite vividness of nature there, the worth and strength of human beings, uneffaced by their defeats, and the happier moods that often find a place in his poetry when it has been denied them in his novels. These values, whose ideal quality survives in the perceptions of the actual, belong to his universe as truly as its shadows. His deep loyalty to living beings and his sense of them as persons may be the very reason why he has never worshipped life as a process. We feel the ardour and charity in his books as much as their resignation, but we should hardly speak, as Mr. Brennecke does, of their "basic optimism." They rejoice us in the end, even when the theme is saddest, because art can give beauty and fortify us with power by its sheer mastery of sorrow; and Mr. Hardy's art has done so with a breadth of design and fineness of detail which make it secure.

"The Times"
Literary Supplement
15.5.24.

"Truth" 3. 12. 24.

JOHN MORLEY.

"John, Viscount Morley" (John Murray. 10s. 6d.), is "an appreciation and some reminiscences" of the historian-politician by General J. H. Morgan, an intimate friend. Lord Morley, who had written so many biographies himself, left a veto on any biography, and therefore it is to such books as General Morgan's that the world must look to fill in the gaps in their knowledge of Lord Morley's more personal life and thoughts. It is a good idea to include excerpts from Lord Morley's conversations, in which, incidentally, he uttered some astonishingly true prophecies concerning the future of men and movements. Lord Morley was, according to the portrait here presented, temperamentally unfitted for the rough-and-tumble of politics, despite his powerful mind. But even assuming that his true métier was literature, the time which he devoted to affairs was not altogether wasted, for he brought to the contemplation of historical problems and personalities the invaluable experience of the political arena. He is too near to be finally appraised. Perhaps the verdict of posterity will be the same as Thomas Hardy's, that "if only Morley had left politics alone he might have been the Gibbon of his age." He could never have been the Chatham.

Kniehn Lecher
Press N.Y. 9.5.26

HARDY'S MANUSCRIPT.

London dispatches all comment on the fact that the £1,500 paid for part of the manuscript of Thomas Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes," is the highest figure ever received at an English auction for the MS of an English author sold during his lifetime. The portion sold, which is all now in existence of the original manuscript, is about half of the work and shows many changes from the printed version, the first chapter being so completely revised that only a few words remain in the printed text.

THE TIMES,

TUESDAY, APRIL 20, 1926.

MS. OF HARDY'S "PAIR OF BLUE EYES."

Messrs. Hodgson's sale on Friday included some important books and MSS. the property of Mrs. John Lane, widow of the well-known publisher. The principal was the original holograph MS. of a portion of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes," consisting of chapters 1—8, and 15—18; the story was originally published in *Tinsley's Magazine* during 1872-3, and, so far as it goes, this MS. shows considerable variations to the story as it appeared in bookform. The bidding for the MS. yesterday started at £500, and at £1,500 fell to Mr. Spencer, with Messrs. Maggs Brothers as the underbidders. In the same property were two holograph MSS. of Anthony Trollope, "Rachel Ray," 1863, about 300 quarto sheets—£210; and "The Vicar of Bullhampton," 1869-70, in about 380 quarto sheets—£300, both also bought by Mr. Spencer. Other properties in the sale on Friday and Thursday (of which the total amounted to £5,850), included two first editions of H. Fielding, "Joseph Andrews," 1742—£61; and "Tom Jones," 1749—£51, both bought by Messrs. Shurr and Swift; J. Keats, "Endymion," 1818, first edition in original boards—£158 (Spencer); a complete set of the first editions of Sir Walter Scott, 1814-32, in the original boards, wholly uncut, 74 volumes—£200; a presentation copy of the rare suppressed first edition of L. Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," 1865—£390 (Quaritch); and a practically complete set of the first editions of the novels and writings of Anthony Trollope, sold separately, totalled £513.

THOMAS HARDY: HIS HEART IN WESSEX; HIS ASHES IN THE ABBEY.

THE BURIAL OF THOMAS HARDY'S HEART AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE: THE VICAR OF STINSFORD ("MELLSTOCK") BEARING THE CASKET CONTAINING IT, WITH MOURNERS INCLUDING THE NOVELIST'S BROTHER, FROM CHURCH TO GRAVE.

WITH ONE OF HIS PALL-BEARERS: THE LATE MR. THOMAS HARDY (LEFT) AND SIR EDMUND GOSSE, AT MR. HARDY'S HOUSE, MAX GATE, DORCHESTER—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST SUMMER.

RESTING AMONG HIS PEERS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE WREATH-COVERED DAIS OVER THE FLOOR IN POETS' CORNER, WHERE THE ASHES OF THOMAS HARDY WERE LAID BESIDE THE GRAVE OF DICKENS—A VIEW AFTER THE FUNERAL CEREMONY, SHOWING MEMORIALS TO SHAKESPEARE (THE CENTRE STATUE ON THE LEFT), BURNS (NEXT TO RIGHT), GOLDSMITH (OVER THE DOOR), AND SCOTT (THE BUST TO RIGHT OF THE DOOR).

While the nation was paying its tribute to Thomas Hardy, as his ashes were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey beside the grave of Dickens in Poets' Corner, a simpler but equally moving ceremony was proceeding at the village church of Stinsford (the "Mellstock" of "Under the Greenwood Tree"), near Hardy's birthplace. There his heart was laid to rest among his own people, in the grave of his first wife, beside those of his parents. During the service the casket containing the heart rested on a small table on the altar steps. The service was conducted by the Vicar of Stinsford, the Rev. H. G. B. Cowley, who afterwards lifted the casket and carried it slowly to the grave in the churchyard. Among the mourners following the Vicar were the novelist's aged brother, Mr. Henry Hardy, who threw a bunch of violets on to the casket after it had been lowered into the grave. The above photograph of Mr. Hardy and his old friend, Sir Edmund Gosse, who was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral in the Abbey, was taken at Max Gate (Mr. Hardy's home at Dorchester) on June 29, 1927, by another guest, Mr. William Bellows. The photograph is of great interest as one of the last to be taken of Mr. Hardy.

MAS HARDY BEGAN A NEW CAREER WHEN HE WAS NEARLY SIXTY

...al Correspondent

...years since Thomas ... yet he may already be ... the historical. For ... been on the throne for ... he was born.

...s a novelist that he is ...st people, although he ... years than a writer of ...th he was an architect ...

...maton, he was born in ...pper Bockhampton, just ... in the heart of that ...hat was afterwards to ...imately with his own ...

... is known. Indeed, of ... the same might be ...as his attribute.

* *

..., so he claimed, from ... from another Dorset

JANUARY 11.

...uoli Parmigiano,

... 1929.
..., 1753.
...

... 17th century, whose ...emorated at a stone- ... Grammar School, ... the longest speeches ...veral minutes.

...d the local schools, ... to an ecclesiastical ... Five years later ...take a junior post in ... Sir) Arthur Blom- ...r to St. Martin in- ...the Adelphi, and his ... part, at 16, West- ... Bayswater.

...rote his poems, not ...y years. From that ...o catch his morning ...ned at night, tired ... College, or a visit ...ion that engrossed ...

...tan, he probably ...elling of Banbury ...nd the old Quebec ...the Church of the ...-square. He also ...el of the Radcliffe ...ed through "Jude ...ister.

...ater life, that he ...othic in which he ...nd no particular ...itecture at all, ... both the essay ...tute of British ...tectural Associa-

... a magazine came ...prous sketch on ...

... n... to return ...nd often secret

TO-DAY IN HISTORY

visits. He went back, of course, to Dorset, and began to concentrate on writing. He sometimes hinted that he never wished to write prose, and that poetry would have been his only medium had he not had to earn his living.

His first novel had a remarkable history. It was not, as is often supposed, "Desperate Remedies," but a still earlier work, "The Poor Man and the Lady."

He sent it to a publisher, who submitted it to his reader, Meredith. Meredith recognised at once that it was the work of a potential great writer and recommended the publisher to accept it. It was accepted.

At the same time Meredith wrote to Hardy privately, to say that the theme and treatment of the book would antagonise a number of people, and it was unwise to create enemies with a first novel.

He advised the young author to recast it, or, better still, withdraw it and set to work on another book. Hardy took his advice and his first novel, although accepted, was not published.

* * * *

In 1871 "Desperate Remedies" was published, and little notice was taken of it. Financially it was not a success. "Under the Greenwood Tree," in the following year, and "A Pair of Blue Eyes," after which book he abandoned architecture altogether as a profession, brought him a little more into the notice of the public.

His momentous year was 1874. In that year he married and published "Far from the Madding Crowd" as a serial in a magazine anonymously. It was an undoubted success. [illegible] attributed it at once to George [illegible]ntally, it was in this book that Hardy first mentioned Wessex.

Hardy's first marriage has always been the subject of biographical curiosity. His wife was Emma Gifford, a niece of an archdeacon. It was during his marriage to her that he produced his finest novels, and yet she seemed to be unsuited temperamentally to the shy author, with his inherent bitterness—the village atheist brooding over the village idiot, as Chesterton cruelly described him.

Emma Hardy was a robust, cheerful woman. Many years later T. P. O'Connor met her and described her as "full-blown, with an ample figure, a large rubicund face, and a defiantly jolly expression. A few words with her demonstrated that she was not among the admirers of the saturnine and hopeless philosophy of her husband." She further described her husband to O'Connor, he said, as "very vain and selfish."

* * * *

After "Far from the Madding Crowd," the other novels followed each other. For many, "The Return of the Native" was his greatest work. The most popular is certainly "Tess of the d'Urbervilles, which appeared in 1891.

Many years later, a dramatic version of that novel was performed in the house which he had built for himself near Dorchester. Miss Ffrangcon-Davies played Tess, and Hardy is said to have been so moved by the performance that he wept.

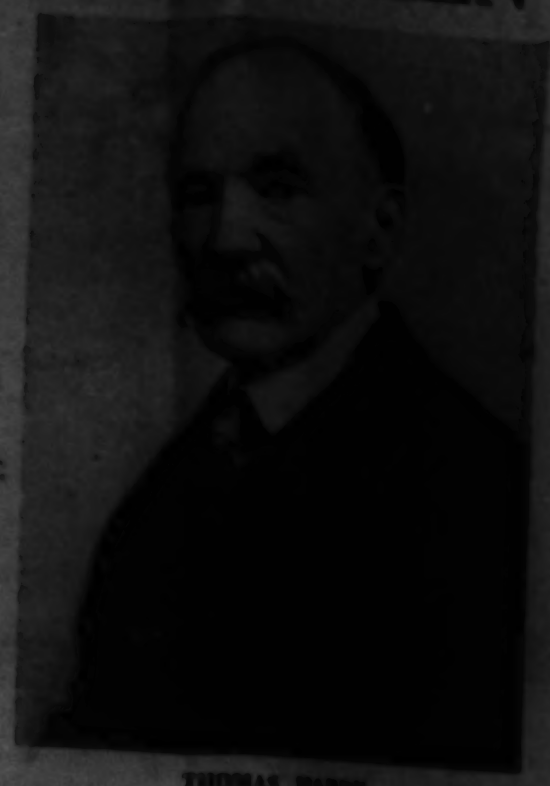
The actress ventured to ask Hardy how Tess had originated. He told her that, walking along a lane one day, he passed a girl, sitting on the back of a wagon, with her legs dangling. Her face was so full of sorrow that he began to speculate as to what could have caused it. From those speculations the character of Tess grew.

"Jude the Obscure" has been variously viewed. It has been called the greatest sex novel ever written, and it has been vilified. When it was first published, in 1895, it aroused such a storm of protest that Hardy never again wrote in prose. It was his last novel.

Three years later appeared his first volume of poems, some of which had been written while he was still a young architect, in lodgings at Westbourne Villas. It was imagined, at the time, that this would probably be the rounding-off of his career as a writer. It proved, instead, to be the beginning of a new career as a poet, and as a dramatist.

* * * *

In the early years of this century came, in three parts at considerable intervals, the epic poetic drama, "The Dynasts." Volumes of poetry followed, the last, "Human Shows; Far Fantasies," appearing in 1925, when he was 85. No other poet in the whole of English literature produced such fine poetry, new in inspiration and treatment, at so ripe an age.



THOMAS HARDY.

married again. His second wife was Miss Florence Dugdale, the daughter of a school headmaster. She, too, came from a Wessex family, and Hardy had known her nearly all his life. For some years before the wedding, she had been assisting him in the secretarial side of his work.

His life continued quietly in his Dorset home. He walked continually in the country lanes. Very occasionally he made a brief public appearance, at some dramatisation of one of his novels. Sometimes he fled before the end, and he never came upon the stage.

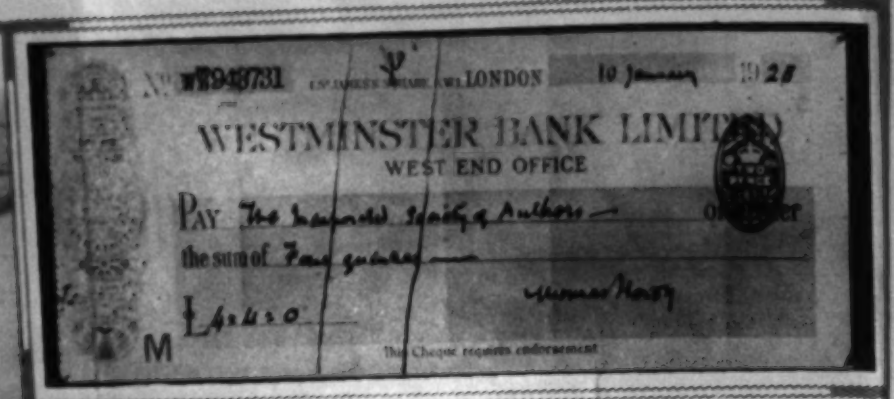
At one dinner given in his honour, he had to make a speech. It lasted less than one minute.

There are numerous stories of his shyness. He used sometimes to call in at a little country inn for a glass of port. One day the landlord recognised who he was. He fled, and never went there again. He refused to go to America. His house was hidden by a thick wall of trees and shrubs.

He died in 1928. He had wished to be buried in Stinsford Church, but he was

THE PASSING OF THOMAS HARDY: FROM MAX GATE TO POETS' CORNER.

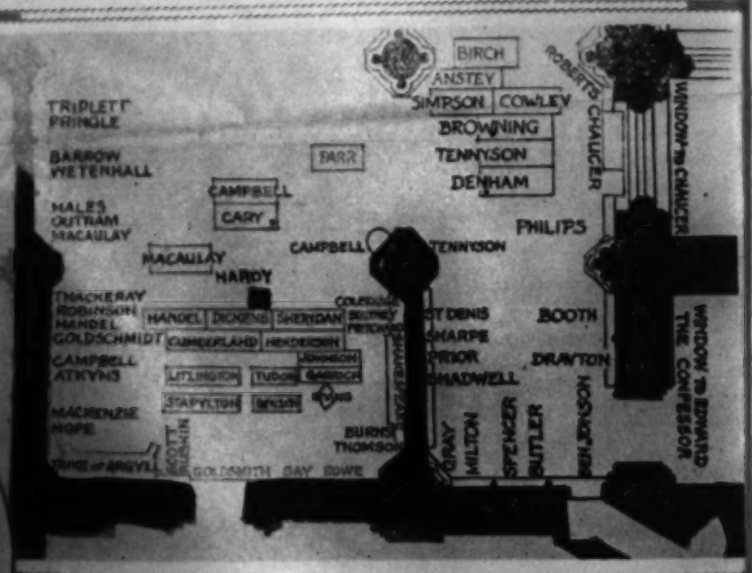
"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD": THE COFFIN LEAVING MAX GATE FOR WOKING IN THE EARLY MORNING ALONG A LONELY ROAD, ATTENDED ONLY BY THE UNDERTAKERS.



BELIEVED TO BE THOMAS HARDY'S LAST SIGNATURE: THE CHEQUE, WRITTEN IN A FIRM HAND THE DAY BEFORE HIS DEATH, FOR HIS SUBSCRIPTION TO THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

WITH HIS WIFE'S TRIBUTE OF ARUM LILIES AND LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY: T[illegible]N, CONTAINING THE ASHES OF THOMAS HARDY IN THE CREMATORIUM AT WOKING.

WHERE THE HEART OF THOMAS HARDY WAS BURIED: THE GRAVE OF HIS FIRST WIFE (THE SECOND FROM THE RIGHT) IN THE CHURCHYARD AT STINSFORD (THE ORIGINAL OF "MELLSTOCK"), NEAR HIS BIRTHPLACE.



SHOWING THE POSITION OF THOMAS HARDY'S GRAVE IN THE ABBEY, NEXT TO DICKENS, AND NEAR THE PAVEMENT TABLET TO THACKERAY: A PLAN OF POETS' CORNER.

SHOWING THE SPOT (MARKED BY A WHITE CROSS ON THE FLOOR) WHERE THE ASHES OF THOMAS HARDY NOW REST: POETS' CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In the early morning of Saturday, January 14, the body of Thomas Hardy left his home at Max Gate, Dorchester, and was conveyed in a motor-hearse to Woking, where it was cremated in the presence of Mr. Sydney Cockerell, his literary executor. The body was wrapped in Mr. Hardy's Cambridge Litt.D. gown. When the coffin left Max Gate, Mrs. Hardy sent with it a sheaf of arum lilies and lilies-of-the-valley, which, after the cremation, were taken to Westminster Abbey with the casket containing the ashes. The place chosen for the grave in the Abbey is next to that of Dickens, and close to the floor tablet commemorating Thackeray. Our photograph of Poets' Corner shows, on the left wall, the monument to Shakespeare, and, just to the right of the door in the background, the bust of Scott. Before Mr. Hardy's body was placed in the coffin, the heart had been removed and placed in a bronze urn for burial in his first wife's grave, close to those of her father, mother, and sister, in the churchyard at Stinsford (above and on page [illegible]), the original of "Mellstock" in his story "Under the Greenwood Tree." On the day before his death Mr. Hardy remembered that he owed a subscription to the Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers, of which he had been President since the death of George Meredith, and he wrote the cheque (shown above) firmly in his own hand. It bears what is believed to be his last signature.

THOMAS HARDY BE
HE WAS NEARI

From a Special Correspondent

IT is not yet ten years since Thomas Hardy died, and yet he may already be fairly classed among the historical. For Queen Victoria had been on the throne for only three years when he was born.

It is, of course, as a novelist that he is remembered by most people, although he was a poet for more years than a writer of prose, and in his youth he was an architect of no small promise.

The son of a stonemason, he was born in a small cottage at Upper Bockhampton, just outside Dorchester, in the heart of that country of Wessex that was afterwards to be associated so intimately with his own name.

Of his youth little is known. Indeed, of his whole life, much the same might be said. For shyness was his attribute.

* * * *

He was descended, so he claimed, from Nelson's Hardy, and from another Dorset

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11.

BORN:

Francesco Mazzuoli Parmigiano, painter, 1503.

DIED:

Thomas Hardy, 1929.
Sir Hans Sloane, 1753.
F. Schlegel, 1829.

Thomas Hardy of the 17th century, whose memory he once commemorated at a stone-laying at Dorchester Grammar School, when he made one of the longest speeches of his life—it lasted several minutes.

As a boy, he attended the local schools, and at 16 was articled to an ecclesiastical architect in Dorchester. Five years later he came to London, to take a junior post in the office of Mr. (later Sir) Arthur Blomfield. His office was near to St. Martin-in-the-Fields and later in the Adelphi, and his lodgings, for the most part, at 16, Westbourne Park Villas, in Bayswater.

There it was that he wrote his poems, not to be published for many years. From that little house he hurried to catch his morning bus, and to it he returned at night, tired after studying at King's College, or a visit to a theatre, an occupation that engrossed all his spare evenings.

As an architect's assistant, he probably had a hand in the remodelling of Banbury Church, St. Ann's, Soho, and the old Quebec Chapelletary chapel, now the Church of the Annunciation, Bryanston-square. He also helped in Blomfield's chapel at the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, reflected through "Jude the Obscure" as Christminster.

He made it clear, in later life, that he had no love of the neo-Gothic in which he was forced to practise, and no particular liking for modern architecture at all, although in 1863 he won both the essay medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects and the Architectural Association's prize for Design.

His first contribution to a magazine came shortly afterwards—a humorous sketch on "How I built myself a house."

* * * *

In 1867 he left London, [illegible] to return to it except for short and often secret

TO-DAY

visits. He went back, of cou[illegible] and began to concentrate on [illegible] sometimes hinted that he ne[illegible] write prose, and that poetry [illegible] been his only medium had [illegible] earn his living.

His first novel had a remark[illegible] It was not, as is often supposed, "Desperate Remedies," but a [illegible] earlier "Poor Man and the Lady."

He sent it to a publisher, wh[illegible] it to his reader, Meredith. Me[illegible] nised at once that it was the potential great writer and r[illegible] the publisher to accept it. It w[illegible]

At the same time Meredit[illegible] Hardy privately, to say that th[illegible] treatment of the book would [illegible] number of people, and it wa[illegible] create enemies with a first no[illegible]

He advised the young author [illegible] or, better still, withdraw it and [illegible] on another book. Hardy took [illegible] and his first novel, although ac[illegible] not published.

* * *

In 1871 "Desperate Remedies" [illegible] ished, and little notice was t[illegible] Financially it was not a success [illegible] the "Greenwood Tree," in the [illegible] year, and "A Pair of Blue Ey[illegible] which book he abandoned a[illegible] altogether as a profession, brou[illegible] little more into the notice of the [illegible]

His momentous year was 187[illegible] year he married and published "[illegible] the Madding Crowd" as a serial i[illegible] zine anonymously. It was an [illegible] success [illegible] attributed [illegible] book that Hardy first [illegible] Wessex.

Hardy's first marriage has alw[illegible] the subject of biographical curio[illegible] [illegible] was E[illegible] Gifford, a niece of [illegible] deacon. It was during his marria[illegible] that he produced his finest novels, [illegible] she seemed to be unsuited tempera[illegible] to the shy author, with his inheren[illegible] ness—the village atheist brooding [illegible] village idiot, as Chesterton [illegible] described him.

Emma Hardy was a robust, [illegible] wor[illegible] Many years later T. P. O[illegible] met her and described her as "full [illegible] with an ample figure, a large ru[illegible] face, and a defiantly jolly expressio[illegible] few words with her demonstrated t[illegible] was not among the admirers [illegible] saturnine and hopeless philosophy [illegible] husband." She further describe[illegible] husband to O'Connor, he said, as [illegible] vain and selfish."

* * * *

After "Far from the Madding C[illegible] the other novels followed each other [illegible] many, "The Return of the Native" w[illegible]

"The Times" 17.2.38

SALE OF THOMAS HARDY RELICS

FURNITURE AND PAINTINGS

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

DORCHESTER, FEB. 16

The sale of furniture, paintings, and prints and other effects from Max Gate, the Dorchester home of Thomas Hardy, attracted many souvenir hunters and dealers in the South and the West Country when it was conducted here to-day in what was before it became an auctioneer's office the big hall of Dorchester Grammar School. There were 220 lots, which the auctioneer explained were the portion of the equipment of Hardy's home not presented to the Dorset County Museum or retained by the family of the late Mrs. Florence Hardy, the novelist's wife.

Hardy's walking stick was sold for 12s. The mahogany telescope dining table which he bought when he set up his home in Dorset fetched £4, and a Chippendale pattern mahogany elbow chair realized £3. The chair was bought by Hardy just before the visit to Max Gate of the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales.

Paintings from the dining room by or attributed to the Dutch School of the early seventeenth century were a feature of the sale. A picture which Hardy greatly prized, named "A wooded landscape with figures," depicting the Holy Family, realized 10 guineas. One lot in the art group had associations with "the Burns of Dorset," the Rev. William Barnes. This bore an inscription by Hardy recording that it was "bought at sale of Wm. Barnes, Dorset poet, by Tho. Hardy." It was bought to-day on behalf of Mr. Newman Flower for 4½ guineas.

A number of lots came from the bedroom in which it was said "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" was written. An eighteenth-century mahogany long-case clock with eight-day striking movements, by Thomas Baker, of Gosport, fetched £6 5s. This was from the kitchen, but apparently Hardy liked quiet even in the kitchen, for the auctioneer stated that Hardy cut out the strike. The settee, sitting on which Hardy received many of the most famous visitors to his home, was sold for £5. The standing desk used as a reading desk in Hardy's study and for keeping the Oxford Dictionary was bought for a Dorset newspaper office.

Mr. H. A. Martin, who conducted the sale, was himself a Hardy Player—the band of amateur actors who presented dramatizations of Hardy's novels and who were often given advice by the novelist at their productions. The auctioneers were Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son, Dorchester.

"John O' London's Weekly" 11.2.38

Max Gate: A Hardy Memorial?

SIR,—I see from Press notices that Hardy's home near Dorchester is to be sold by public auction in February. Can we not have this famous house saved for the nation? I feel sure there are thousands of Hardy enthusiasts who would gladly subscribe to a fund to preserve Max Gate as a Hardy or Wessex Museum. A comparatively small sum would accomplish this.

Belfast. JOHN J. KANE.

Can It Be Saved?

SIR,—Many admirers of Thomas Hardy, like myself, will have read with regret that Max Gate is to be sold. Those who know the man and his works do not need to be reminded that Max Gate has particularly personal associations, having been built to the author's own design. Nor is it necessary to recall the names of the numerous celebrities (not all of them literary) who visited Hardy in this house.

Perhaps if Hardy enthusiasts voiced their opinions strongly enough through the columns of this journal, or brought the matter to the notice of the National Trust, the disposal of this valuable property could be averted.

Glasgow. LOUIE B. RUSS.

"The Times" 22.2.38

THOMAS HARDY RELICS

DORSET COUNTY MUSEUM TO BE EXTENDED

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

DORCHESTER, FEB. 21

Extensive additions to the Dorset County Museum at Dorchester will be necessary in order to house the valuable collection of Hardy relics, bequeathed to the museum by Mrs. F. E. Hardy, the novelist's second wife, on condition that they be displayed in a separate room and known as the Thomas Hardy Memorial Collection.

At the annual meeting of the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society, held in the library of the museum, the CHAIRMAN (Mr. E. R. Sykes) said they could not show the treasures properly in the existing accommodation. The only possible way they could extend was to take in the next door property, which belonged to Colonel Sir Robert Williams. The lease of this expired in two years. They had approached Sir Robert Williams and he would sell the house for only a fraction of its value. It was a very generous offer and the council said unhesitatingly that they could not afford to miss it. They were prepared to buy. They had about £800 free money, but he thought the council would have to make an appeal to the public for funds.

John O' London's Weekly 25.2.38

Can Max Gate Be Saved?

SIR,—The correspondence advocating that Thomas Hardy's house, Max Gate, near Dorchester, should be secured for the nation is most timely. Most of Hardy's best work was done in this house: all the later novels from *The Woodlanders* to *Jude the Obscure*, many of the short stories, and the majority of the poems, including *The Dynasts*.

I have always had a particular affection for the house, as it was my great privilege to visit Hardy there in September, 1920, when he was in his eighty-first year. Surely there is yet time, by some means or other, to save Max Gate as a national possession.

Edinburgh. W. M. PARKER.

"Dorset Daily Echo" 7.5.38.

THOMAS HARDY'S SISTER BUYS MAX GATE TO PRESERVE IT

£2,250 PAID FOR AUTHOR'S HOME: WILL IT BECOME A "MECCA"?

Max Gate, Dorchester, Thomas Hardy's home, was yesterday sold by public auction for £2,250, at the property sale room at Dorchester of Messrs. Hy. Duke and Sons.

The purchaser was Miss Kate Hardy, of Talbothayes, near Dorchester, a sister of Thomas Hardy.

Miss Hardy bought the house in order that it might be preserved, but speaking to an "Echo" reporter after the sale, she stated that she had not at the moment made any decision as to the future of Max Gate.

There was not a very large attendance at the sale and the bidding mainly rested between Mr. H. O. Lock, acting on behalf of Miss Hardy, and Mr. W. Oddy, of Red Cow Farm, near Dorchester, who owns land in the vicinity of Max Gate. The first bid was of £1,000 and this figure quickly rose by bids of £100 to £2,000. From the £1,500 mark the bidding was solely between Mr. Lock and Mr. Oddy. When the £2,000 mark was reached bids were increased by £50 and finally the property fell to Mr. Lock for £2,250.

LOVED BY HARDY

At the outset, Mr. H. A. Martin, of Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son, said the firm were not unmindful of the honour which had fallen on them in being allowed to offer this property for sale. He recalled that the room in which the sale was taking place, part of the old grammar school buildings, had its associations with the great writer.

Max Gate had been his home for the latter years of his life, and to it he had given his care and loving attention, particularly to the gardens, which reflected his unostentatious love of nature to a marked degree.

The sale was brought about by the death of his widow, Mrs. F. E. Hardy. All who knew that remarkable lady would regret her passing and as citizens of the town regret the loss of one who had done so much good public and private work. Mr. Hardy died in 1928, and for several years Mrs. Hardy remained there and preserved Max Gate as a faithful trust bequeathed her by her husband.

VISIT RECALLED

Today, except for part of the furniture, much of which was now in the County Museum, Max Gate was as it was in the lifetime of Thomas Hardy. Mrs. Hardy had, however, introduced electricity and water from the town supply.

"It was my personal privilege," said Mr. Martin, "with others, some of whom I see here, as humble players of some of his works, to visit Max Gate. I well remember the Aladdin lamps and the great coal fire on the open hearth in the big drawing room."

There was one thing to which he wished to draw particular attention. The town planning scheme had not yet been adopted for Dorchester, but the area on both sides of Max Gate would be zoned at four houses to the acre. This would preserve for all time the character of this area. He thought it would be agreed that there was no more beautiful spot than Max Gate, with the land facing south, looking towards the Hardy Monument and Ridgeway Hill. He ventured to suggest that whatever might happen in the future development of Dorchester, nothing would exceed the beauty of this lovely situation.

A LITERARY LANDMARK

Whatever might happen, and he was sorry that as a town Dorchester had not tried to possess this property, there was no doubt that Max Gate would for ever be a land-mark in English literary associations. Like Shakespeare's birthplace and Milton's cottage, it would become the centre of a pilgrimage and a Mecca of English literature. Its associations with the Wessex author would make it an almost sacred spot. He mentioned that the property was being sold without restrictions as to user, but he hoped it would pass into hands that would try to preserve it as a private house.

BUILDERS FOR GENERATIONS

The house, he said, was designed and built by one who knew how to build. For Hardy had been articled as an architect and his family were builders for generations. It was a most substantially built, solid house. It was an ideal residence of moderate size, the gardens were most beautifully laid out, and there was the lawn on which Hardy had sat and entertained many of his visitors.

An enclosure of freehold pasture land adjoining Max Gate was sold to Mrs. Hardy for £330.

A semi-detached dwelling house, Ayesha, Prince of Wales Road, Dorchester, which was originally bought by Mrs. Hardy, was sold to Mr. Oddy for £640.

"The Times" Literary Supplement 11.6.38.

THOMAS HARDY'S BACKGROUND

THE READING OF A GREAT WRITER

THOMAS HARDY. By WILLIAM R. RUTLAND. Oxford: Blackwell. 21s.

Dr. Rutland has his particular contribution to make to knowledge of Hardy. He has found out what books Hardy read and when he read them. In this fruitful work he was helped by one whose recent death has deprived all lovers and students of Hardy of a guide as trustworthy as she was generous; Mrs. Hardy gave him access to the library at Max Gate. To Mrs. Hardy's life of her husband Dr. Rutland also admits an inevitable debt; but he is inclined to attribute to the biographer statements or opinions which were rather her husband's than her own. Of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" it is written in "The Early Years" that "as at this time he called his novel-writing 'mere journeywork' he cared little about it as art." Dr. Rutland's comment is:—

> In her, perhaps natural, desire to conceal as much as possible this painful period of her husband's life, the second Mrs. Hardy does her best to let us suppose that Hardy considered his novel writing "mere journeywork."

It is a superficial comment, because the phrase does not conceal—it sharply reveals—the pain of that period of bitterness. It is the voice of the man of genius who (rightly or wrongly) still felt novel-writing for a living to be a betrayal of his true calling as poet, the voice of the disillusioned searcher after the meaning of life. That voice from the past was faithfully recorded by a scribe at once too brave and too wise to tamper with the truth. Later, in attributing to Mrs. Hardy the "very rash" and demonstrably untrue statement that in "Jude" there was "not a scrap of personal detail," Dr. Rutland overlooks in the letter the words: "I write for Mr. Hardy," and "I have to say."

That Hardy's childhood and youth were nurtured on the Bible and the Church of England Liturgy is common knowledge; but here, as all through, Dr. Rutland is more thorough than anyone before in tracing their effects. Then come William Barnes and Crabbe, each contributing something to the form and spirit; then Shelley, whose influence can be traced right down to resemblances between *The Dynasts* and *Prometheus Unbound* and *Hellas*. From Wordsworth, Dr. Rutland thinks, Hardy learnt too little, because of the spiritual difference between the ages in which they spent their youth. After leaving school Hardy took up the study of the Greek and Latin classics and worked very hard at them and at the Greek Testament. The Greeks pervaded Hardy's life: from "The Mayor of Casterbridge" to *The Dynasts* their traces are all over his work. Aeschylus and Sophocles were his main props; and if Hardy owed to a phrase of Aeschylus the unluckiest of second thoughts, he owed him also much power and passion in his broodings over the mystery of existence. For Euripides he cared less. Plato he knew chiefly through Shelley. Of the Romans Virgil was his favourite; he had begun to love him first in Dryden's translation of the Aeneid when he was a little boy.

The further Dr. Rutland carries the story the better does it grow, both as a record of the period and as a guide to Hardy's mind and art. Hardy's "pessimism" has been sneered at as mental indigestion after reading Schopenhauer. Dr. Rutland makes it practically certain that Hardy never read Schopenhauer before 1883 or 1884. Before he was thirty-five—that is before 1875—he had kept pace with all the intellectual events of that explosive period. "The Origin of Species," "Essays and Reviews," the affair of Bishop Colenso, Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," Huxley, Mill's "Liberty" and "Essays on Religion" (especially the second essay, with its theory of Will as Prime Cause); Leslie Stephen, by spoken and written word—all these, with Swinburne to invade the emotions of one who, as Dr. Rutland rightly says, was "primarily a being of emotion," had led Hardy, by 1880, as Dr. Rutland sees it, to "a stage of spiritual vacuum." That vacuum he tried to fill by reading, for the first time, philosophy, Spinoza, Schleiermacher, Schopenhauer, Hartmann. All these influences Dr. Rutland can show clearly present in Hardy's writings. The point is that Hardy did not feebly slide into the slough of despond; being a man of his age, he went valiantly where the thought of his age led him. Obviously something more was necessary; and it was something to which Dr. Rutland, for all his awareness of Hardy's "heart," as well as of his head, does not quite do justice. It was Hardy's extraordinary sensitiveness to pain, not in himself but in others. Where thought had led him his great tenderness kept him.

There are many more good things in Dr. Rutland's book, of various shades of interest: an account of the old music books at Max Gate; Hardy conscientiously reading Wilkie Collins and William Black, in order to learn how to write a novel; the effect of the Parnell case and of the coming of Ibsen in directing his mind to the condemnation of society which came only second to his condemnation of the government of the universe; the readings in the English satirists and in Weissmann, which reveal themselves in "Jude" and some excellent work in tracing the sources of *The Dynasts* and showing Hardy's use of them. Agree or disagree with Dr. Rutland's own criticism of Hardy, all will thank him for the researches on which it is based.

"The Manchester Guardian" 29-7-38.

THOMAS HARDY

Thomas Hardy. A Study of His Writings and Their Background. By W. R. Rutland. Oxford: Blackwell. Pp. x. 365. 21s.

By Basil de Sélincourt

Mr. Rutland, anticipating the interest sure to be aroused by the centenary of Hardy's birth in 1940, has written a scholarly and sober study of the man in his work, the aim of which is not so much critical and appreciative as informative and explanatory. What were Hardy's studies in his youth, what were the books which mainly influenced his thought and its development, what was the origin of his prevailing interest in Napoleon and his career, what was his scheme of study for "The Dynasts"? To the question whether Hardy was primarily poet or novelist he makes an unhesitating reply, and thereby affords the reader a test of his discernment. It is well known that Hardy himself cared more for his poetry than anything else he did; Mr. Rutland, however, discounting such vogue as Hardy's lyrics still enjoy, contends that they are unlikely to be long remembered. It is, surely, undeniable that there is hardly one of them that does not bear some sign of conscious fabrication. And the curious thing is that in shaping his diction to its poetical purposes Hardy seemed so often to betray very limited notions of what such purposes might be. His great and immortal achievement is in Mr. Rutland's view "The Dynasts"—where the genius of the poet and novelist combine. But what are we to say of "Ironic Spirits" whose meditations crystallise into such stilted rhyming exercises as—

> This, O This is the cramp that grips!
> And freezes the Emperor's finger-tips
> From signing a peace with the Land of Ships.
>
> The Universal-Empire plot
> Demands the rule of that wave-walled spot
> And peace with England cometh not.

The sense of verbal association in a passage like this can only be called rudimentary; and one may doubt whether even a scheme and a realisation so powerful and so original as that of "The Dynasts" will eventually stand against the vulgarities—there is no other word for it—of the verbal dress. Mr. Rutland, if he has had his scruples on this head, has overcome them. He treats Hardy as an accepted classic, and compares his greatness with that of the great Greek dramatists, who saw man as the child of the universe and set his morality in line with universal forces. Can it be done, one wonders, except with words that fall into the universal rhythms?

election three weeks away takes on great significance.

...EPARES FOR ADMIRAL HORTHY

Background of the Visit

FROM OUR BERLIN CORRESPONDENT

BERLIN, Saturday.

In Berlin the triumphal arches which beautified the German capital when Signor Mussolini was here a year ago are being dusted, white-washed and the eagles topping them are being regilded to decorate the main streets during the State visit of the Hungarian Regent Admiral Horthy which will take place on August 25 and August 26. The politicians hope that during his Berlin stay the head of the Hungarian State can finally be induced to side openly with the authoritarian States and reinforce the Rome-Berlin axis.

If he yields to the German plea, Czechoslovakia, the last democracy in Central Europe, will be surrounded on all sides except one by States combating it—Germany, Poland, Hungary. Only a tiny stretch of its frontier borders on Rumania, which, to date, has stood by its allies of the Little Entente.

Former Attitude

Hungarian Nazi groups have made it difficult for the German Nazis to come to terms with Admiral Horthy. At the time of the German conquest of Austria they launched a most vicious campaign against Horthy and his wife, denouncing them as "tainted by Jewish blood," which in Hungary may not be as bad as it is in Germany, but almost. Since Germany is very eager for friendship with Hungary, which provides most of the wheat Pan-Germany needs and many of the sides of "paprika bacon" improving the German menu, the local Hungarian Nazi leaders were severely criticised by their German friends.

An elaborate naval parade in Kiel is to impress the Admiral-Regent of a country that has no fleet with Germany's eagerness to pay homage to him. His wife will be asked to christen a new German 10,000-ton cruiser—possibly with the name of Admiral Tegethoff, an Austrian who beat the Italians in 1866.

Bitter Campaign

As forerunners of the Hungarian chiefs of state, a number of Hungarian deputies have been visiting Germany, and like their Polish friends they joined in the prevalent campaign of abuse and denunciations being waged against Czechoslovakia. Their activities have strengthened the rumours that an understanding exists between Germany, Hungary and Poland for a division of Czechoslovakia incorporating the regions claimed by these countries into their States, possibly allowing a very small Czechoslovakia to survive. Officially, Germans disclaim any such plans, asserting that all they are asking for is "equal rights for the German group in Czechoslovakia."

The speeches of Nazi leaders in the Sudeten area do not tend to support this modest assertion of equal rights. At the funeral of a Sudeten German killed in the course of a tavern brawl by a non-Nazi Sudeten German, a Nazi deputy of Sudeten Germany, Walter Frank, referred to the murderer as a "renegade German"—a remark which was not published in the German Press. The German papers have insisted all along that the murderers were Czechs, and thus increased the feverish tension prevailing in Central Europe.

Rumours persist that the King of Italy will come to Germany in the near future to pay a State visit to Hitler in return for his visit last spring. It is asserted that Marshal Balbo told his German friends that the King would like to visit the German capital soon and that the Germans were grateful for the hint. In official quarters it is asserted that the King of Italy's State visit will be postponed until next spring.

Life at St. Malo

Floodlighting in France is not confined to Paris nor to ceremonial occasions. At St. Malo the spire of the fine Gothic cathedral and the battlements of the Corsair city are floodlit every night, and it all looks strangely beautiful as you sail out to sea at night on the Southampton ship. At the end of an hour you still see in the distance the floodlit spire of St. Malo Cathedral.

The nightly departure of the Southampton boat is, as it were, one of the social entertainments of St. Malo. The landing-stage swarms with people—many of whom are neither sailing nor seeing anybody off. Among them are dozens of Sidis, those Algerian carpet vendors who are a familiar sight in every French town. One often wonders what the Sidis live on; for it is rare to see them sell anything to café customers in Paris, unless it be a bag of peanuts. But here the Sidis are doing a booming trade, not so much in carpets as in those gold-embroidered, brightly coloured, leather *poufs* from Morocco. In Paris they ask 400 francs for them, and, if they are lucky, they get 300 from naïve Americans, or 100 from callous Frenchmen; but here, with the boat about to sail, there is no time for bargaining, and the standard price is a ten-shilling note; which, as the gangway is being pulled down, becomes: "Come on, quick, three half-crowns." Few English trippers can resist. But one cannot help giving a melancholy thought to the skilful hands of the Arab women who make the *poufs*.

Beautiful Brittany

I had meant to write about motoring through Brittany, through "non-tourist" Brittany, with its narrow, winding roads, lined with weirdly-shaped elm trees, with its wide stretches of rich, but sparsely inhabited country, where, in the shadow of Celtic stone calvaries, women in white lace bonnets still cut the wheat with sickles. And I had meant to write of historical, but drowsy little towns like Pontivy and Ploermel, well off the beaten track. But that will be, as the French say, *pour une autre fois*.

A PROPOS DES SIDIS

CONSOMMATEUR (au café): "Va-t-en. Ton tapis sent mauvais."

LE SIDI: "Mais non, m'sieur, c'est pas mon tapis: c'est moi!"

THE JEW IN ITALY

FROM OUR ROME CORRESPONDENT

ROME, Saturday.

The promised census of Jews in Italy is being anticipated by estimates in the Press raising the 44,000 postulated in official statements to nearly 75,000.

While extremists use these estimates to justify sterner measures against a "menace" of unsuspected proportions, the increase should be rather helpful than otherwise to the Jews. The reason for this is that, if present indications are reliable, Jews will be permitted in State employments only in the same ratio as their numbers bear to the population of Italy. As at present calculated this is one in a thousand. If the Jewish population is found to be larger, obviously they should be able to claim a larger number of State positions.

Old studies show that in 1903 there were 33,010 Jews in the kingdom; two years later it had risen to 43,934, and in 1913 it was 49,904. If the rate of increase had been constant there would now be some 75,000 Jews in Italy. The much lower figure officially accepted is taken to indicate that thousands of Jews have left their congregations, either retaining their faith privately or becoming converts to Catholicism.

Here at once appears a stumbling-block in the path of the census. How is it going to be possible to say who is and who is not a Jew? Documentary evidence does not go far, and many Christian families would be hard put to it to prove their purity by documents. Again, how long does a Jewish family have to have been in the Christian church before it can be accepted? Will there arise a class distinction between Old and New Christians, as happened in Spain? It might provide consolation for many a Sancho Panza who had little enough else to boast of.

At the beginning of the century Jews were distributed occupationally as follows:—

Industry, 34.7%.
Commerce, 48.7%.
Liberal professions, 21.6%.
Agriculture or no profession, 8.0%.

It is believed that since then the percentage engaged in industry has decreased while the liberal professions have gained. At the beginning of the century the great majority of Jews were concentrated in thirteen cities of northern and central Italy, and what records there are since then indicate that the larger cities have had a strong attraction and have drawn the Hebrew population away from the smaller ones.

At the present time a high official of the Bank of Italy is Jewish, and there are a number of prominent business and industrial men who are half-Jewish or have married into Jewish families.

Nothing is known yet of the degree of "purity" which will be demanded before full civil equality will be allowed, and this will be a very difficult question to handle. For if there were some 40,000 Jews in Italy at the time of Augustus, and very few more now, it is obvious that throughout the centuries there must have been a constant absorption of Hebrews by the Italians.

Suggestions are now being made that a special occupational quota shall be established for foreign Jews resident in Italy. The anti-Semitic paper "Il Tevere" calls attention to the number of foreign Jewish doctors who have settled in Italy in recent years, and it seems improbable that they will escape attention. Foreign Jews have already been denied admission to Italian schools and universities.

"The Times" Literary Supplement 11.6.38.

THOMAS HARDY'S BACKGROUND

THE READING OF A GREAT WRITER

THOMAS HARDY. By WILLIAM R. RUTLAND. Oxford: Blackwell. 21s.

Dr. Rutland has his particular contribution to make to knowledge of Hardy. He has found out what books Hardy read and when he read them. In this fruitful work he was helped by one whose recent death has deprived all lovers and students of Hardy of a guide as trustworthy as she was generous; Mrs. Hardy gave him access to the library at Max Gate. To Mrs. Hardy's life of her husband Dr. Rutland also admits an inevitable debt; but he is inclined to attribute to the biographer statements or opinions which were rather her husband's than her own. Of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" it is written in "The Early Years" that "as at this time he called his novel-writing 'mere journeywork' he cared little about it as art." Dr. Rutland's comment is:—

> In her, perhaps natural, desire to conceal as much as possible this painful period of her husband's life, the second Mrs. Hardy does her best to let us suppose that Hardy considered his novel writing "mere journeywork."

It is a superficial comment, because the phrase does not conceal—it sharply reveals—the pain of that period of bitterness. It is the voice of the man of genius who (rightly or wrongly) still felt novel-writing for a living to be a betrayal of his true calling as poet, the voice of the disillusioned searcher after the meaning of life. That voice from the past was faithfully recorded by a scribe at once too brave and too wise to tamper with the truth. Later, in attributing to Mrs. Hardy the "very rash" and demonstrably untrue statement that in "Jude" there was "not a scrap of personal detail," Dr. Rutland overlooks in the letter the words: "I write for Mr. Hardy," and "I have to say."

That Hardy's childhood and youth were nurtured on the Bible and the Church of England Liturgy is common knowledge; but here, as all through, Dr. Rutland is more thorough than anyone before in tracing their effects. Then come William Barnes and Crabbe, each contributing something to the form and spirit; then Shelley, whose influence can be traced right down to resemblances between *The Dynasts* and *Prometheus Unbound* and *Hellas*. From Wordsworth, Dr. Rutland thinks, Hardy learnt too little, because of the spiritual difference between the ages in which they spent their youth. After leaving school Hardy took up the study of the Greek and Latin classics and worked very hard at them and at the Greek Testament. The Greeks pervaded Hardy's life: from "The Mayor of Casterbridge" to *The Dynasts* their traces are all over his work. Aeschylus and Sophocles were his main props; and if Hardy owed to a phrase of Aeschylus the unluckiest of second thoughts, he owed him also much power and passion in his broodings over the mystery of existence. For Euripides he cared less. Plato he knew chiefly through Shelley. Of the Romans Virgil was his favourite; he had begun to love him first in Dryden's translation of the Aeneid when he was a little boy.

The further Dr. Rutland carries the story the better does it grow, both as a record of the period and as a guide to Hardy's mind and art. Hardy's "pessimism" has been sneered at as mental indigestion after reading Schopenhauer. Dr. Rutland makes it practically certain that Hardy never read Schopenhauer before 1883 or 1884. Before he was thirty-five—that is before 1875—he had kept pace with all the intellectual events of that explosive period. "The Origin of Species," "Essays and Reviews," the affair of Bishop Colenso, Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," Huxley, Mill's "Liberty" and "Essays on Religion" (especially the second essay, with its theory of Will as Prime Cause); Leslie Stephen, by spoken and written word—all these, with Swinburne to invade the emotions of one who, as Dr. Rutland rightly says, was "primarily a being of emotion," had led Hardy, by 1880, as Dr. Rutland sees it, to "a stage of spiritual vacuum." That vacuum he tried to fill by reading, for the first time, philosophy, Spinoza, Schleiermacher, Schopenhauer, Hartmann. All these influences Dr. Rutland can show clearly present in Hardy's writings. The point is that Hardy did not feebly slide into the slough of despond; being a man of his age, he went valiantly where the thought of his age led him. Obviously something more was necessary; and it was something to which Dr. Rutland, for all his awareness of Hardy's "heart," as well as of his head, does not quite do justice. It was Hardy's extraordinary sensitiveness to pain, not in himself but in others. Where thought had led him his great tenderness kept him.

There are many more good things in Dr. Rutland's book, of various shades of interest: an account of the old music books at Max Gate; Hardy conscientiously reading Wilkie Collins and William Black, in order to learn how to write a novel; the effect of the Parnell case and of the coming of Ibsen in directing his mind to the condemnation of society which came only second to his condemnation of the government of the universe; the readings in the English satirists and in Weissmann, which reveal themselves in "Jude" and some excellent work in tracing the sources of *The Dynasts* and showing Hardy's use of them. Agree or disagree with Dr. Rutland's own criticism of Hardy, all will thank him for the researches on which it is based.

"The Manchester Guardian" 29.7.38.

THOMAS HARDY

Monthly Review, July 29

Thomas Hardy. A Study of His Writings and Their Background. By W. R. Rutland. Oxford: Blackwell. Pp. x. 365. 21s.

By Basil de Sélincourt

Mr. Rutland, anticipating the interest sure to be aroused by the centenary of Hardy's birth in 1940, has written a scholarly and sober study of the man in his work, the aim of which is not so much critical and appreciative as informative and explanatory. What were Hardy's studies in his youth, what were the books which mainly influenced his thought and its development, what was the origin of his prevailing interest in Napoleon and his career, what was his scheme of study for "The Dynasts"? To the question whether Hardy was primarily poet or novelist he makes an unhesitating reply, and thereby affords the reader a test of his discernment. It is well known that Hardy himself cared more for his poetry than anything else he did; Mr. Rutland, however, discounting such vogue as Hardy's lyrics still enjoy, contends that they are unlikely to be long remembered. It is, surely, undeniable that there is hardly one of them that does not bear some sign of conscious fabrication. And the curious thing is that in shaping his diction to its poetical purposes Hardy seemed so often to betray very limited notions of what such purposes might be. His great and immortal achievement is in Mr. Rutland's view "The Dynasts"—where the genius of the poet and novelist combine. But what are we to say of "Ironic Spirits" whose meditations crystallise into such stilted rhyming exercises as—

> This, O This is the cramp that grips!
> And freezes the Emperor's finger-tips
> From signing a peace with the Land of Ships.
>
> The Universal-Empire plot
> Demands the rule of that wave-walled spot.
> And peace with England cometh not.

The sense of verbal association in a passage like this can only be called rudimentary; and one may doubt whether even a scheme and a realisation so powerful and so original as that of "The Dynasts" will eventually stand against the vulgarities—there is no other word for it—of the verbal dress. Mr. Rutland, if he has had his scruples on this head, has overcome them. He treats Hardy as an accepted classic, and compares his greatness with that of the great Greek dramatists, who saw man as the child of the universe and set his morality in line with universal forces. Can it be done, one wonders, except with words that fall into the universal rhythms?

The World of Books

THOUGHTS ON HARDY

The Disappointed Man

Thomas Hardy: A Study of His Writings and Their Background. By W. R. Rutland. (Blackwell. 21s.)

By G. M. YOUNG

ALREADY there are some sixty books, or theses, on Hardy: on his Weltanschauung and his Naturansicht: his Femmes, his Digtnig: his Universe, his Dorset, his Message, his Metre . . . quo *fessum rapitis?* As the centenary year, 1940, draws nearer, no doubt they will appear with increasing speed, leaving some of us to grieve for those unreturning days,

> Before the love of letters, overdone,
> Had swamped the sacred poets with themselves.

The best one can hope for is that some critic will then appear who, taking them for what they are worth, and so fusing his knowledge that it becomes insight, will set his mind against Hardy's and give us a picture to range with—I can hardly hope to rival—Professor Dover Wilson's "Essential Shakespeare." When he comes he will find Dr. Rutland's book of much service. It is not well written: and it is clogged with superfluous and inactive matter. But it contains much careful analysis; much useful information, as to Hardy's early reading, for example, which Dr. Rutland has studied in the library at Max Gate; and parallels with other writers, one of which is so striking that it deserves to be quoted. When working on "The Dynasts," Hardy read Coquelle's "Napoléon et l'Angleterre," which had just appeared. Writing of Napoleon's jealousy of our sea-power, Coquelle says:—

> L'échec des préparatifs de déscente, la défaite de Trafalgar surtout, sont des blessures qui ne se cicatrisent jamais. C'est cette peine cuisante qui retient la main de l'Empereur chaque fois qu'il va signer un accommodement avec l'Angleterre.

In the song of the Ironic Spirits this becomes:—

> The wane of his armaments ill-advised,
> At Trafalgar to a foe despised,
> Was a wound that never has cicatrized.
>
> This, O this is the cramp that grips
> And freezes the Emperor's finger-tips
> From signing a peace with the Land of Ships.

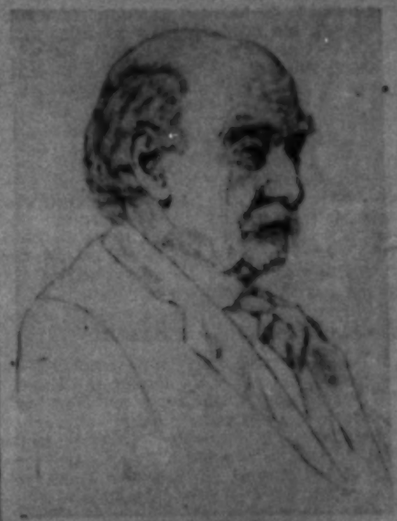
In diction and music, could anything be more characteristic of Hardy than this almost literal translation?

"*The Dynasts*"

I can remember, and Dr. Rutland has recalled to me, the puzzlement and uncertainty which the first volume of "The Dynasts" provoked. "About as good as the duller parts of Shakespeare's historical plays," was the first criticism I heard. Last spring I had occasion to read it aloud all through, and at the end I thought: how far back must one go to find its match in [illegible] beauty? I paused for a while at The Ring and The Book; rather longer at Don Juan; and came to rest on the third and Fourth Cantos of Childe Harold. Then other peaks showed through the mist: Prometheus; the closing chorus of Hellas; Manfred and Cain. It is from these heights, among the Titans who walk—

equanimity will be proof against all shocks, from without, or from within? Against sickness, frustration, disappointment, wrong?

Hardy's pessimism is primarily that of the sensitive and passionate man who has been disappointed: and it is impossible, I think, on a careful reading of his poetry not to associate his disappointment with his first marriage. Of his life I know no more than his widow, with exemplary tact and reserve, disclosed; and I have tried to forget that, and to make out for myself, from his books only, what sort of man he was. I take first his style, and it is doing his fame no service to deny that of all our great writers he can be, in prose, the flattest, the most tuneless, the most ungainly. And then I think of Egdon and the Great Dairies; and recall, what I have often felt, and many others besides me, that craving for Hardy which comes over one abroad. The secret, what makes him perhaps the greatest of all masters in the pastoral tradition, lies in the patient pre-



Thomas Hardy
(From the portrait by Francis Dodd

cision, the almost professional exactitude with which he specifies those sights—and still more those sounds—of the English landscape of which we are most aware when they are not there to be seen or heard. I use the word with intention: because never for long, in reading Hardy, can I escape the accent of a self-educated architect drawing up a specification; and sometimes all the Muses hold their ears in pain. I have not reached the age when I consider thesis-writing a permissible pursuit. If ever I do, I shall analyse Hardy's prose into those elements which he got from the architect's office by day, and those which can be traced to his evening studies among the classics, in the literal version of the lamented, and [illegible]

An Old Man's Memories

Thus equipped, he needs must write.

Cantos of Childe Harold. Then other peaks showed through the mist: Hyperion and Prometheus; the choruses of Hellas; Manfred and Cain. It is from these heights, among the Titans who walk—

With Death and Morning on the silver horns,

not from the intervening vale, that "The Dynasts," it seemed to me, must be viewed and judged.

Titanism, or the spirit of revolt against an order felt to be unjust, first appears, I suppose, in English literature with Milton's Satan. Its strong recurrence in the early years of the last century is in large measure a political phenomenon, because an order which meant Sidmouth and Eldon at home, and the Holy Alliance abroad, was made to be revolted from. With the new Liberalism setting in victoriously after 1830 or so, there was less call for an attitude which always edges perilously towards a mixture of self-pity and swelled head. Titanism, for example, of Victor Hugo's brand—

Et terrible, indigné, calme, extraordinaire,
Je le dénoncerais à son propre tonnerre

is just a little silly. But towards the middle of the century we see the spirit re-emerging quietly, compassionately, ironically: defying nobody, denouncing nothing, simply disapproving.

We, in some unknown Power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line:
Can neither when we will enjoy,
Nor, when we will, resign.

That is not very far removed from the Hardy of the twentieth century, though it was written when he was a child of nine. And this of the same year is nearer still:

Eat, drink and play, and think that this is bliss:
There is no heaven but this,
There is no hell
Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly well,
Seeing it visits still
With equallest apportionment of ill
Both good and bad alike, and brings to one same dust
The unjust and the just.

That is how young men—Arnold's pupils—were thinking in 1849, ten years before the great storm broke.

No Escape

If I were asked what the total effect of Darwin, Mill, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer upon their age had been, I should answer somehow thus: They made it difficult, almost to impossibility, for their younger contemporaries to retain the traditional idea of a governing Providence. They forced the imagination of their time into a monistic habit of thought, of which "The Dynasts" is the great, and solitary, artistic record. To those who passed that way, the various devices with which believers of another sort reconciled Providence with Evil, or with Pain, almost necessarily seemed servile or sophistical. For them there was nothing to reconcile: because to them, inherent in It, in the essence and operation of It, remained

the intolerable antilogy
Of making figments feel.

The injustice of uncompensated pain, the darkening of our hours of happiness by the thought that they too are passing towards Nothing, round these two themes Pessimism revolves in a closed circle. Men of an abundant, active temperament will not often think of them: men absorbed in some intellectual pursuit have little time to think of them. But for the meditative man there was no escape, and no consolation, except perhaps in constraining his temper to such an indifference as the ancient philosophies, Stoic and Epicurean, inculcated. And who can be sure that this

evening studies among the classics, in the literal version of the lamented, and

An Old Man's Memories

Thus equipped, he needs must write. He is, I think, socially sensitive; susceptible to the charm of breeding and culture, and a little vexed with himself that he is so. He wishes to raise himself: he thinks of taking Orders (the Rev. T. Hardy exchanging pulpits with the Rev. L. Stephen is one of the more piquant might-have-beens of history). But Mill and Huxley bar the way; he abides by his profession, discharging his ambitions in a boyish work "The Poor Man and the Lady"—oddly reminiscent, it would seem, of "Maud" and "Alton Locke"—about which Macmillan, John Morley, and Meredith are agreed that it will never do. His profession takes him to St. Juliot. And what happened there was what has happened, is happening, and will happen from one generation to another; often most cruelly to those who are by nature most innocent and loyal. He fell in love with a girl with whom he was not intellectually in key: perhaps later, like other men, he found one with whom he fancied he might have been. If so, she lives for us in Tess

A common accident befalling an uncommon man may work out its consequences in uncommon ways. The Hardys hurt one another, there was no mellowing of passion into even affection—their childlessness was a misfortune, and to him, I think, a grief: there was no open catastrophe, only the fire sank rapidly into vacancy and chill. But by some mysterious power, Hardy was able to preserve, encysted as it were, this early passion in all its primal intensity: and so it came about that some of the most poignant love poems in our language were written by an old man out of his memories of forty years before.

Heart of the Mystery

There are two lyrics, one early and one late, which take us, it seems to me, into the heart of this poetic mystery.

Frail-witted, illuded they call me;
I may be, 'tis better
To dream than to own the debasement
Of sweet Cicely
So, lest I disturb my choice vision,
I shun the West Highway:
Even now when the knaps ring with rhythms
From blackbird and bee:
And feel that with slumber half-conscious
She rests in the church hay,
Her spirit unsoiled as in youth time
When lovers were we.

And here is the other, written after his wife's death:

Queer are the ways of a man I know:
He comes and stands
In a careworn craze:
And looks at the sands
And the seaward haze
With moveless hands
And face and gaze,
Then turns to go . . .
And what does he see when he gazes so?

They say he sees as an instant thing,
More clear than to-day
A sweet soft scene,
That once was in play
By that briny green:
Yes, notes alway
Warm, real, and keen
What his back years bring—
A phantom of his own figuring.

Of this vision of his they might say more:
Not only there
Does he see this sight,
But everywhere
In his brain—day, night
As if on the air
It were drawn rose bright—
Yea, far from that shore
Does he carry this vision of heretofore

Continued in next column

Continued from preceding column

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, tell-tried,
He withers daily,
Time touches her not,
But she still rides gaily
In his rapt thought
On that shagged and shaly
Atlantic spot,
And as when first eyed
Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

In those forty years he had risen slowly, laboriously, with many setbacks, many lapses, to a qualified fame and a limited mastery of his art as a novelist; never quite overcoming his early rawness in dialogue, or fusing those blocks of melodrama which persisted from the days when his ambition was to write a book like Harrison Ainsworth or G. P. R. James. And, following him step by step, many a reader must have felt that his growing preoccupation with this one theme, the adjustment or maladjustment of the Human Pair, is an artistic danger; that, if he cannot keep it at the tragic height of "The Return," it will slide into propaganda: and that unless the Titan returns to his native peak, he will merit the gibe about the Village Atheist brooding over the Village Idiot—and the Marriage Laws and the attitude of society to Fallen Women. Because there is something Titanic in the passionate austerity with which he views the world, and finds the world wanting; calling it to the bar of his own moral judgment, and convicting it of all unrighteousness. But

the gods approve
The depth and not the tumult of the soul.

And as we go forward do we not hear the tumult growing louder, a certain shrillness in the voice pronouncing doom, a disproportion, a magnification of personal discords? Without the accompanying music of the pastoral theme

dulce viatori fesso in sudore levamen

would Tess be tolerable? Many people find Jude, where this music is silent, unreadable. I don't, because it happens to interest me. Happens: and to say that of a book means that its value is accidental, not intrinsic: a particular, not a universal.

Prepared Accidents

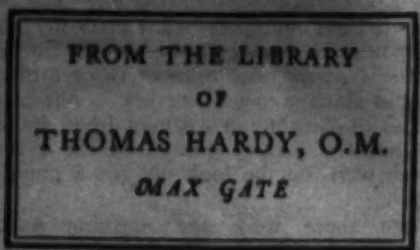
The truth is that, except in "The Return," the carpentering of the story to make it carry the tragic meaning which Hardy wants it to convey is too obtrusive. He fails, we may say, to prove his point: it is not in the nature of things that Angel Clare and Tess, Jude and Sue, should come to grief: they are brought to grief by a series of prepared accidents, for which Hardy cannot convince us that the Immanent Will and not Hardy is responsible. If he is to convince us, he must, like the Greek tragedians, take a known story, a true story, and show it as the logical working out, with human agents acting in space and time, of his conception of the world. But by that conception, those human agents will be little more than puppets, of an individual insignificance utterly in contrast with the significance they have in a novel or a drama. Therefore he must invent a new form. It was much to ask of a man growing old, and with a long and [illegible] practice in a familiar mode behind him. It was much to ask. But the [illegible] is there, and again I put it to [illegible]

Times Literary Supplement 17.9.36.

HARDY'S LIBRARY

[illegible] Thomas Hardy's death in [illegible] Mrs. Hardy and [illegible] accordance with his [illegible] many volumes of ephemeral [illegible] accumulated on his shelves. [illegible] did not enter into our heads that [illegible] books retained, or of those excluded, [illegible] tined to come into the market.

[illegible] the convenience of any future custodian [illegible] had a label printed at the Cambridge University Press in two colours; red for books containing Hardy's signature or notes in his handwriting, black for the other selected books. Having myself



pasted the red labels into as many volumes as I could find answering the above description, I departed to Cambridge, leaving the black labels to be inserted by Mrs. Hardy or an assistant. It may be that this plan was not fully carried out, or that Mrs. Hardy restricted the books to be labelled rather severely.

Mrs. Hardy died last year and bequeathed a portion of the library to the Dorchester Museum. The books from Hardy's library that did not go to the Museum were sold on May 26 and June 10 this year by Messrs. Hodgson, together with other books from Max Gate that had been excluded from the library, and many more that had belonged to Mrs. Hardy personally. The last named were not kept distinct from her husband's books. Messrs. Hodgson inform me that some of the black labels that came into their hands were afterwards divided by them between about half a dozen purchasers at the sale.

It has now been brought to my notice that certain booksellers who did not receive such labels, or who received an insufficient number, have since had colourable imitations of these labels printed, with unfortunate results. Without making any search I have seen black labels in two books that were not Hardy's but his widow's, one of them printed after Hardy's death. These were inserted after the sales. No doubt there are many more such. A friend tells me of imitation red labels that he has seen pasted into books of small account, bearing no autograph notes or signatures.

Thus quite unexpectedly a regrettable confusion has been brought about, of which librarians and collectors may like to be informed. I enclose an authentic label in case you would like to reproduce it.

Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY COCKERELL.

21, Kew Gardens Road, Kew, Surrey.

Temporary memoranda of Some Serial publications of Verse by T. H.

"The man he killed" - published in The Sphere - 1902
"The Home-coming" - published in Graphic Xmas number - 1903
One we knew ..... The Sphere Dec. 1903 - & Harper's Weekly.
The noble lady's Tale ... Cornhill - March 1905

T. Hardy Lloyds Bank.

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The Listener
35 Marylebone High Street, W.1.
ENCLOSURE No. 137
Cutting from issue dated 29 JUN 1939 193

PALL MALL GAZE

The House and the Man

Hardy at Max Gate

By GERTRUDE BUGLER

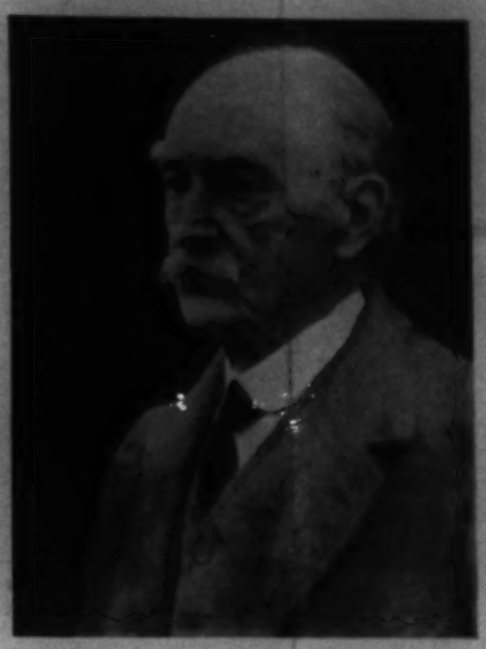
MAX Gate, the house outside Dorchester where Thomas Hardy lived from 1885 until his death in 1928, was designed by himself.

Although it stands near the main Dorchester-Wareham road, the house is very secluded. There is little of it to be seen from the outside, for it is surrounded on three sides by a high wall broken only by the white gate. In front of the house lie the cornfields of Fordington, with the Came Woods behind them, and to the south-west is the ancient British Camp of Maiden Castle or Mai Dun, the Castle of the Great Hill. From the back of the house you can see the placid Froom valley, the Valley of the Great Dairies; and beyond and rising above that is the vast track of unenclosed wild of which Hardy says 'the sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages and the people changed, yet Egdon remained'.

Max Gate is built in a warm red brick now mellowed and partially covered with jasmine, and the south front is flanked by square turrets. Although I paid many visits to Max Gate, I have no very clear memories of the house itself, except that it was quiet and peaceful. Somehow the people in it mattered so much more. The stone-flagged porch which led to the entrance-hall with the bell one pulled, and heard clanging through the house, was very attractive, but I find it extremely difficult to give you a detailed description of the rooms, full of interest as they were.

The drawing-room was L-shaped, I remember, and I know there were many pictures there, two illustrations of Tess by Herkomer, and a water-colour of Tintagel over the piano; the cosy fireplace, with its red-brick hearth, the tea-table near, comfortable chairs, the wide tall window facing south, and the French window opening into the conservatory, from which a door led to the lawn; and then the hedge and trees behind. Of the dining-room I remember only the portrait in oils of Thomas Hardy painted by his sister Mary, and the large windows looking on the heart-shaped bed of shrubs which the drive surrounds.

The room over the drawing-room was Hardy's first study at Max Gate. In it he wrote *The Woodlanders*. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was written in his second study, a room with west and south windows; but the room so occupied by him to the date of his death faced east, and here he wrote *The Dynasts* and many of his later poems. From the window in this room he could see the tree-clad tumulus called Mount Pleasant, and to the north the Rainbarrow Beacon of *The Return of the Native*. You may be interested to know that much of the furniture and fittings from the study are now to be seen at the new Hardy Museum at Dorchester, which was opened this year.



Thomas Hardy: one of his favourite photographs of himself — Walter Thomas

A great deal has been said and written, both during his lifetime and since his death, about the sad philosophy and pessimistic attitude to life of Thomas Hardy. But to me he was always a man of smiles and kindness; he was anything but the morose, grim, cynical man often pictured, and if he sometimes emphasised the darker side of life he never forgot the sunshine of laughter. In 1913 I was asked to take the part of Marty South in *The Woodlanders*, one of the so-called Hardy plays. I had just left school and it must have been during these rehearsals that I first met Thomas Hardy.

I ought perhaps to explain that the Hardy plays were dramatisations of the Wessex Novels, made with the permission of the author, by members of the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society, for production by the dramatic section of that society. In 1921 the difficult task of adapting *The Return of the Native* was undertaken and this play, when produced, attracted the attention of the London newspapers, as those which preceded it had done. The critics were not always kind for there were those who thought Hardy's work beyond the power of the most skilful dramatist, though those of us taking part in these plays knew how much pleasure they afforded their great author. There was one very bitter criticism, and, feeling terribly sorry for myself and full of quite unnecessary indignation on his behalf, I asked T. H. what he thought about it. To my surprise, he was very amused and told me never to allow myself to become annoyed, for when opinions which differed were expressed, it really became more interesting and public interest was kept longer alive.

He said there had been a great deal of controversy when *Jude the Obscure* had been published, and how pleased and interested he had been about it at the time. He told me too, that there had never been a real Eustacia Vye, but that when he was a young man a boy had been drowned in Shadwater Weir and he had seen him taken from the water; some curious trick of the light on the body had at first made him think it was that of a girl,

Max Gate, Hardy's home from 1885 to 1928 — Kirschner

P. S. O

Thomas Hardy in his garden at Max Gate, 1913
Dorset County Museum

and it was this incident which started the train of thought which led him to write *The Return of the Native*.

I then told him of what had happened at one of the performances at Dorchester at which he had not been present. As Eustacia Vye, during the proposal scene with Clym Yeobright, I had to say: 'Ah, but you don't know what you have got in me!' 'Hear, hear!' said a man's voice very decidedly from the audience. Hardy laughed heartily and made me repeat the story to Mrs. Hardy, who was at the tea-table and had not heard. And presently he said: 'Hear, hear!' and laughed again.

On the Christmas Eve of 1921 a party of Hardy Players went out to Max Gate to sing, outside the house, the carols which had been sung so many years ago in Stinsford Church, the Mellstock Church of *Under the Greenwood Tree*. We then went into the house and played the Dorset Mummers' *Play of St. George*, as revised by Hardy and played in *The Return of the Native*. It really was a most delightful evening and we enjoyed every moment of it with Thomas Hardy positively beaming with pleasure most of the time.

It was in 1924 and the early part of 1925 that I was mostly at Max Gate. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* had been dramatised many years before by Hardy himself and he now allowed the Hardy Players to use it. He cast the principal parts himself and he entrusted the name part to me. One Sunday afternoon, while the play was in rehearsal, arrangements were made to take some members of the cast to Wellbridge House at Wool and Mr. and Mrs. Hardy joined us.

Wellbridge House, standing on the River Froom, where Angel Clare and Tess spent their strange honeymoon, was once part of a fine manorial residence and the property and seat of a D'Urberville, but since its partial demolition, a farmhouse. And in that house, in the very room described in the book, Thomas Hardy and his wife watched the rehearsal of that intensely moving and fatal confession scene. After a later rehearsal, with the opening night not too far away, and his lines not yet fully committed to memory, one of the actors approached the author and said: 'Sir, have you any suggestions to make regarding my part?' 'Yes', said Thomas Hardy quickly with a little smile, 'yes, one—that you learn it'. In January, 1925, I was asked to play Tess of the D'Urbervilles in London, and I went several times to Max Gate to discuss this with Mr. Hardy.

For some queer inexplicable reason, I remember with extraordinary clarity my last visit during his lifetime. I can see him now, as I saw him then, sitting in a low chair, with his knees crossed and his hand idly resting on the head of Wessex, his wire-haired terrier. I sat on a stool near the window looking on to the drive. He was not a tall man, rather spare, quick in gesture and animated in conversation. He had a really happy smile and his expression was never austere or severe. His face was wrinkled, and his hair was white when I knew him. They had been offering advice and talking of my proposed stay in London. Mrs. Hardy had searched in vain for an address and had gone upstairs to hunt for it. We talked of Tess's favourite chant, Langdon in F, which he had himself copied and sent to me, writing: 'I forgot to enclose the promised chant in the book parcel and send it on now with this, for of course you must have a copy of it. The piano will do to try it on but you should hear it on an organ, so give my compliments to the organist and ask him to oblige me by playing it over to you; or ask the vicar to get him to do so'.

Then we talked, I remember, of my meeting with Lawrence of Arabia and he told me something of his frequent visits to the house and said of Lawrence almost reverently, 'He is a very great man'.

He wondered how I should like playing with professional actors and how I could bear to leave my baby in other hands; he asked a number of very unusual questions about her and then, for a few brief seconds, he had forgotten my existence, and I saw before me the Thomas Hardy who had written *Time's Laughingstocks* and *Moments of Vision*, looking a little sadly and wistfully beyond the object on which his eyes happened to be resting, and instinctively I knew that it was one of life's little ironies that he had no child of his own. Usually Mr. and Mrs. Hardy said goodbye to me in the porch, but that night—with something of the obstinacy of an old man—Mr. Hardy insisted on seeing me to my car. We walked halfway down the short winding drive in silence, then suddenly he said: 'If anyone asks you if you knew Thomas Hardy, say, "Yes, he was my friend"'.

I never saw him again.

Gertrude Bugler as Tess

MR. HARDY'S APOLOGIA.

This day week Mr. Hardy is to be presented with a special gold medal by the Council of the Royal Society of Literature. Messrs. Macmillan have also entered on a new and uniform edition of his complete works; and the two events afford occasion for a reasoned tribute to his genius.

I.—HIS VIEW OF LIFE.

The thorn-bushes there, and the thick-barked stems, have human histories hidden in them; the power of unuttered cries dwells in the passionless-seeming branches, and the red, warm blood is darkly feeding the quivering nerves of the sleepless memory that watches through all dreams.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Whether the Laureate of Wessex has made his novels a vehicle for "impressions," as he says himself, or the pulpit of a sinister philosophy, as most of his critics would have us believe, he imposes on us the profound conviction of his still profounder earnestness. It is the greatness of his undertaking, and the spirit he has brought to its fulfilment, that have prompted so many thinkers to treat him almost as a propagandist in disguise, rather than the tale-teller he prefers to style himself in his introductions and his letters. Denials are no defence, but he has so often disclaimed a didactic intention that the reproach is hackneyed, and its consideration would be fruitless even if it were true. But he has never denied that he has done consistently what Hamlet only thought of doing. He has taken arms against the "sea of troubles" which constitute his view of life. And in the case of both the Prince and the novelist, the main consequence is tragedy—not the tragedy of bloodshed merely, but the tragedy that makes life and death interchangeable aspects of the same gospel of Futile Protest.

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If one agreed with that attitude there would be no need to discuss it. Acquiescence is never so much the bane of thought as acquiescence in the view that nothing matters, that conflict is salutary but vain, and that life is nothing but a "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." It is true this cheerless philosophy proceeds from Mr. Hardy's pen in very varying strength; that his youthful outlook was richer in relief than his outlook in maturity and age. Besides, it would be too harsh a generalisation to say that he preaches annihilation in twenty volumes, as Carlyle did silence in thirty-nine. Even a [illegible] consistency must lapse sometimes. But the relief that Mr. Hardy uses with such dexterity in the long panorama of his writings only deepens their gloomy splendour in the long run, only helps to accentuate a greyer twilight. Happiness, he says himself, is "but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain."

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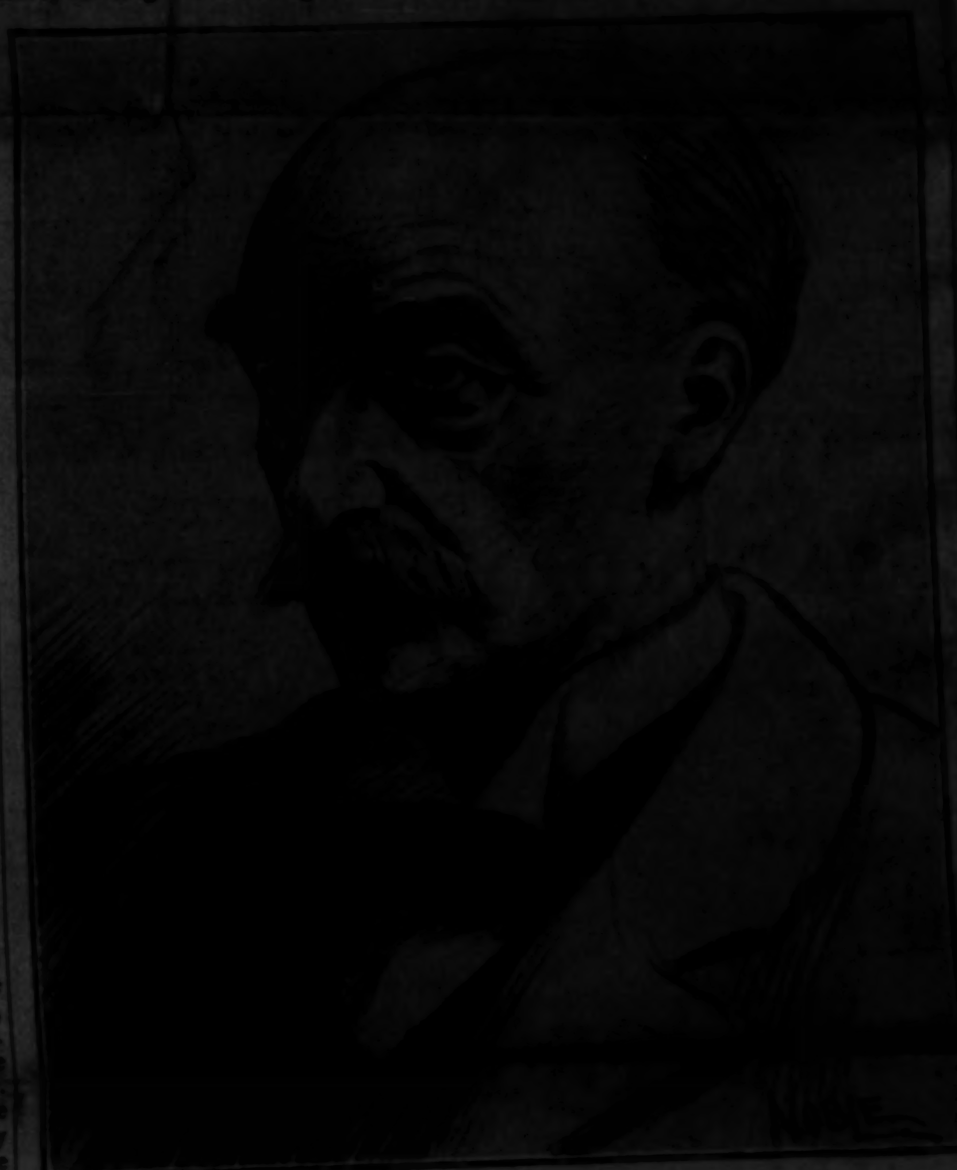
Storming at the gods is a fashionable pastime with philosophers who feel as well as think, and Mr. Hardy defends the habit by quoting an august precedent. In the second preface to "Tess," years ago, he quoted an example from "Lear," and though he has since expressed a wish that this particular preface had not been written, he seems to be regretting it solely for the censure it lays upon his critics. He certainly does not retract the quotation from Shakspeare, or the use to which it is put, and this leaves us a legitimate point worth noting. Gloster, in "Lear," is throwing on the stars the blame of his own delinquency in bringing Edmund into the world outside of wedlock, and the tirade leaves us cold. Instead, we almost side with Edmund's [illegible] derision at this [illegible] father's [illegible]

life. But even if the balance of assertion were equal, something must be said for a factor which enters very little into Mr. Hardy's scheme of things, and that is the exercise of human effort and free will. Even if we held no brief for the gods, at least we may be heard in defence of man. Nothing is so consonant with experience as the discovery that misfortune might have been averted by resolution, prescience, and resource, and it is this practical doctrine of ransom which Mr. Hardy to a great extent ignores. He



MR. THOMAS HARDY.
An impression by L. M. Noble.

makes no allowance for the Individualist. He may ascribe the frequency of calamity in his cosmos to his own temperament on the one hand, or to a reasoned conviction on the other. But no label or denomination will remove it from what ordinary folk call pessimism or fatalism. We can only recall one cultivated character in his novels who is "strenuously sanguine," and he is dismissed in a derisive sentence. But he remains on the memory with the force of an exception. The rest of the characters in the Wessex Novels appear to be either victims or darlings of nature, and sometimes both in rapid alternation. They live in an atmosphere of cross-purpose and circumvention quite as arbitrary as the old-fashioned devices of coincidence and the happy ending. [illegible]

pottering the better. Mr. Hardy discouraged it with characteristic good humour when Dorchester made him a Freeman a couple of years ago, adding:

> My Casterbridge (if I may mention seriously a name coined off-hand in a moment, with no thought of its being localised) is not Dorchester, nor even Dorchester as it existed sixty years ago, but a dream place that never was, outside an irresponsible book.

If time has removed still further the Wessex that never was on land or sea, the lapse of half a century has still more completely changed its people. Nothing has been reiterated with more emphasis than the remark, apropos of the Hardy plays, that Dorset and its neighbour-counties still retain the same "musing, weather-beaten, West-country folk" with whom Mr. Hardy has peopled the region of his choice. Cider is still brewed, of a sort, though not in the sweet and luscious atmosphere of Pan and Pomona which invests Giles Winterborne. Sheep are shorn, but not

in the tender, stifling shadow-light of the great barn which was the glory of Weatherbury. Sometimes, when we recall those glowing pastoral scenes and others of the kind, we can bring ourselves to believe that they never existed save in the author's imagination. They are coined into print to satisfy a rural voluptuary, as Washington Irving says of Walton's "Angler."

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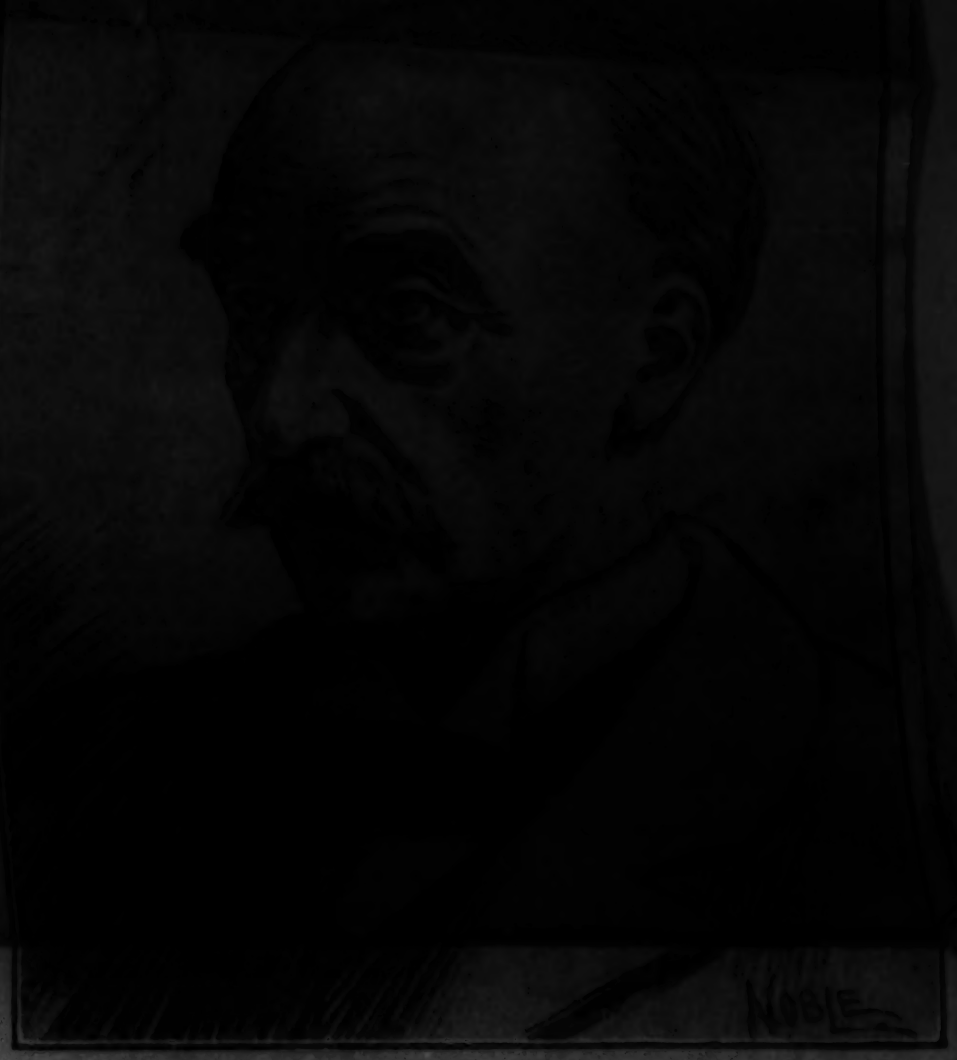
But it is when we study the folk themselves that we see the abiding verisimilitude. If Mr. Hardy is tyrannical in his plots and cruel in the outcome, he is true to type in the delineation of his men and women. [illegible]



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In the general preface to this new edition the author addresses himself, among other things, to the kindred charge of pessimism, and rests his defence on truth and experience. But this is the sort of Pragmatic Sanction that cannot so easily be granted. If it comes to a matter of assertion and counter-assertion the voice of the majority may fairly be the arbiter, and then the Hardian Philosophy is seen to be a system of dejection which does not answer to the general experience of makes no allowance for the Individualist. He may ascribe the frequency of calamity in his cosmos to his own temperament on the one hand, or to a reasoned conviction on the other. But no label or denomination will remove it from what ordinary folk call pessimism or fatalism. We can only recall one cultivated character in his novels who is "strenuously sanguine," and he is dismissed in a derisive sentence. But he remains on the memory with the force of an exception. The rest of the characters in the Wessex Novels appear to be either victims or darlings of nature, and sometimes both in rapid alternation. They live in an atmosphere of cross-purpose and circumvention quite as arbitrary as the old-fashioned devices of coincidence and the happy ending. The effect on sensitive readers is one of accumulated interference, and if they call the method pessimism, fatalism, or determinism, the blame lies not with them, but with the vocabulary, a power which is almost as relentless as Mr. Hardy himself.

II.—THE PROVINCE OF WESSEX

The speech of the ploughman contains everything that is requisite for the utterance of those cardinal emotions and elementary states of feeling which are the primary stuff of lyric poetry; . . . . the language of the sower and the reaper is the immediate voice of life.—WILLIAM WATSON.

In the general preface to this re-issue Mr. Hardy enlarges on his use of Wessex as a theatre of action. Wessex in its modern sense first occurs in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and he says that he knows no other instance in fiction or current speech before 1874. Finding the area of a single county inadequate for the purpose of the territorial definition he required, and perceiving there were objections to an invented name, he disinterred the old one. The public joined him in imagining a modern Wessex of

> railways, the penny post, mowing and reaping machines, union workhouses, lucifer matches, labourers who could read and write, and national school children.

But the hobby of identification since has gone too far. The temptation with the commentator to identify Casterbridge with Dorchester and Melchester with Salisbury seems too great to be resisted, so the author adds a map at the close of each novel; but the less of this in the tender, stifling shadow-light of the great barn which was the glory of Weatherbury. Sometimes, when we recall those glowing pastoral scenes and others of the kind, we can bring ourselves to believe that they never existed save in the author's imagination. They are coined into print to satisfy a rural voluptuary, as Washington Irving says of Walton's "Angler."

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But it is when we study the folk themselves that we see the abiding verisimilitude. If Mr. Hardy is tyrannical in his plots and cruel in the outcome, he is true to type in the delineation of his men and women. So if England sank beneath the sea to-morrow, we could leave his novels for a faithful portrait of the folk of rural England in the West, from what Pennyways called the "lammocken vagabond" to the reticent, unfailing, manly, and altogether admirable Gabriel Oak. For Mr. Hardy has brushed aside all previous accounts of European peasantry, from Auerbach and Ferdinand Fabre, those of Clare and Bloomfield and Crabbe, those of the idylls of George Sand, and the early sketches of George Eliot. He has banished the unreality of the fair-weather school, as David Cox and Mr. Clausen have abolished the buxom unrealities of Morland and the golden moorland horizons of Copley Fielding.

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Later there will be much to say of the novels individually, as they take their turn in this superb edition. We have but skimmed the broader traits that mark his treatment of life in general, and left our main acknowledgments unexpressed. In the general preface—a noble valediction that reminds one of Prospero's farewell—Mr. Hardy speaks ruefully of many more conceptions that time and age alone have robbed us of, and no one regrets the inevitable more than we. But we take the will for the deed, with something of the resignation that he teaches, and still rejoice in the opportunity this edition lends to do honour to the greatest living novelist.

J. P. C.

Wessex Edition of the Works of Thomas Hardy. Four volumes out of twenty. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." "Far from the Madding Crowd." "Jude the Obscure." "The Return of the Native." (London: Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net each.